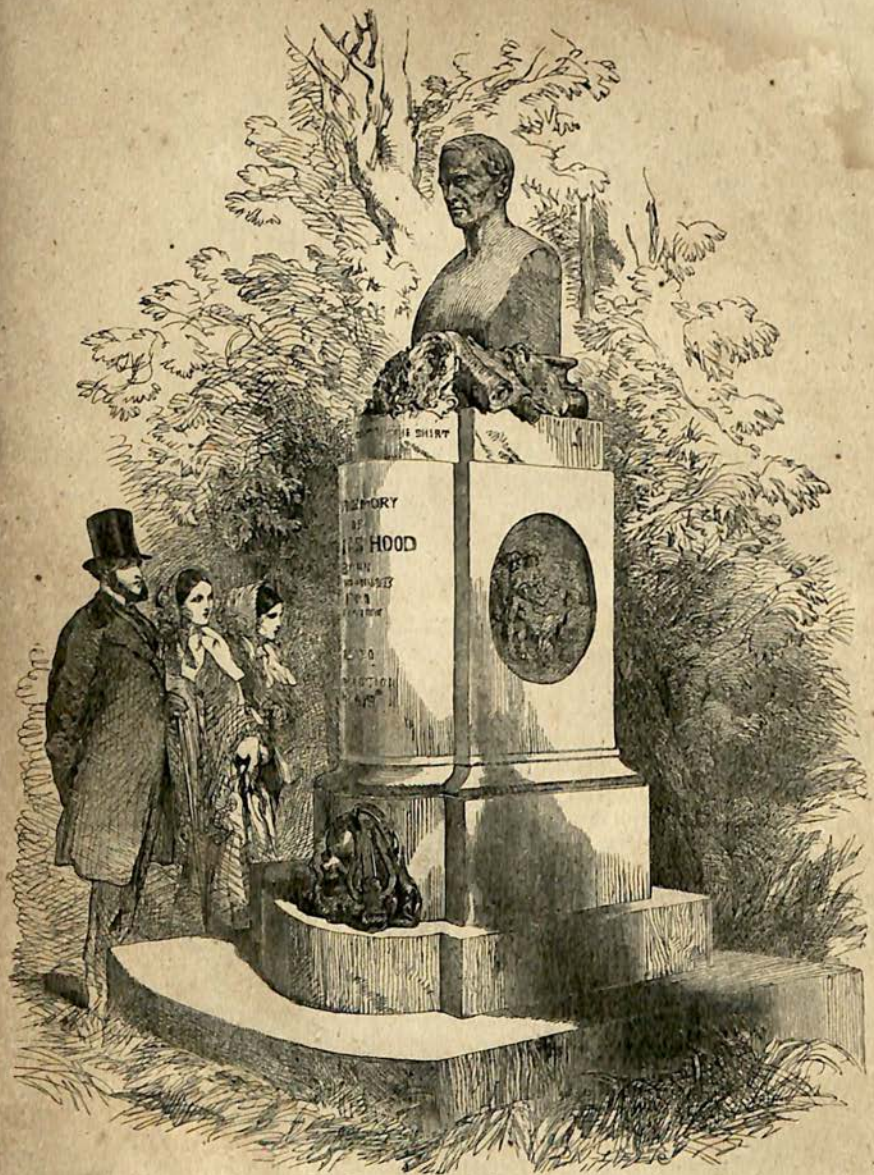

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MEMORIALS OF THOMAS HOOD.



Monument to Thomas Hood
(designed by M. Noble)
erected in Kensal Green Cemetery by Public Subscription.

MEMORIALS

OF

THOMAS HOOD.

COLLECTED, ARRANGED, AND EDITED BY HIS DAUGHTER.

WITH A PREFACE AND NOTES BY HIS SON.

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a.c



ILLUSTRATED WITH COPIES FROM HIS OWN SKETCHES.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. II.

X X H 1 5

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1860.

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MEMORIALS OF THOMAS HOOD.

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1839.

At Ostend—Visits England for a short time—Letters to Mr. Wright and Lieut. de Franck—Mrs. Hood visits England—Letter to her —Letters to Mr. Dilke and Dr. Elliot—"Up the Rhine" published.

In the beginning of 1839, my father paid a short visit to England, making Mr. Dilke's house his quarters for the time being. The following was written in London just previous to his return to Ostend.

Saturday.

My dear Wright,

You will be surprised to hear from me again; but the weather and a bad cold made me resolve yesterday to go *viâ* Dover, besides preferring mail *versus* equinoctial gale. I shall go therefore Monday or Tuesday. Should the weather improve, I shall perhaps see you ere then. We ought to meet once more, at least, to settle the balance, and close the accounts up to Christmas, for good.

I observe on referring to your last, you seem to blame me, and say, all might have been settled on Sunday, "if I had only done as you wished." I do not know what you wished me to do; but the result ought to convince you that B—— never had any serious intention of going on, or he would have been here, as he said he should, during the week, whereas he has never been near me; so that in one sense, as you say, I have done nothing by coming to town, except arranging the accounts, and for which I ought not to have had to wait a single week, instead of three. In short I have been trifled with most abominably. However, you must acknowledge that it is no fault of mine if I and B—— have not gone on together. *Between ourselves*, I am convinced he wants money, and never contemplated any farther advance, or the possibility of our going on, or he would at least have treated me with common civility by coming here. As for the "Hood's Own" account not affecting the question, I disagree with you, and think it *does* most essentially. I was extremely surprised, after hearing the assertion of £300 loss, to find only 66, nearly 20 better than last account. Now it is my opinion, and also Dilke's, that it is yet a very good spec, and might reasonably be expected to realise £200 or so, as a volume, if we were to give 13 numbers, and I write a good spell for it with the autograph letters, &c. But that I cannot now answer for, as I must at once write for money, for my own need. By the bye, did you settle with the

"Heads of the People" publishers, or shall I write to them direct, to know the terms they propose?

Perhaps, if it improves, I shall see you to-morrow.

I am, dear Wright,

Yours very truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

The next letter was commenced at the end of the last, but was not concluded till the March of this year.

RUE LONGUE, OSTEND, *Christmas Day*, 1838.

"Tim," says he! "hier ist ein brief mit my own hand geschrieben at last!" "Time it was," says you,—and so think I, considering our old comradeship; but I am not going to plead guilty to wilful neglect, or malice prepense. You know how my time is divided,—first I am very ill, then very busy to make up for lost time,—and then in consequence very jaded and knocked-up, which ends generally in my being very ill again. Neither of the three moods is very favourable for writing long, cheerful, friendly letters; ergo, you will conclude that I am at this present writing neither ill, busy, nor very jaded, which is precisely the case.

Your letter came while I was in bed, full of rising ambition, so I read it before I got up,—and how nicely the fellow timed it, thought I, to arrive on this very morning of all the days in the year! so I sit down to try whether I cannot hit you with mine on New Year's-day. You will like to hear all about

me, so I shall make myself Number One. In health I am better, and in better hope than of late, for a complete revolution has taken place in my views on the subject. Hang all Rhineland, except a bit between Ehrenbreitstein and Pfaffendorf, and all its doctors. Old S——, the Catholic, I verily believe knew no more about the case than the Jew B——, but he is more taken up with the sort of little Propaganda there is in Coblenz, for converting Protestants, and getting Roman Catholics to leave their property to the Church, and walking in Corpus Christi processions, than with medicine or its ministry. For I hear he is a notorious bigot even in Coblenz, and I hate all bigots, Catholic or Lutheran. He told me my complaint was in the lungs; and I described the symptoms to Elliot, who rather concurred in his opinion, but of course from what he was told only, so I never touched wine, beer, or spirits, for several months, and in consequence ran it so fine, that on the journey here, when I got to Liège, I could scarcely speak. At Brussels I began to find out I had gone too far in my temperance, by the good effects of some bottled porter; and now here I am on a moderate allowance again, and even ordered to drink a little gin-and-water. So won't I toast you to-day, my old fellow, in a brimming bumper!

The doctor here is an experienced old English army surgeon, besides being used to London practice; and he said from the first he could find no

pulmonary symptoms about me. The truth is, my constitution is rallying, as the Prussians did after Quatre Bras, and is showing fight, the sea air and diet here being in my favour. You know what the Rhineland diet is, even at the best, while here we have meat quite as good as English, good white wheaten bread if anything better than English, and the very finest vegetables I ever saw. The consequence is I eat heartily good breakfasts, with fish, &c., and ample dinners: in fact, we have left off suppers simply from not caring about them in general. Sometimes we have a few oysters, and we eat shrimps, Tim, all the spring and summer through!

All this looks well, but by way of making surer, and for the sake of Elliot's advice, in which I have justly such confidence, I am on the point, Tim, of a visit to England, as Elliot's practice will not let him come to me. It must blow very great guns on Wednesday morning, or I leave this in the Dover mail on a flying visit to the glorious old island! It is a rough season, and Jane is a wretched sailor; and besides, cock and hen cannot both leave the nest and chicks at the same time, so I go solus. But she will go to see her mother, I expect, in the spring or the summer: for we have made up our minds to stay here another year, and perhaps two. It will be some time before I shall be strong enough to live a London life; and being rather popular in that city, I cannot keep out of society and late

hours. At all events I am close at hand if wanted for a new ministry. Jane says she should not like me to be a *place*-man, for fear of red spots.

* * * *

Since the above I have been to England. I spent there about three weeks, and am just returned, full of good news and spirits. Elliot came to me, and after a very careful examination, and sounding every inch of me by the ear, and by the stethoscope, declares my lungs perfectly sound, and the complaint is in the liver. He altogether coincides with my doctor here, both as to the case and its treatment, and my own feelings quite confirmed their view; so that at last I seem in the right road. But what long and precious time I have lost—I only wonder I have survived it! *You* must be a great lump of sugar, indeed, to sweeten such Rhenish reflections. The ignorant brutes!

The main reason why Elliot wanted to see me was because this place would be bad for the lungs, but it quite suits the real case as I must have *much* air, and cannot walk or ride much, or exert myself bodily. So sea air is good, and *sailing*, my old amusement, Tim, at which I was an adept, and shall soon pick it up again. I mean therefore to sail, and fish for my own dinner. So I have made up my mind to stay here for one or two years to come. We like the place, though it is called dull by gay people and those in health. But that just suits *me*, who am not strong enough for society; it

is so near that those we care about do not mind coming, and as we have four posts a week, business goes on briskly. It is as good as English watering places in general, so I should gain nothing by going over. To tell the truth, I was not at all sorry to come back, for I have never been in bed before one or two in the morning the last three weeks. Of course we are very happy, for my death-warrant was signed if such blood-spitting had been from the lungs: it is not dangerous in this case.

Between friends and business I had a regular fag in London, for there were such arrears: for instance, among other things, all my accounts with my publishers for three years to go through. They turned out satisfactory, and besides established the fact, which is hardly conceivable by those who are experienced on the subject, that the "Comic" keeps up a steady sale, being, if anything, better than last year. All other annuals have died or are dying. Of course this is quite a literary triumph, and moreover I had to prepare a re-issue of all the old ones, which will come out monthly in future; you shall have them when complete at the year's end. Moreover my German book is to come out in the course of the year. I send you proofs of some of the woodcuts which are finished—you will recognise some of the portraits. Then I propose to begin a Child's Library,* so I have cut out plenty of work.

* Of all the projected works, which were never to be finished, I regret this most of all. My father had a knack of inventing children's

We shall have plenty of visitors in the summer. How I wish it was not so far from Bromberg! But we shall have railroads, and all the world will go this way to the Rhine instead of Rotterdam. It is a nice little kingdom, and I like the people; they take very much to the English, and adopt our customs and comforts, and almost universally speak our language in this part. So you see, had the Luxembourg affair come to a head, I must have wished you a good licking. What fun, if your 19th had been ordered down, and you had been taken, Johnny, with me for your jailer, and answerable for your parole! As to the Cologne affair, I think your king is perfectly right. Fair play is a jewel, and an agreement is an agreement; but he is placed in a critical position, very—at all events a very troublesome one. It quite agrees with my prophecies. You know I don't meddle in politics, but I will give you my view of affairs. There will be a row in

stories, and was always a great favorite with little folk. There are many—not little folk now—who remember his gentleness and kindness in amusing them. He used to tell stories, illustrating them with sketches made as he told them—of these, alas, only the illustrations remain. With myself and my sister he was very fond of playing—suggested games to us, and pointed out the "properties" that would suit them. He was very fond of Dr. Elliot's children, to whom he frequently wrote, and sent paper animals, etc., cut out very cleverly. During his last illness a very beautiful miniature of four of these little favorites lay on his bed, and he used to take much pleasure in contemplating it. Some letters, in another part of this work, written to them, will prove how well he would have written such a Child's Library as he here speaks of. Critics, in reviewing "Precocious Piggy," have remarked how capitally its metre and rhyme are adapted for nursery memories.—T. H.

Hanover: it will not suit your king to have popular commotions so near home, so he will interfere to put it down, and finally hold Hanover for himself. Then, as to Luxembourg, the French long to pay off the old grudge on you Prussians. If you should get a beating at the beginning, I should fear *Catholic* (*French in heart*) Rhineland will rise; but if you Prussians like, you will keep Luxembourg to repay you for defending it *for the Dutch*. So the best thing for all parties is to keep the peace; and whatever you hot-headed young soldiers may wish, I think your king's prudence will keep us from war: and so long life to him! As for England, *we* Liberals must beat sooner or later; the money and commerce interests will beat the landed, who have too long had it their own way; and then no more corn-laws!* Then if you Prussians be wise, you will encourage free-trade, and take our manufactures for your timber and corn, whereby we shall both profit.

But you abroad have a plan, on the supposition that the Tories will come again into power—so they may, but will never keep it, nor the Whigs either; there is a third party, not Radicals, but a national one, will and must rule at last, for the general, and not private, interests. I do not meddle, but look on, and see it quietly getting onwards towards a consummation so devoutly to be wished for.

Leopold, whatever you may hear, is popular, and

* It will be observed (at page 190, Vol. I., for example) that at times my father's prophecies were marvellously correct.—T. H.

justly so, in this country, which is a more wealthy one than is generally supposed.

Bruges is a delightful little city, for anyone with an artist's eye. It is only fourteen miles off, and you can get there by the barge for a franc and a half. It is quite a gem in its way.

By the bye, I am going to try to paint a bit in oil:* the artist, who took my portrait, has set me up for *matériel.* He has taken an excellent likeness of me, which is going to be engraved for the re-issue, so that I shall be able to send you a copy of my copy. Jane is quite satisfied with it, which is saying all in its favour. I am going to try to paint Tom's likeness, as we have Fanny's already. As I know nothing of the rudiments I expect to make some awful daubs at first,—may I say, like Miss A——'s?

Jane told you of some articles I have written for a sporting-book, but we are not able to get the letter-

* This idea was not, I believe, put in operation till many years later in England. We possess a most curious and effective oil-painting in brown and white—oil-sepia painting, so to speak—that suggested "The Lee Shore." The fisherman's cottage in the back-ground, with its lighted window, under a struggling moon, and a huge wave filling up the fore-ground, foam-crested, and in the centre a great gull flapping its white wings. This I held to be the ghost of the drowned seaman, at my father's prompting, who signed it—"The Seaman's Dream." We have too the unfinished sketch in oils of a group illustrative of a poem, to be called, "Death and the Little Girl." The picture represents the conventional Death, with a child sitting on his knee in a churchyard. The sketch of the poem, as I recollect it, was, that the child, crossing the churchyard, fell in with a stranger, who conversed so pleasantly with her that she was induced to bring him (Death) home, where her sick father was lying. The outlines of the painting and poem are all I can give. How the master-hand would have filled them in, is not to be solved here.—T. H.

press. The plates you will receive next parcel as a present from Jane. They are very good, and I know they will hit your taste. The plates I wrote to were the donkey-race, and of course the fishing. When I was in London I learned that Bond, our tackle-maker, has just wound up his line of life, leaving a good sum behind him. I inquired if there is extra strong tackle; so let me know what you want *directly*, and all shall come to you in one parcel, "Comic," sporting-plates, and all. You are at a distance that makes me cautious of carriage, or I would send the latter articles now.

I sent a "Comic" to the Prince, *viâ* Hamburg, in a parcel of Count Raczinski's, or some such name,—the same who is publishing a gallery of German art.

You talk of my having "a box out in the spring!" Why, man alive! the stewardess of our London packet fetches and carries like a spaniel every week between me and my publisher. Your lost gorge-hook tickled me as much as it poked its fun into you. You must have rare sport, and of course do not regret the Rhine, Moselle, and Lahn. Do you ever drop in now? I should like to *Brake* my tackle with some of your large fish; but I am a prematurely old man, Tim, and past travelling, except on a short stage. I had fears I should perhaps disgrace my seamanship by being sea-sick, my stomach having become so deranged, but I held out; to be sure I had fine passages, although one

fellow, a fox-hunter, was very ill. England seemed much the same as when I left it, but I was astonished by some of the hotel charges on the road being positively less than on the Rhine. The Dilkes dined with me; he is as well as ever, and they all desired their kind remembrances to "Mr. Franks."

I heard a good deal of H. O——. He is still a bachelor, with about £13,000 a-year,—a nice sum, Tim,—and he *will* be richer. He spends it, however, like a good old English gentleman; keeps hounds, is very liberal to the poor, and is very much liked about the neighbourhood of W——.

Old H—— is still dying. He sometimes gets my friend W—— to write at his dictation to Richard D——, when he is on a journey, in this style: "DEAR RICHARD—By the time you receive this, your poor brother will be no more. I died about noon on ——," and then W—— breaks in, "Why, my dear sir, but you are not going so soon?" "Ah, so you think, but a pretty set of fools you will look when you see the shutters up. Send for Dr. S—— directly!" And so forth; and in an hour or two afterwards, he is in his chaise at a coursing meeting!* It is quite a farce, and W—— imitates

* This gentleman is evidently the original of a character in "Up the Rhine," wherein he figures somewhat in the style of "Mr. Bramble" in "Humphrey Clinker." I believe one secret of the success of my father's humorous writing was, that he read "Humphrey Clinker," "Tristram Shandy," and "Tom Jones," and caught their style, without catching that something far more infectious, which occasionally breaks out in their admirers.—T. H.

him capitally. Now I do verily believe that I am only alive, on the contrary, through never giving up. With such a wife to tease, and such children to tease me, I do not get so weary of life as some other people might—Lieutenants at Bromberg, for instance, in time of peace. Moreover, I am of some slender use. In the spring I wrote and published three letters on the state of the Law of Copyright, which made a stir in the literary world of London, and an M.P. borrowed my ideas and made a flourish with them in the House. Moreover, a fellow attacked me and some others for our infidelity, &c., whereupon I took up the cudgels in a long poem, which delighted an old gentleman so much that he called it "Hoód's *Sermon!*"* You will hear of me next in orders, as the Rev. Dr. Johnny.

As for the "Comic," I did it this year with such ease, and at such a gallop, that I sent MSS. faster than they could acknowledge the receipt thereof. I never did it so easily before. The fact is, provided my health should clear up, and I get strong, I am but beginning my career. For the fun of the thing I must tell you that there has been a short memoir of me published. You will judge how well the author knows me when he says "we believe his mind to be more serious than comic, we have never known him laugh heartily either in company or in rhyme." But my methodist face took him in, for he says, "the countenance of Mr. Hood is more

* The "Ode to Rae Wilson."—T. H.

solemn than merry." The rest is a great deal handsomer than I deserve, and a proof how unfounded the notion is of envy and spite among literary men.*

And now I think I have told you everything about myself. Jenny is as thin as she has been for a long time; my last illness frightened her; indeed we have both had a fear we kept to ourselves, but of course she will now laugh and get fat. There is a treat too in store for her, for when the weather is fine enough she is going over to see her family, three years' absence is a trial to such a heart as hers. Luckily, she has no longer the dinner anxieties, and the wish and prayer for a "new animal" that so worried her in Coblenz! I get nothing now that I cannot eat, and as to drink, I am quite a Temperance Society, though I am now allowed a little wine. To be sure she still sticks to her old fault of going to sleep while I am dictating, till I vow to change my *woman*uensis for *aman*uensis. And moreover she took the opportunity during my absence of buying a plaice *with red spots*—could not

* My father seems to have been "almost persuaded," by the popular demand on him for fun rather than serious writing, that he was not possessed of a serious, as well as a comic, Vein. *I* fancy the latter was more of an Art-ery than the former—witness "The Bridge of Sighs," and "The Lay of the Labourer." My father's testimony to the real good-feeling between men of letters came from his heart I know. I do not think he had an enemy, although the *line* of some writers was repugnant to him. I am glad to believe that the same fellowship among men of letters continues to this day, although here and there a lower animal makes himself obnoxious by yelping at the heels of one of our great writers.—T. H.

eat it after all—Verdict, "Sarve her right," when we can get plenty of turbot. Do you know one of our first freaks on coming here? There is a little library two doors off, and we sat down and read all its stock of books slap through. The bill came in. "To reading 155 volumes — francs!"

Don't you wish you had been one of the *francs*, as you complain so of want of reading? We get newspapers, but have no society, save what we import, such as the Dilkes. There are lots of English here, but many of them outlaws; this is like Calais, Boulogne, &c., being a sort of city of refuge for gentlemen, who won't or can't pay their debts.

We have plenty of military, and are consequently treated with abundance of duels.

Our doctor knows and tells us all the news and scandal of the place. Fanny has been at a day school, but we have taken her home again, as she was being taught French in French, and consequently learnt nothing but an unknown tongue. I wish you could see Tom; to-morrow is his birthday (Jan. 19th), and he will "take his *three*."* He is very good-hearted and affectionate also, and quite a young "Comic" for fun, and droll mischief. He has a famous notion of drawing for such a shrimp, and the other day came with his thumb and finger opened like a pair of compasses to measure his ma's

* An allusion to the old three-handed cribbage at Coblenz, for which truth suffered—I was *four*.—T. H.

nose to take her portrait. He is as strong too as a little horse, and always well. He makes us roar sometimes with his imitations; but one the other night was beautiful. He saw Fanny at her prayers, quietly slipped away, knelt down by his bed, clasped his little hands, and said gravely "my love to pa, and my love to ma, and all my friends in England."

I wish it might please one of the Princes to want a companion in a trip to England *viâ* Ostend, that you might see us all. I think we are set in here for at least another year.

It must be something very tempting to make me go to London as yet; it would kill me in a month. Indeed I am better already for being back. Even the pleasure is bad for me, as all excitement tends to urge the circulation, and cause palpitation. What do you think, Tim! Dr. Elliot says that my heart is rather lower hung than usual; but never mind, *you* shall always find it in the right place.

Tim, says he, tell me in your next all about my brothers in arms,—I guess I puzzle some people here with my Prussian officer's cloak. Suppose they seize me for a Luxembourg spy! But *àpropos* to my old comrades, who does not remember, Wildegans*, himself excepted? I saw some very long lines

* Poor Wildegans, as some of our readers must have concluded already, was troubled with a short memory, an absence of mind—and an abundance of "chaff" in consequence. On one occasion, at Coblenz, Franck could not find his sword to go to parade. What was to be done! The bugle was sounding!—when he chanced to look out of his window, and saw the solemn Wildegans marching off with *two*

of his family flying southwards over the sea some two months back, and prophesied (and it is come true) some severe weather. Does he still feel kindly towards us, or have they cut off his breast, heart and all, to smoke, as they do thereabouts. Does he sometimes drink our health in the waters of oblivion? I am wicked enough to enjoy his being put over your head after all your tricks upon him; so pray congratulate him on his promotion. We remembered him at Christmas, over our pudding; Jane wished you both a slice, and I wished you a skewer. I suspect you do not often see "Carlo," but give our kind remembrances when you meet; also to "Von Heugel," and "Von Bontonkonkowski," as Jane says when she attempts his name. That march is often a march of mind in my memory, and I am again at the Burgomaster's, or at Wittenberg, or Schlunkendorf, not forgetting the Château, and the jack-fishing. I do hope my kind captain is as well as when he overlooked our sport from the window.

I have taken him of the *nose*, at his word, and drawn him. I think the sketches will prove how vividly I have remembered that frolic. I have made some of my friends laugh over it in description. I

swords, one on each side? On another occasion, soon after the break-up of the frost (during which the bridge of boats is removed), he was found, pacing up and down, before the *restored* bridge, waiting for the *ferryboat* to take him over to Ehrenbreitstein. I need hardly say, his name Anglicised is Wildgoose, whence the German nickname, Ganserich (goosey) given him by his brother officers.—T. H.

do not like to ask who may be gone, like the poor Major! You must not forget my respects to the Colonel.

I fear to ask about the translation of "Eugene Aram;" it was in the most difficult style possible to translate into German; plain, almost Quaker-like; whereas the German poetical style is flowery almost to excess. We are suffering from quite Bromberg weather here; it is like our first winter at Coblenz.

On resuming my letter this morning, I found my ink *friz* in the stand. But we have good coal fires and grates, though I almost scorch myself in getting warm. I told you of two children being frozen here, and this morning I heard that three more, all in the same bed, have been frozen to death at Bruges. I suppose, poor things, they had only an "ofen," not a grate.

I do not approve of your Private Plays. Officers ought not to be privates: but perhaps you play in such a style, that the privater the better. Of course *mein lieb-freund* Wildegans bothers the prompter. I would give a trifle to be within a hiss of your performance, to see how fiercely you would curl those moustaches of yours, which the Prince so properly made you dock. Jane and I agree, that in a sentimental, heroical, tearing, German part, you would be capital, remembering what a fine passion you were in once *with* Miss A. and *at* me and Wildegans.

Jane and I try to fancy a performance something

as follows:—A house, pretty well lighted up, but with something of the look of a riding-school. In the centre box a stiff old governor, like a soldier preserved in ice. About seventeen ladies, in plenty of fur, and with rather blue noses, attended by fifty-one officers, twenty-five of them all in love with the same face. No gallery, but a pit full of fellows with a bit of yellow on their collars, and a fugleman, that they may applaud in the right places. Scene—the Brake; a gentleman fishing. Then enter a lady —to commit suicide by drowning. The angler humanely dissuades her, because she would frighten the fish, and they fall into argument on the romantic idea of suicide. The angler becomes enamoured, and requests the lady to hold his rod, while he kneels down and lays his hand on his heart. He protests he was never in love but seven times before, but had often been fallen in love with. The lady listens, and seems not averse to the match; but in striking awkwardly at a salmon, she snaps the top joint, and that breaks off everything.

Scene the second. The angler in his room smoking. A friend comes in, takes down a pipe from the wall, and smokes in company.

Scene the third. A pathetic interview between a lady and a lover with two swords on: she asks him if "he can ever forget her?" and he answers "yes."

Scene the fourth. A duel between the angler and his best friend, because the lady had broken his rod. They are parted by the lady's mother, who asks the

angler to dinner, and promises him more brawn than *she* can eat.

Scene the fifth. A ball, with only one gentleman who can dance. He waltzes with them all in turn, and then drops down a corpse.

Scene the sixth. The ghost of the dancing gentleman appears: he forgets that he is dead, and is fetched by three little black boys with horns and long tails.

Scene the seventh. The angler at dinner with the old lady and the brawn. The old lady seems to admire him, and says "he has good teeth!"

Scene the eighth. A gentleman comes on to sing a song, but can't, because he has parted with his "*bello.*"*

Scene the ninth. The Brake. The lady and the angler meet by appointment. He offers her his heart and a fine salmon, and she accepts the salmon.

Scene the tenth. A lieutenant in a rage because he is not a captain. He throws a set of somersets in trying to promote himself over his own head.

Scene the eleventh. The nine o'clock trumpet,

* This was Carlovicz, who gave me a little spaniel called Bello, mentioned in earlier letters. The two swords point to the forgetful Wildegans. Scene the tenth, refers to the ill luck of Franck, whose juniors were always being promoted over his head, probably owing to his not having, as an Englishman, any interest at Head Quarters. Scene the seventh, refers to an old story invented about the time of the "beef jam." It was something about an old lady, with imperfect organs of mastication, some tough brawn, and a young lieutenant with irreproachable ivory. With the addition that "what you chews!" was the point of the story, I leave my readers to fill up the details as *they* choose.—T. H.

and the play is snapped off like the top joint. The angler very crusty, because there was an embrace in scene twelve, and the young lady to be in love with him.

Talking of love, just imagine the following little dialogue after reading your last letter:

"I wonder," said Jane, "if he has ever lost his heart again?"

"I don't know," says I; "but he complains he has lost some lengths of his line."

The salmon that won't take a bait must be a puzzler. My doctor is an Irishman, and if I see him before I close this, I will ask him if he knows anything on the subject. You know they have salmon in the Liffey, and many other rivers.

So you see I was right, after all, about the beavers in Germany—they are otters! But what a goose you are to shoot them! Otter hunting is capital sport, I believe, with dogs and spears. There is an account of it in one of Scott's novels—I think in "Rob Roy." So there is a new variety of sport open to you. I will see if I can get any information about that, too. In the meantime, whenever you write, do not fail to give me any anecdotes as to fishes, fishing, or sporting in general, as well as any new jokes of your locality.

Whilst I was in London, the Royal Exchange was burnt down to the ground. A great sensation was caused amongst the spectators by the chimes in the tower of the Exchange striking up in the midst of

the flames with the very appropriate air of "There's nae luck about the House." To make the coincidence more curious, there are half a dozen other tunes they play by turns through the week.

I hope the bank will take no advantage of it when people go there for money, for the cashiers might now say, "We have got no Change." Another practical joke was, that Wilson, the Radical bookseller, was the only Conservative, his shop being the only one that was at all left standing.

Sad news from Canada of revolt and fighting. I earnestly hope that a timely redress of grievances, and they seem to have some, will prevent a struggle that would end, like the American war, in their loss to England. The Spaniards seem to have acted like all other foreign states towards England, when money was concerned,—the legion broken up for want of pay, which the Spanish Government coolly cheats them of. That massacre of English prisoners by the Carlists was a brutal affair. When we came here we travelled with a very nice, gentlemanly, elderly Irishman, whom we liked very much, and he took very much to us. I found out that he was a Catholic priest, very high in the Irish church. He had been to Rome, and spoke with disgust of the little that religion had to do with the civil wars in Spain—that it was purely political, and, in fact, Protestant princes patronised the Carlists. *Ainsi va le monde!* And I am very glad that I have had nothing to do with politics, though they try hard to

identify me with some party or other. So, as I am no "sidesman," but only a "merrythought," the leading reviews, Whig and Tory, have carefully abstained from noticing me or my works. This is funny enough in professedly *literary* reviews, and shows they are practically political ones. And the result is, I am going, I understand, to be reviewed by the *Radical* review, and, I hear, favourably.

Some weeks ago some fellow or other on the Tory side wrote a poem against the ministry, and forged my name to it, and I had a skirmish on the subject. The fact is there is a set, who try to write down and libel all who are not Tories, neutrals like myself included; it is too bad, but they will sink of themselves at last from sheer want of character and principle. I am not afraid of them, and do not think they will care to attack me, as I am apt to get *the laugh* on my side. I was the more annoyed at the forgery, because it was addressed to the Queen. Are we not in luck, Tim, to have such a nice young girl to be loyal to; she is very popular, and does good by frequenting the theatres, &c. Her mother is very much respected, and has done her duty both to her daughter and to the nation, in a manner that deserves a statue at the hands of the English ladies. But I must pull up or I shall have no room for the messages. Tom sends his love to "Fank, Vildidans, Tarlevitch, and Towski;" Fanny joins in chorus; and Jane sends her kindest regards, and says she has no chance of learning French here, there is so

much English. There is plenty of *Flemish* too, but I can't *learn it;* and so must tell you in the mother tongue, that I am, my dear Franck, your friend ever, and in all sincerity, to the end of the line, and without a weak length in it,

THOMAS, TIM, JOHNNY HOOD.

P.S. Should you see "Hood's Own" advertised in any of your northern papers, it is not my wife, but the re-issue of the "Comic." It is intended to be sent into Germany, as it will be as cheap as foreign editions. I will send you the inscriptions you desire in the parcel. When you write to the Princes, pray make my respects to them. I am very glad Prince Czartoriski had such sport, but you are all well off in that particular—whereas, in Britain, we have fished at them, till fish are scarce and shy. There is perch-fishing to be had here in the moat, and, I should think, jack somewhere in the cuts from the canals. I shall try next summer, and also at the sea fish, as a pot-hunter. There are good turbot and capital John Dory off the coast, and, I suspect, smelts in the harbour; they do angle for flounders a little. What is that fish you tell me of with a nob on his nose? Send me the German name if you know it. And what fish is a *wels?* I can't find it in the dictionary—a sort of sturgeon, perhaps. Many thanks for the *Lieder Buch.* We have had a good laugh over "*Ach Gretel mein taubchen.*" Tom took a fancy to it at first, and

used to sing it. How Dr. Weiterhauser would stare to see my use of it!

What will you poor Germans do for victuals and drink? First, the doctors found out that your *würst* was a slow—no, active poison; and now a Düsseldorf chemist discovers that all your "schnaps" and liqueurs are deleterious, from being made from bad potatoes. Then the Westminster Medical Society has proved that your German candles are arsenicated and poisonous; and were there not edicts against your painted sugar-plums that poisoned the children? Not that I should care if all the Rhinelanders poisoned themselves or each other; they are not fit for their beautiful country; but I should not like it to spread further, as I like the other cousins, for example the Saxons. In justice to myself, I must say we have heard several English speak in our own style of Rhenish diet and the people; but they are not true Germans, only mongrels.

And now, Tim, have I not written you a long letter at all events? It will be as good as extra drill to read it all through at once. I fear I shall not soon be able to write so amply again, for I have great arrears of work, and shall be as busy in my little bureau as a Prime Minister, or at least a Secretary for the Home Department.

Our severe weather continues; we all but stir the fire with our noses, and sweep the hearths with our shoes. I wish you would keep your own sort of

winter at Bromberg; you are used to it, but I am not, and am sitting in the house in my show shoes.

Now then farewell, Tim. God bless you, and may you have good luck even in fishing. Take care of your liver, my old boy, in peace-time, and in war-time of your bacon; and always take a spare pair of breeches with you to the Brake for fear of falling in! Should you ever have thoughts of marrying, let me know, and I will give you some good advice. I have strong misgivings that those private theatricals will lead to something of that sort. As the children say, "you may begin in play, and end in earnest." Perhaps, whilst I write, the knot is tied, and you are in the honeymoon with it all running down your moustache! For anything I know, Carlo and Bonkowski have written to me to use my influence to prevent your chucking yourself away. I will go and get them translated to-morrow, and then perhaps you will hear from me again. You were always dying for somebody; but "Philip! remember thou art mortal!"

I have just heard that the London Packet (not a mail) is gone ashore. I wish she was wrecked at once, she is such a wretched craft. My portrait-painter was three days in coming over here—besides, I hate her very name, for reminding me of my own unseaworthiness, the *Liver*-pool! Whilst I was in London, all of a sudden there broke out here in Ostend, several attempts at robbery, that quite alarmed our quietude. A servant girl was knocked

all down stairs by a fellow secreted in a room above. At Bruges there were several other attempts; some fellows, I suppose, from London or Paris. I have accordingly put night-caps on my detonators, and I believe we have an extra military patrol. I wish they would rob me of my liver complaint: I would not prosecute. Good-bye for the last time; this is the end of my news, till we grow some more.

39, Rue Longue, Ostend, *March* 16, 1829.

My dear Wright,

I was very glad to have a few lines from you of cheering import, of which I have much need. I never had so little alacrity of body or mind, but you need never urge me, for it is only needlessly spurring a willing horse; I only wish that my power equalled my wish, but I have been almost "lower than plummet e'er did sound,"—like the weather, far below zero. I am now better, but by means so foreign to my recent habits, that like the little old woman I can hardly believe that I is I, for by medical advice I am drinking port wine daily. I am glad you like the Grimaldi cut, as I did myself, and I shall do as much as I can in that style, as I prefer it, and it is less trouble when I can do it.

But I am not always in the cue; I have found more difficulty in inventing than in executing, my state allowing of the mechanical, but not of the imaginative; yet I have had some gleams. By the

Stewardess you will receive another cut and tail-piece, the subject Female Spouting; I think I shall be able to make a pleasant paper too on Grimaldi, an "Ode to Murphy, or Moore's Ghost," and the "Bury Book." Be satisfied that for my own sake I will do *all* I can, and supposing you can wait till Monday, I do not despair of doing something worth while. In the meantime I will give you a selection to set up in type as before.

I am glad you are not out of heart, as I am not; there has been hardly time to get the thing well, *i.e.* universally known, and from this point it will go on improving, as I shall myself in health. By the bye, as an instance of a curious faculty I seem to possess, that I can hit off a likeness afterwards, though not if a person were to sit to me, I made such a * resemblance of our servant's face when Grimaldi called, that Jane recognised it, but unfortunately I blotted

* Besides this likeness, my father in "Up the Rhine," in the cut of "A Spare Bed," achieved a very good caricature of Mr. Dilke, who was as much amused at it as my father. He was often lucky in this way. *Apropos* of a pencil sketch of De Quincey, who died last year —the last, I believe, of the "Old London" contributors—he says, "Unable to make anything 'like a likeness' of a sitter for the purpose, I have a sort of Irish faculty for taking faces behind their backs. But my pencil has not been guilty of half the personalities attributed to it; amongst others, of a formidable likeness of a 'Lombard Street Banker.' Besides that one would rather draw on a banker than at him, I have never seen the gentleman alluded to, or even a portrait of him, in my life." This was Rogers, and the picture was in "Whims and Oddities," but in other instances my father often hit off fair resemblances of persons he did not know, and seemed, in "drawing" from fancy, to have hit on a well, where Truth happened to be found.—T. H.

it out accidentally with a drop of ink, and could not get it again.

Thank goodness the weather is better, and I can, and do, get out; I am mending, and hope to rattle off the next No. as I did the "Comic." Why don't you come here instead of going to Cheshunt, and we will take a trip to Bruges? Take care of yourself. I am vexed to trouble you so, but it won't last long.

I am, my dear Wright,

Yours ever truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

Apropos—I want to patronise a poor self-taught *wood-cutter* here, in a very humble line; he only cuts butter stamps and moulds for ginger-bread; but when you send a parcel, if you have any worn out gravers or tools it would be a charity.

This last little trait of kindness is one of many unknown acts of a similar description performed by my father in an unostentatious Christian charity, which might have been with advantage imitated by some, who were, in their denunciation of him, as noisy as the trumpets they blew before them every time they "did an alms."

39, RUE LONGUE, OSTEND, *March* 31, 1839.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,

I fully intended to have had the happiness of spending an evening at Stratford before my departure from London, but thanks to a number of

vexatious and unjustifiable delays in business, I was at last obliged to cut and run to save time, leaving all the pleasures I had promised myself to the future.

For instance, I longed to see all your children; but I fear now they will all be a year older should I meet them. But it was very kind of you to come to Pimlico; and I rejoice at it, as I think you and Dilke will know and like each other. Pray tell Mrs. Elliot that I acknowledge my debt, and owing her a visit, will pay it for my own sake the very first opportunity.

I was fortunate in a very fine passage across, but have been very poorly since my return; the voyage to London did me *very* great good, so much so that my foot healed two or three days after my arrival. But—I need not tell you how—I was well worried when in town (all booksellers are alike), and my foot got worse, and at this present writing is as bad, or nearly, as ever; my great anxiety to get my foot healed is for the sake of air and exercise, and besides I shall have to work pretty hard ere Midsummer. Unluckily we have such a bad coast, bad boats, and bad boatmen, I cannot sail; but I mean to take a trip to Dover and back now and then, or perhaps to Havre, as there is a boat from here just begun running. Poor Jane has not been very well through fatigue and anxiety; Fanny is pretty well, but Tom has been troubled a little in cutting his back teeth.

He was very delighted to see me back, but I suppose I did not romp with him quite equal to his

expectations, for after a day or two, as I was sitting reading, he said with an arch look at his mother, "I do wish my pa would come home."

I was a good deal fatigued by my night journey in the Dover mail, and no doubt looked invalid enough. So the cabin boy placed a basin at my feet at starting, and I caught him watching me intently throughout the passage, evidently not a little wondering that only "the sick gentleman" wouldn't be sick. To make the case more marked, a very fierce looking foreign officer, well moustached, was pitiably "reduced to the lowest terms," and had all the fight, as well as everything else, taken out of him. These are strange constitutional differences — my own viscera, for instance, have been so long deranged, I cannot imagine how they could be proof against the malady. By the bye, did I ever tell you of my Italian teacher at Coblenz, and his emetic? He took it over night, but after an hour or so, feeling very comfortable, he began to get very uncomfortable, so he drank a quantity of tea which staid with the emetic; still more uncomfortable because he was so comfortable, he then took warm water at intervals which made him as comfortably uncomfortable as ever.

Then, getting a little nervous, he took some wine. No discomfort, except the comfort. Then warm water again. Still only mentally uncomfortable, till finally, having spent the night in this manner, he comfortably took his breakfast, which acted as the sailors say, "like a *stopper* over all." That was a

stomach to delight Franklin, for as poor Robin says,

"Get what you can,
And what you get, hold."

I wonder none of the quack doctors have got up an infallible nostrum against the sea malady.

It would be sure, one would think, of a *sail.* One can almost fancy a little dialogue.

Passenger. "Well, Doctor, I have tried your sea-sick remedy."

Doctor. "Well,—and how did it *turn out?*"

Thank heaven, the twenty-four articles are signed and we are at peace. I have no desire to move again, except to England.

My prospect of that coast is somewhat clearer, as my health seems radically better, and, in the meantime, I have learned to like even Ostend. It seems to agree with me in spite of my foot. Moreover, as I learned when in town, I am far from fit yet for a London life. Summer is before me, and I do not mean to throw it away by late hours and dissipation, but to try, by a regular system, to get a little a-head in health. I am not desponding, but such annoyances as the present, weaken, and lower, and worry me, particularly as I have as much to do as a strong person could get through.

And now, God bless you all, and prosper you in every way. Pray give our kindest regards to Mrs. Elliot. Mrs. Hood, alias Jané, shall, and will write some day, but she is so much of a nurse that, like

her patient, her pen is obliged to leave undone many things that should be done,—for instance, the last Number of "Hood's Own."

I am, my dear Doctor
Yours ever, very faithfully,
THOS. HOOD.

Have you read the account of Photogenic drawing or Lightography? Moore saw "History *write* with *pencil* of *light*," but now light itself draws without any pencil at all. 'Tis a mercy light does not write, but perhaps even that will be done hereafter, and Phœbus will not only be a patron of poets, but a poet himself, and deal, like me, in Light literature.

Jane, who has some maternal vanity, when she heard of the sun drawing pictures, said, "so does *my* son!"

TO LIEUT. DE FRANCK.

May 23rd, 1839.

Tim, says he, I am only able to write at short length, having more work for my pen and less time to do it in than ever. I have had a sad nine or ten months of it, almost always ill, and then having to do everything in haste by day and night. I think my liver complaint is tolerably cured, and I have not spit any blood for a very long while, but the *curing* has half killed me. I am as thin as a lath and as weak as plaster. Perhaps I have no blood left to spit.

As to my leanness, look at the portrait. Tim, says he, I was over in England about three months

ago at Dilke's, where I spent three weeks; but though I am quite at home there, I came back to Ostend very willingly; late hours and company do not agree with me yet. Will they ever? God knows.

Another year will set me up, or knock me down, —the wear and tear of my nerves, &c., cannot last longer. By the bye, this very day I am forty,—and you will have to drink my health out of a certain Bohemian Goblet, given to me on a certain birth-day. As you cannot pledge me in it yourself, I will cheerfully be your proxy, provided the wine be good. As Béranger sings—

"Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans!"

But then I am two score, and sometimes am ready to call them the Forty Thieves, having stolen away all my youth and health.

Look at the picture, Tim, I do not quite look so ill as then, but I am as weak as gin-and-water without the gin.

Since Jane wrote, I have found your list and procured what tackle you wanted. But, moreover, I have had the good luck to meet with some *here*, which I jumped at, and send, good or bad, with some flies and hooks I had by me. For fear of plunder, I send a list signed by me, in the box.

All the tackle you will be so kind as to accept from me—with my best wishes towards the fisherman, and the worst towards the fish—except the gentle-boxes, which Tom junior (I will not call him my

"son and heir," as you have neither son nor hair) is desirous of sending you. He says, "The gentles have not only a little house, but a yard to walk about in." I did not expect an improvement in a gentle-box, but you see there is a little tray to roll them into and select from. I guess you will enjoy the Pickwick—it is so very English.

The mark on your box is  . And put in your note-book, Tim, that in future you must direct

À MONSIEUR T. HOOD,
La Rhetorique,
Rue St. FRANÇOIS,
À Ostende.

(*Your* "St. Franck," if you "haven't a devil" instead.) A longer letter next time from,

Dear Johnny,
Yours ever very truly,
TIM.

Saturday, Oct. 21st, 1839.*

MY OWN DEAREST AND BEST,

You will have wondered at not hearing from me, and still more as a packet went to Bradbury,

* About this time my mother went over to England to visit her family, after an absence of four or five years. While she was away my father was taken very ill, as will be seen in the following letter, which, however, is very cheerfully written for fear of alarming her. My father was now becoming aware of the fact that the Belgian climate did not suit him better than the German. Only the native air of his own England suited him. From that, his misfortune—and the faults of others, rather than his own—excluded him. In spite of this,

all of which I have to explain. It is a mingled yarn I must spin of good and bad. I was getting on so well, that, knowing its importance at present, on many accounts, and as Mrs. D—— was writing, I would not hinder myself; for it is not always I have the power to compose, which I was enjoying. In fact, I was rejoicing in my progress; and the only reason I did not send a packet was this, that what I had written was farther on in the book, and wanted some previous matter to connect it; and as the Bradburys had a sheet to go to press with, and half a sheet besides set up, I was afraid of locking up their type. The last thing I did was the story of the man who overhears the devil repeating the fatal word. This was finished on Wednesday night, but not posted, for the above reason. And so I went to bed about eleven, well pleased with my work; but no sooner in bed than I had one of my old rheumatic attacks in my foot. A sudden change to very cold weather, I think, brought it on. You know what those attacks are. Your desire that I should wish for you, and *not* wish for you, literally came true. I missed the comfort, but was hardly sorry you were not present to be distressed by sufferings you could not relieve. I groaned all the night through in agony, without intermission; and on Thursday morning, about ten, put on leeches, which

nevertheless, he kept up a brave heart, and struggled against illnesses, which an attentive reader will see were increasing in number and character every year.—T. H.

relieved me a *little*. Soon after, from sheer exhaustion, I fell asleep; but almost immediately woke up again with a most violent cramp in the same leg. The only remedy is to walk about on it; but with my foot all swelled and inflamed, I could not put it to the ground, and could only wait till the cramp went away of itself. You may suppose the double anguish was intolerable—in fact, it quite convulsed me; and when the cramp was over, I had the pain all day, with only one short doze. At night, it was worse than ever, and I got no relief but by repeatedly putting it in hot water, and then only for the moment. It was so dreadful, I made Mary sleep in the children's room, for I thought I should be delirious. It abated a little in the day, but I was so weakened, I was less able to bear it, but got a little sleep in the evening and in the night. The pain only left me this morning, and I still cannot move my foot freely. But it is so far over and gone, though I am suffering from exhaustion. I waked several times in the night quite in a dew of perspiration. To-morrow I shall be up, I expect, in my own room. Mary nursed me very attentively, and the children were very good. Poor Tibby made herself very useful, and Tom did his best at nursing, though it consisted in cuddling up one of my hands and keeping it warm with everything he could wrap round it.

I seem doomed to have the trial once a year,—thank God, it only comes like Christmas. But I

am not out of spirits, for, in other respects, I have been unusually well, and getting on. I am glad the Dilkes like the book, and have hopes of it myself. I shall make it 12*s.*, and it will have nearly, if not quite, double the letterpress of the "Whims," and as many cuts. The Major, as usual, very kind, calling twice a day to see me; and I have had an interview in bed with Madame de M—— and Mrs. D——. Madame offered to come and nurse me, or do anything in her power.

By the bye, the "James Watt" is coming instead of the "Liverpool," which is to be repaired.

The "Watt" is a fine vessel, so that you can come by that one, instead of the "Menai." Glad as I shall be to see you, dearest; whilst you are there, settle all if you can, and especially as B—— wants you to stay. Don't fret yourself about *me*, now this is over I expect to go on very well, as I take all care of myself. Mind and ask about Scott's works for the Nagels. I shall send a good packet for press on Tuesday. I shall think of nothing but getting out my book. B—— may advertise it for early in December, say the 10*th*. Does he think any cover would be advisable, (like "Hood's Own" for instance?) beyond mere boards.

I do beg you will see Elliott, it is of as great concern as anything else, and you are apt to forget *yourself*, dearest, when other matters are in hand. Don't over-fatigue yourself, but use those little flys. Come back to me well, and you will find me so, or

make me so, my best. We shall do well yet, and weather the point, if my health keeps as it promises. I shall go out to sea again. Trolling is over, and long-line fishing begun. Backer does not stay out all night, but goes one day and puts down his lines, returns, and goes and takes them up the next day. That would suit me very well. Thank you, dearest, for the herrings, they were excellent.

I feel so much better that I shall go to work again this evening. It will not hurt me, as getting on is the greatest comfort I have. The children, bless them, are so good, and agree so well, it is quite delightful. Mrs. D—— takes them out every fine day. They both send love, and kisses, in abundance. Tom has drawn me with the leeches on, and says I roared like Dilke. You may tell Mrs. Dilke I mean to lay up* "my uncle" in earnest at Coblenz, and let Frank go on his march, whilst the old gent recovers. How useful "them Dilkes" are to me as suggestions! It does me good to hear of them, or from them. Pray give my love to them and say, I now do hope we may all meet on this side of heaven. Also the Elliots, and ask his consent to the Dedication. Remember me kindly to W. Dilke if you see him.

* * * *

God bless you my own, enjoy yourself as much as you can, you may be easier about me now this

* My uncle and Frank, are two of the characters in "Up the Rhine."—T. H.

is over than before. It was CRUEL suffering; but I could not describe, without laughing, that cramp, for I was pirouetting about on one leg, and the other drawn up in such a twist, as only Grimaldi used to effect. Or remembering I was only in my shirt, I must have been like Oscar Byrne in his short tunic, and making as many grimaces. Luckily I was alone, for I must have bundled out of bed, had Hannah More been present! Don't tell Mrs. Dilke, or she will never lend me a spare bed again. Mary has brought me up a two-fold supper on one plate; on one side a roasted apple, on the other some nondescript strips* (tripe). I ate the apple, and looked at the tripe, *Verbum sap.* She is very attentive, so bring her something. God bless you again; I am going to settle, it's half past ten.

I forgot to say I shall want four "Hood's Own" (in the vol.), you had better send them per stewardess, as I suspect you will be loaded.

N.B. Dories are coming in, tell the Dilkes. The other day I, Tom, and Fanny, had a little one a-piece.

I must wait for Sydney Smith till I'm richer,—perhaps they will reprint it at Brussels. Mrs. R. has not sent my books yet—I bide my time. As to the Farce, the best way will be by a note to try Matthews' mind,—it was accepted by Price, but stopped by his stoppage. (Bulletin). Huzza! I can move my toes!

* The Dutch servant's idea of the English word "tripe."—T. H.

OSTEND, *November 7th*, 1839.

MY DEAR DILKE,

* * * *

As regards Boz, his *morale* is better that his material, though that is often very good; it is *wholesome* reading: the drift is natural, *along with the great human currents, and not against them.* His purpose sound, with that honest independence of thinking, which is the constant adjunct of true-heartedness, recognising good in low places, and evil in high ones, in short a manly assertion of Truth *as* Truth. Compared with such merits, his defects of over-painting, and the like, are but spots on the sun.

For these merits alone, he deserves all the successes he has obtained, and long may he enjoy them! As for Jack Sheppard, the test of its value is furnished by the thieves and blackguards that yell their applause at its slang songs, in the Adelphi. Can the penny theatres so unceremoniously routed, produce any effects more degrading and demoralising? From what I have heard of *their* pieces they were comparatively mere absurdities to such positive Moral Nuisances.

The "Inland Navigation" was also interesting. I like to see scientific theories thus justified by practice. Brains are better than brute force after all!

* * * *

I am very glad you like my German book so far. I think I have kept old Orchard true to himself;

but I fear it is vastly unlike the character of that pig-headed, purblind, bigotted being, an English agricultural country gentleman; a species identified with Corn Laws, No Popery, "Bible, Crown, and Constitution," and all other creeds and opinions that are sown by narrow instead of *broad* cast. However a man, with Death constantly before his eyes, would probably be more honest, and tolerant.

* * * *

Talking of Germany, I have just heard from Franck, who desires his remembrances to you and Mrs. Dilke. He is now in Silesia making, or at least superintending the manufacture of guns. Possibly Russia and Prussia have some joint war game in view, with a very blind reliance on bayonets, by number, and a great ignorance of their own real position. The death of the King, made prudent by reverses, if it were to happen at this juncture might precipitate the dénouement. But with a plot in his army, and the Circassians, I should think Nicholas had enough to do at home. The moral effect of that brilliant affair in India at this crisis will be great. "If England to herself would be but true," if Englishmen would but seek their own good in the national welfare, instead of the reverse; if instead of attributing her past greatness to old systems of misrule and corruption, because they were contemporaneous, they would but see that she flourished in *spite of them!* But alas! like the blind

young gentleman in the "Tatler," the more you couch them, the more they will blunder and mistake one thing for another. He took the cook, didn't he? for his sweet-heart, and the postman for his father.

Apropos to Germany how very C—ish are the letters from Berlin and Leipsic! How he jumps from the Turk's turbans, by a *Volti subito*, to the crotchets and quavers.

> "With rings on his fingers and (bells on his toes ?)
> We shall have *music* wherever he goes!"

I defy you, editor as you are, to make a more apt and characteristic quotation; poor dear editors, when the new postage begins, how you will be pelted by penny letters!

Tom and Fanny are quite well, poor dear things, they are the only comforts I have in my goutiness, namely, by making them sit still because I can't walk about! And that is such a comfort, (if you ask the philosophers) to crusty people. My poor legs! I must go and stick them in the sands, as the piles are, to get *mussels* to 'em! By the bye I am going to have some for supper; they don't swell me, as they did your Mussulman, and they would only improve *my* figure if they did. Poor Mary, she tries to nurse and suit me, only when I had no appetite, the weakest stomach, and worst digestion, she brought me a bullock's liver to tempt me! But she does her best, which is more than Lord Camelford did.

My landlord has just sent me up a prospectus he has received from Frankfort, inclosing shares of a lottery for the grand estate of Gross Zdekau, in Austria! To gull John Bull I reckon. I guess they won't get much out of the close-fisted Belgians. I remember such a lottery before for a princely estate somewhere in Germany, and the prince won it himself! How *very* lucky! But you know, Dilke, the Germans are so honest! For instance I read this day in the "Life of Höltz," "It occurred to me to give lessons in Greek and English, for the purpose of earning something, and taking the burthen off my father; I gave daily five lessons; but I have not been paid by half my pupils. Some have gone away, and others show no intention of paying!"

Mind that's a German's own account of German honesty, and not mine, Von Dilke! But what an ungrateful dog I am! The first thing Franck saw in a Silesian circulating library was "Tales from the Works of Thomas Hood, translated by Gustavus Sellen, Leipsic," (seven of the "National Tales"). "Now I am sure," says Franck, "you never wrote them, firstly because I never heard you mention them, and secondly they are not at all like you, they are much too sentimental, and as high-flown and flowery as the Germans generally write their novels!" That's what I call translation, not merely done into the German language, but into the German style, and German feeling.

The first thing I have found do me any good, was

a bottle of porter, so I have continued it, three glasses per day, eschewing all other drinks, luckily it's very gettable here, and I think it helps me to fetch up my long arrears of sleep; in case I don't, I have little Tom for a bed-fellow till Jane returns; only the sick, and sleepless, and spiritless can know the comfort, the blessing of a familiar voice in the long dreary night. Mind I don't wake him up on purpose, but, even if I did, his good temper would excuse it. Being waked in such a way is a sure test of temper, if ever you want to try Mrs. Dilke's. *I* rouse up very well, and patiently, particularly about ten in the morning. I am living in a sort of world before time. Tom has managed to stop the works of my watch, the Black Forest clock* has stopped of itself, and there is a Dutch clockmaker's over the way but it's dark,—I guess it's about half past ten, but it may be two in the morning, so I'll shut up. My kindest regards to Mrs. Dilke, (I shall write next to her,) to Wentworth, and to William if in town. God bless you all, saith,

Dear Dilke,

Yours ever very truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

* A little eccentric German clock, a "striking" favourite of my father's, who purchased it in the Schwarzwald. Mrs. Dilke bought one at the same time, and unfortunately some of the works of the two got transferred from one to the other, and they never went well in consequence. This is the origin of the jokes made by my father in a letter to Mrs. Dilke, about their having one another's "insides."—T. H.

P.S. Mrs. Dilke, if you are a happy woman, and don't want to be a "widder," read all Dilke's letters and notes *first.* The Count de la P—— will call him out, but don't let him go out, any more than his Arnott's stove. If anybody enquires after the editor, say "Mr. C——'s in Germany, but I don't exactly know where, it begins with a B!" Good bye. "God bless."

You need have no remorse about this letter. You would not have had such a long one if I had not actually despatched a packet by this very night's steamer for Bradbury. As the boys say from school to their fathers, "I am getting on very well in my writing!" and at this present somewhat ahead of the printer.

LA RHETORIQUE, RUE ST. FRANÇOIS, *Nov.* 18*th*, 1839.

DEAR DILKE,

I should think C—— would not part with *his* autograph, but I think it very probable that M—— appropriated one. After the "Gem" was done, a silver cup, or something, was sent to Sir Walter, and there may have been a letter springing out of that to me, as editor. I feel sure I have kept *all* mine. I should like to know the fact.

You were quite right about my advertisement, but it *was* a difficulty I have not yet got over. I am toiling hard for the 25th, but it *is* such weather! It's a wretched climate in spring, autumn, and winter: such damp, unwholesome fogs. Our paved yard has

been sloppy wet the last week, without a drop of rain. Plenty of low fever and dysentery in the town: yet it is better than inland, for we *have* the sea.

I am *so* glad you haven't seen the Bruges casket *yet*. I would get Jane to copy out a criticism on that, too, but there isn't room. Besides you threaten to print,—wherefore I shall send nothing but cutting-up strictures on the "Athenæum" in future, which you may extract in it *if you like*.

You talk of my being meant for a painter,—Tom *is*; t' other day he cut a great notch out of his hair. "How came you to do that?" asked his mother. Says Tom, as grave as a judge, "for a *paint-brush!*" There 's early bias for you! . Now I must go to work again. It will be my waking dream, *our* Belgian Tour. Kind regards to Wentworth, and love to all.

Ever, dear Dilke,

Yours very truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

MY DEAR MRS. DILKE,

I owe you a letter!

Yours very truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

P.S.—Eleven at night.

LA RHETORIQUE, RUE ST. FRANÇOIS, À OSTEND,
November 23*rd*, 1839.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,

I ought to have written to you before, but I am terribly hurried in getting out my book, having

been thrown back by the weather of this uncertain climate. The truth is, I cannot quite make out your meaning, or your wish in your note to Mrs. Hood about the dedication. If you mean to imply that I should look out some more illustrious personage, or great man, who might have patronage, I have no hopes or desires of that nature, but prefer inscribing my books to parties I respect and esteem, or have a regard for,—such as yourself.

But perhaps you are averse to having your name brought before the public in that way; in any case, do not scruple at once to object, if you *feel* any objection, and I will not be too inquisitive about your reasons. May I beg your answer *by return of post*—a few lines will suffice, as I know how your time is occupied with business.

Mrs. Hood is hardly settled enough to pronounce upon herself yet. Tom is as well as can be. Fanny has had a slight attack of the low fever peculiar to the place. I am convinced that at times I have suffered from it too; for instance, during the last ten days, when we have had the wind from the land, bringing from the low ground and marshes such damp fogs, that our yard has been continually as wet as after rain. It acts on me by producing great lassitude and general torpor of the functions, circulation, and digestion especially. It produces generally a peculiar effect on the tongue, as in Fanny's case, which Mrs. Hood described to you. She has now a slighter relapse of it, through going

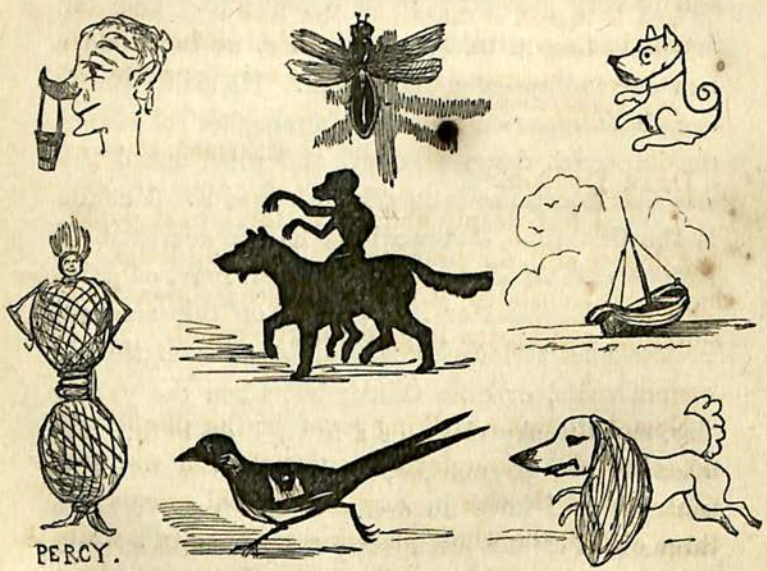
again to school. A girl of eighteen or twenty lately died of it; for a long time her tongue swelled too big for her mouth. A great mystery is made of it, for fear of frightening away the English, who spend some £2000 a-year in the town. But it is well known by the natives, who will all tell you the remedy, though they deny the disease. I got the truth partly from my reading, and partly from my old boatman, a German. It is called the Koorts, and is very prevalent about Walcheren. Our old doctor having retired from practice, we have had a new one to-day—a younger man. He said Fanny's complaint arose entirely from atmospherical causes, the late cold, damp weather, and when asked if it was not Koorts, at once acknowledged it. But this is the first time that we have had it admitted. I seriously think when my time is out here, of going either to England or into France on this account; it occasions serious hindrance, for at such times I cannot write, or even think; but when the yard is dry, and the sky clear, or a frost, I do both. The changes are so marked, and I have watched so attentively, I have no doubt of the fact. What is worse is, it creates a necessity for more and stronger wine than is good for me, to counteract the lowness, &c. I have lately been trying to drink the Bordeaux, which is very good and pure here, in lieu of other wine. I like it; but it seems to me that it *makes too much blood*. I should try to leave them all off in a better climate. But in the meantime I must

do the best I can. My wife sends her love, and hopes Mrs. Elliot and the baby are going on better than could be expected. Pray accept also the congratulations of,

Dear Doctor,

Yours very truly,

THOMAS HOOD.



CHAPTER II.

1840.

At Ostend—Letters to Dr. Elliot—Goes to England—Is taken seriously ill at Stratford—Letters to his Wife—Mrs. Hood joins him at Stratford—Letter to Mr. Dilke—Returns to Ostend—Final settlement in England, at Camberwell—Mrs. Hood to Lieutenant de Franck—Letter to Dr. Elliot—Discovers the misconduct of his Publisher—Commences a law-suit against him—Engaged on *The New Monthly*—"Miss Kilmansegg."

11*th March*, 1840.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I feel deeply obliged in the lowest depth, and deeper still, for your prompt and kind letter. I have just translated it to one of the Belgian Consultation, and hasten to give you the result.

* * * *

Now, here was a striking proof of the ill effect of the climate. Though the weather looked so beautiful, the earth was in one of its cold sweats: at three o'clock the whole place was wrapped in a white mist, and our paved yard as wet as after rain. It is quite curious to watch the phenomenon. From the yard a flight of about twelve or fifteen steps leads to the second floor. You literally see the damp ascend, step by step, till the whole flight is wet. To natives and residents in health this may not

prove so obviously injurious; but to invalids, and especially coming into it at this season, its effects are very marked. I have just heard of a case like mine.

An old retired sea captain has been lately in London for medical advice. The doctors sent him home well; and the very day after his return he was seized again, and is now laid up in bed. The family say they are now convinced it results from the climate: a conclusion they would be loth to come to, as they have a good business here, and the suffering uncle is a principal partner.

Moreover, Mr. D——, a strong man, returned from fox-hunting in England last Friday, and is now taken with a sore throat, and unwell, and attributes it altogether to the same cause. As to myself, I am a perfect hygrometer, and for a wager could tell, by my feelings alone, whether the stones in our yard were wet or dry. I can perfectly, I think, understand the peculiar effect of the air on me as on Sunday. * * * However, whether the lungs be touched or not, I shall follow your instructions as if they were; though I could hardly help smiling at a part of them—where I was "to be mum and very still;" it sounded so much like an exhortation from *a Friend* to turn *Quaker*. But, in reality, I find no difference in my voice, it is as strong as usual, and I read aloud your letter from end to end without the slightest inconvenience. In the Walcheren low fevers (akin to the effects of this air),

bark I believe was the great specific: and in the same way the tonics may do me good. * * *

Till I get over the blood-spitting, I sit wholly in my bed-room; it looks to the west and is better secured. My own room is not very air-tight, and the windows front the east, and in spite of fire I feel its evil influence. The ground-floor is uninhabitable—it drips with damp!

* * * * *

Without all these means and appliances (hot bottles, baths, &c.), I find great difficulty in keeping warm extremities. I even cover my hands, and, like Sir Roger de Coverley's literary ancestor in the picture, write sonnets with my gloves on. For, alas! I cannot follow up one of your rules, and give up all work. Throughout I have been obliged to puzzle through very ill-kept and tardily-rendered* accounts—a harassing job enough—and I know its ill effects on me; but *necessitas non habet!* But I leave all such matters to talk over with you by word of mouth, some day. Really I was half-inclined to come across by to-day's packet to see you, feeling it a serious case if I should happen not to be in the

* My father was a good arithmetician. Many of his rough MSS. were covered with sums in the neatest of figures. One of the games, which (as I have mentioned) he invented for us, was a truly British game of merchantmen. Boxes rigged with paper sails represented our traders, and were freighted with different articles of commerce, to be bartered at various "ports" in different parts of the room. For this game our father used to make us out miniature "bills of parcels, and freight," and merchants' accounts, which I only regret were not preserved, as they were remarkable for neatness and accuracy.—T. H.

right course. But I gave up the idea as very inconvenient just now, and in some respects a risk. I was obliged to leave London suddenly, or I should most certainly have come to Stratford, as I had planned. If I did not write from Grosvenor-place, it was only from fear of taxing your kindness, remembering the great distance, and how you are engaged. I was exceedingly disappointed that I could not drop in on you, and show you my boy; he is a fine healthy fellow, very good, and almost reads.* He behaved most manfully on his travels, by sea and land, and was quite a gallant in London, as perhaps the Dilkes told you. Fanny is more delicate, but very good and very clever. With tolerable wealth I could be very happy, for my prospects are far from hopeless, indeed far otherwise—in fact, looking up. Poor Jane does not mend much; but her anxiety and fatigue about me are against her, probably the climate also. But I hope in autumn to quit Ostend, that is to say, I *must;* for another winter would assuredly kill me.

I was amused by a remark of old Dr. Jansen's (for he is quite a veteran). I said my sedentary profession was against me. And when he understood it was literary, "Ah!" said he, with a glance at a thin, yellowish face, "a *serious* writer, of

* We have thought it best not to omit any of these frequent mentions of his children, as to those who knew him the letters would lack a characteristic, and to those who did not know him, would fail to show the warmth of his domestic affections, if these passages had been struck out.—T. H.

course." Akin to this, I one day overheard a dispute between Tom and Fanny as to what I was. "Pa's a literary man," said Fanny. "He's not!" said Tom: "I know what he is." "What is he, then?" "Why," says Tom, "he's not a literary man—he's an invalid." They have made me an honorary Vice-President of the African Institute at Paris. Oddly enough, the day afterwards two black gentlemen came here in a ship on their way to Havannah. They caused some speculation in the town, so I gave out that they were a black deputation to bring my diploma.

I must now follow your rule, and go to bed. Our Carnival is fortunately over (the maskers of the lower class were dreadfully noisy), and we can sleep o' nights.

God bless you all. My wife's love to Mrs. Elliot and my kind regards along with it. Your united healths in a tumbler of Vitriolic! As I know your time is precious, do not trouble yourself to answer this, as there seems nothing of consequence to reply to; and, in the meantime, I shall follow your rules.

I am, dear Doctor,

Yours ever very truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

P.S. Can my spitting blood have ceased because I have *none* left? What a subject for a German romance, "The Bloodless Man!"

La Rhetorique, à Ostend,
Wednesday, 19th March, 1840.

Dear Doctor,

I write again to report progress, especially as it seems to be favourable. I have had no regular return since this day week. I began on Wednesday last to follow your directions closely, in all but the silent system; which I found in some degree impracticable, my signs being constantly inadequate or misunderstood; but I have spared my lungs as much as possible. Luckily for me, the weather changed to fine about Wednesday, the wind going round to west and south-west. I felt during that time much better, but yesterday and to-day the wind blows north and east again, the ground is wet, and I feel it like a conscious hygrometer.

* * * *

This discomfort consists in no pain, but a general feeling of languor or lassitude, and more or less drowsiness.

I attribute this solely to the change of the weather, for neither yesterday or to-day have I felt so well: cold feet and *the cold hand.* I was free from this during the finer days, but think the low fever is particularly consequent on the climate. I knew an English family in Rotterdam, and one of the daughters suffered so continually from low fever for two years, they were obliged to move up to Coblenz. Now in London, though eating heartily, and living well (but on joints, which I prefer to

made-dishes), I was particularly free from any symptoms of bilious derangement, indeed better generally than since I went abroad. And I think this luckily gave me strength to struggle with the present attack, by which I am less beaten down, than might otherwise have been expected.

But I feel sure now mere fine weather would bring me round. A friend of ours the other day visited the Hospital here, and one of the Sisters of Charity, who was nursing, told her that during the present season, February and March, the number of their patients is doubled, compared with any other period.

Several circumstances have concurred probably to bring on my attack; not only cold damp weather, but for the last six weeks two hundred men have been employed in clearing out the moats round the town. The sewers flow into them—the tide does not—and they have not been disturbed before, perhaps for many years.

When I came I saw heaps of the black mud, &c., on the sands, to be washed away by the sea.

Besides this it turns out that our water has been failing (it is always bad enough), and latterly we have been drinking the very grouts of our well. At present we have none, and are obliged to beg and borrow. We use some sort of filter, but I believe the water here to be very unwholesome, and know the Belgians from up the country have a horror of it.

By the harbour there is a house where water is

sold, which is brought from the interior in barges: it is used for the shipping. I presume because the Ostend water will not keep!

As for the air I am persuaded that its miasma acts upon me more immediately, and perniciously, than you could credit, unless it were at once brought under your notice. As a sample of the damp, and its penetrating nature; in the latter autumn, I remember our butcher saying that the meat hanging in his shop was literally saturated and dripping with water! When I am well enough, I mean to inquire into the cases so numerous at the hospital; the peculiar effects of the malaria on myself make it a subject of great interest. A lady friend of ours here in delicate health, has her good and bad days so regularly with mine, that we corroborate each other like two good barometers.

I am told the chemists here make all their preparations very strong.* Ten drops of their vitriolic acid quite suffice for a tumbler of water.

What is the test for Epsom salts and oxalic acid? I got some sulphate of magnesia, but a fresh supply to-night tasted so unusually hot or acrid in the throat, that I was afraid to go on with it.

Directly the weather is settled enough, I shall take a sail. The voyage to England does me so much good always, I half incline some day to go over to Dover by mail, and return the next morn-

* Probably because the damp atmosphere diluted the nostrums sufficiently as they stood on the shelves.—T. H.

ing. I should not get further, for I cannot well stand long coach journeys. As for the south of France or Italy, it is far, far away to go with a family, bag, and baggage; and the uncertainty of my working days, from illness, renders a prompt communication with London imperatively necessary.

I should think that Dieppe, or some other such place answerable to our own coast, on a chalk cliff, might suit me. I used to be very well at Brighton. I do not think mere cold hurts me, if it is not combined with damp. By the way, should authorship fail me some day, don't you think I have studied enough and dabbled in my own case to set up for a Quack? Talking of cases, a Liège banker's wife was here last summer for health. On asking her what ailed her, she told me her doctor said she had "too good a digestion." I could not help answering: "Oh! if that's all, *I* will undertake to cure you of that!"

Did I tell you of the panic here at Christmas. A Mr. and Mrs. R—— were stopped, all packed ready for a flitting without paying. The creditor here has his choice, so Mr. R—— was put in Bruges jail; but it ought to have been the lady, for she incurred all the debts. Then a major and his family went clear off. The Belgians got frightened, and put an execution in at Sir ——'s. Next, a man came to Ostend, took lodgings, won a horse at a raffle, rode out one morning, and never came back. There was quite a panic! Since then they have

sent a Colonel B—— to Bruges, and now a Mr. D——. We are getting quite select!

I have hopes to-morrow will be fine. How I shall enjoy the sight of the first butterfly: I shall not feel safe till then. Jane sends her love to Mrs. Elliot, and God bless you all! From,

Dear Doctor,

Yours very truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

What a droll notion of a Greek lately applying to the Tribunal at Athens to move for a new trial *in re* Socrates! The Court refused to enter on the matter. It might have reversed the verdict on the philosopher, but who could unpoison him?

LA RHETORIQUE, RUE ST. FRANÇOIS, *à* OSTEND,
March 29th, 1840.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,

Many thanks for your very kind letter. I am happy to tell you, that I have had no return of the blood since I mentioned. I am more than ever convinced the great evil is the climate; and it appears to be characteristic, as of Holland, &c., that when once the climate gets hold of you in such a way, there is no remedy but to leave it. It is my belief, that this place, the height of summer excepted, cannot be good for any one; but that for any peculiar complaint or predisposition, it is one of the very worst that could be selected.

I see that Marryat, speaking of the diseases most

common in America, mentions those of the marshy parts, as ague, and "congestive bilious fever." Moreover, in reading the new "Sporting Magazine," I came across an article which seemed to have a curious bearing on the subject—the "Diseases of Hounds," and in particular, kennel lameness—a sort of rheumatism—and the yellows, a kind of jaundice. These it attributes to their kennels being built on a sandy soil, giving several remarkable instances. It says that rain does not penetrate deeply into the earth, and consequently sooner evaporates; whereas wet sinks into the sand deeply, and is given off again in a constant but imperceptible manner. This is very perceptible, for our sands are beautiful to the eye, and look dry; but thrust in a stick an inch or two, and the hole is instantly filled with water: only the immediate superficial surface is dry; below is sand and water intermixed. I have seen a curious effect from this. When at high water in roughish weather a wave runs on the dry sand, the pressure forces up the water from beneath the apparently dry sand in little fountains one or two inches high! The fluid we drink here is all rain-water, more or less recent, which has thus been stagnating in the sand; at the best from the roofs and gutters! It smells strongly, and even tastes of the soot; but some of it (from our well, for instance) must be putrescent, it smells like stinking fish; and the plates, &c., which have been washed in it are at all times disgustingly strong of it.

I perfectly understand your description of my case, and have not the slightest doubt of your being right. What I mean to say is, there is no lung disease, *i. e.* original. This mischief is in the stomach or liver; and I can imagine how that may affect the lungs, or any other neighbouring part, as an embarrassment or stoppage in the Strand would affect bridges or any other laterals.

I continue to take the drops, but with some misgiving that the water does me as much harm as I derive benefit from the drops. Just now it is execrable, and with the soot in it ought to give one the "sweeps' disease."

Your kind invitation is a very tempting one in every way. For the mere benefit of your opinion, I was half tempted to run across for a week; but, in reality, the voyage and change of air always do me so much good, and so promptly, that, instead of seeing me indisposed, you would be almost inclined to think half my complaint must be hyp—or sham. I almost suspect it is the belief of some of my non-medical friends. For instance, how well I was at Dilke's! You know better; but still, you could not see an attack.

I never had even an inclination to spit blood in London. Then at Dilke's I used daily to let the fire go out; whereas here I am perpetually scorching my boots to keep my feet warm, and cannot keep my hands out of my pockets for cold. Moreover, my mind always derives benefit from the

change of scene, and a little society; and altogether I am better always for a trip to England. But there are too many lions in the path for me to think of it at present. In the meantime, I will follow your rules as closely as possible, and if I can but hold on till the fine weather sets in, I hope I shall get over these attacks whilst I have to remain at Ostend.

My principal suffering at present is that after dinner, however light,—a bit of fish, for instance, whiting or haddock—I feel a great discomfort, not easy to describe, a compound of sinking and yet oppression; sometimes a little drowsiness, languor, lassitude, and a craving, not for wine in particular, but some assistance, either stimulus or warmth. I longed for my tea, for example, but find coffee still more comforting, and have it directly after dinner. It seems to me to be the first process of digestion is so weak. I take no other liquids save toast or barley-water.

I will try to be as dumb as I can; but then I have as many impediments to silence as there are sometimes to speech. I wish I *could* rest from work: but I have just finished an article for the new Sporting Magazine. But then at the worst of my attack I was *obliged* to write business letters, and go through troublesome accounts—neither a pleasant nor a profitable labour of the pen. I am so sleepy, I must not transgress another of your rules, but e'en to bed at once.

So, God bless you all. With kind regards from us to you both,

I am, dear Doctor,

Yours ever very truly,

THOS. HOOD.

In accordance with Dr. Elliot's wish and invitation, my father went to England, where he was seized with a very severe attack of spitting blood at Dr. Elliot's house, as the following letters to my mother describe :—

STRATFORD, *April 15th*, 1840.

MY OWN DEAREST AND BEST,

I could not write yesterday to you, nor can much to-day. I came here on Monday evening, and fortunately for me, for in the evening, or rather at night, I had a very bad attack, spitting more blood than ever at once, except the first time at Coblenz. The Doctor watched it, and meant to bleed me, but it went off. Tuesday morning it returned ; and, by way of saving blood, he took some from my arm, till I was rather faint. I am now better, but am obliged to keep silence and remain in bed. It will be a comfort to you, dearest, to know I am here with all skill and help at my hand, and every comfort and care. A brother and sister could not be kinder to me than they are; only *one* other *could* nurse me more tenderly and affectionately. So pray do not be anxious on my account. I am now better, body and mind. The Doctor says he has

now no doubt on my case, that I am as he expected to find me, and the affection is what he supposed it to be, aggravated by the largeness of my heart. The more to give to you, love!

* * * *

The weather is fine, but with a cold east wind, though I do not suffer from it under an English roof in an English bed. I am hoping you had fine weather for your Bruges trip, which would do you all good. Dilke, if he can, is to come here to-day to see me. Poor Mrs. D. wrote me such a storm of wind, to account for my not hearing from you on *Wednesday*, thinking I was worrying myself. I have written to quiz her on her hurricane, as *there was no post.*

* * * *

I quite regret that I was prevented from bringing Tom here; he would have been so happy. There is a little fellow, full of fun, about his own age, and a little girl, so like what Willie was, it struck me in an instant. They are all very well. I am a sort of melodramatic mystery, I suspect, to some of the boys, associated with many basons and blood! The two little ones have visited me in my room, and this morning brought me in the Comic Annual to *amuse* me! To the little things I must look a very odd personage, for I have been unshaved since last Saturday, and am almost a *sapeur*. But I avoid all exertion, and keep in bed, in hope of discounting the attack.

It is rather trying to my patience to be so laid up—passive, when I ought to be active.

* * * *

They have a nice garden here, and a paddock. I take a look out of my window sometimes, and invariably find my eyes resting on Shooter's Hill. A blue hill is a novelty after our flats. Then the quiet is quite delicious. I do not hear a sound. Now the Rue St. François is almost as noisy as Cheapside, with railway-trucks and fish-barrows. I feel very English-like here; that is as good as saying I feel very comfortable!

The young Dilkes are expected back soon; they are at Henley-on-Thames. They are to live in Sloane Street. We have had a deal of fun, Mrs. Dilke and I, about the haste of the wedding, that the cake was put in a very quick oven, &c. I told Mrs. Dilke they ought to have put it in the papers thus:—"*Suddenly*, on such a day, at St. Luke's, Pimlico."

Mrs. Elliot has just looked in, and desires her love to you. I know you will give them credit for all kindness, but it is really delightful, and I am so very comfortable; it must help my getting well, for it soothes my mind, which else has enough to fret about. But I turn my thoughts into the pleasantest channels I can, none more so than yourself and the children. I think of you continually, and, however well off, must pine and long for your faces and kisses. God bless you all, again and again! Do

let me hear from you soon that you are better, and let us get well, body and mind together. I long to write more, but am forbidden.

* * * *

STRATFORD, *April 18th*, 1840.

MY OWN DEAREST LOVE,

As you seem so anxious about me, I write, though it should prove but a few lines, to make you more easy. You have no doubt been alarmed by my writing from bed, where I still am; but not from inability to rise, but as a sort of precaution. But I have had no fresh attack since the bleeding in the arm. I suspect had I been bled at first at Ostend instead of lingering on for fourteen days, it would have averted all this; but the Doctor says they probably thought I had no blood to spare, and he only bled me to save blood in the end. He seems to think that the great cause is in the heart itself, and that in future I must live very quietly:* as free as possible from mental agitation or annoyance. Alas, how difficult for any of us to escape! He is very earnest for my returning to England, as the best climate for both mind and body, and at this moment, there are many inducements literally *before my eyes*. It is a lovely, sunny day. Imagine me in

* My mother was always careful to keep my father free from any anxiety and worry that she could, and we children were brought up in a sort of Spartan style of education, and taught the virtues of silence and low voices.—T. H.

bed, with the window open, looking over their garden across the country, so green with its meadows and hedges, and Shooter's Hill so beautifully blue in the distance. It looks lovely and yet "my heart's in the *low*lands—my heart is not here," and I feel how many other conditions are necessary to my living in England. In the meantime let it console you, that I am enjoying English comforts; my bed, even when it could not be made for two or three days, was more comfortable than my littering-down abroad. My great misery is to lie here, doing nothing in the way of work, or arrangements, for I am not allowed to speak enough for business matters.

* * * *

But by the present sacrifice of time, as of blood, I hope to save in the end, by avoiding any risk of relapse. You are right about my cravings, I do long for the old familiar faces—and the young ones, too—and the dear sweet voices and loving kisses. "There's no place like home," especially for the sick or sorrowful. Yet is this the very next to one's own house; and in one respect better, and in that we must both take comfort. I have great hope the extreme care and skill I am treated with, must do me *permanent* good. The kindness and attention of both the Doctor and Mrs. Elliot are delightful; she brings me everything herself, and forestalls all my wants and wishes. I have daily

visits, too, from the children. Willie, now a fine lad, likes to come and talk a little.

On Thursday, Dilke came to see me, and dined here, and Mrs. Dilke, I expect, will come this week. Dilke said I was better than he expected to find me. I have just been reading Doctor James Johnson on "Travelling, Climate, and the effects of Malaria abroad," which seems quite to account for my own case.

I find if I close shortly it will go off to-day, so I must finish. Of course I have no news, had I time, beyond what I have told you of myself. I am grieved to hear of your bad cold, but of course it was from the early journey, but the jaunt would cheer you up a bit. As you cannot nurse me, take all good care of my other self, and above all do not fret about me, but let us meet again, well and happy on both sides. I wish I could write to my dear good children. Kiss them fondly for me; I know what a comfort they must be to you.

* * * *

The Doctor has just been up, and he says I am going on very well. I promise you faithfully to let you know should I be worse, so that when you *do not* hear from me you may be at ease.

STRATFORD, *Good Friday, April*, 1840.

MY OWN DEAREST,

Recollecting that you would not otherwise hear till Tuesday, I cannot deprive you so long of

what, I know, will be such comfortable news for you, as my being much better. Fortunately the weather has been beautiful. On Tuesday I had my bed-room window open nearly all day; on Wednesday I came down-stairs, for the first time, and took a turn in the garden. Yesterday I was out in it for a still longer time, and the fresh air really seems fresh life to me. Good air acts as potently on me as bad. I do not feel so weak as I expected, from the loss of blood and low diet. I take no meat, only light puddings, with tea, coffee, and the vitriolic lemonade, as drinks. Oranges, and lemonade made with isinglass, biscuits and sponge cakes. There you have my *diète*. The rigour of my silence is relaxed a little, and I am beginning to make acquaintance with the "kin." William, George, and Gilbert are nice boys—then little Dunsterville, about Tom's age, Jeanie a year older, and the baby, a girl. They all look so well and happy it is a pleasure to be amongst them. Such regrets that I could not bring Tom here last time! Dilke has talked of him to them a good deal. By the bye, it seems to me, being fine, and a holiday, I may possibly see something of the Dilkes to-day, as she talked of coming. Tell Tibbie and Tom, being Good Friday, I breakfasted to-day on regular hot-cross buns. I shall long for their letters, as I have done for their dear faces and gossip; and you may suppose I have had many lonely hours in bed, for being forbidden to talk, it was better to have no one

to sit with me. But now comes the hardship. As I get better, my mind gets anxious, and I long to be doing. Whilst it was impossible I submitted; by dint of reading, I kept my mind quiet, and have been tolerably patient; but now that I am able to get down and walk out, though but a little, all the urgency of my affairs returns on me in spite of myself; but I must banish them, or I shall be thrown back again.

* * * *

I am sitting opposite my open window, and by help of Shooter's Hill can tell which way lies Ostend. I seem to have the pigeon's sight, but wish for the pigeon's flight along with it, towards home. My hope is that this attack may enable the Doctor to judge, and put me on a good plan for the future. But I had rather my liver had been worse, and my heart better, as I know I am fore-doomed to wear and tear, and that is worst for the last. I must not write a great deal now, or I shall lose my lounge in the garden. I have got to dress, and the post goes from here at three. I dine between one and two.

I mean to try and write a ballad or something, whilst I am here; but my mind, as well as my body, as yet feels very languid. Every comfort, but seeing you, I have here, and all that kindness can do, or think of. There is no country like England, no people like the English after all.

I am not surprised at B——'s wanting to go to

New Zealand; there are simple savages there to take in and plunder.

* * * *

You must not take fright at my scrawl; it is the best I can manage, unless the vitriol water I have put in mends my ink. My pen ought to run to say all I feel towards you, for I think of you incessantly, and it helps to make me well.

* * * *

Now that I'm off your hands, I do hope you will take care of yourself; it will be no use my getting well, if you don't: it will be like a paralysis of one side.

I can see the smoke of the steamers going up and down the river, and it sets me longing. This time I hope to come home direct, and not through Dover.

* * * *

But for the "world's gear," how happy could I be in spite of ill health! I half suspect the sickness of my heart has been from hope deferred. But time and the tide wear through the roughest day; so pluck up your spirits, dear one, and let us hope still: it is better, at all events, than despairing. If you were but as near as you are dear to me, I think I should find little ailing. If it but please God to spare me, you, and my bairns sound and well, I will not repine at the rest.

* * * *

STRATFORD, *April*, 1840.

I am very sorry, my own dearest and best, to have been the cause of disappointing you; but I only told you what my own impression was on the subject of your coming. I must confess I almost wished afterwards that you should come, in spite of it; your good heart so seemed set upon it. I do not either undervalue the comfort you would be to me, though I hardly see how you could well help me in business matters; and I should be anxious about the "kin" in the absence of both of us.

As regards myself, I am mending, though very slowly. I have not deceived you about my state: I do not spit even stale blood now; but I am very weak and languid, often low and nervous, as you may suppose, as up to this I have never eaten any animal food, or had any drink save tea or coffee. But the Doctor thinks it the best and safest course, and evidently proceeds very cautiously, as I have no doubt a relapse now would be very serious. I could (but don't) fret a good deal at the delays and loss of time; and, in spite of all my efforts, at times am much disturbed to think that nothing is doing. I try to write a trifle, but cannot, from prostration of mind and body. Up till now, indeed, I have been sadly troubled with beatings and noises in the head; I am getting better, but it takes time. Yesterday I had a ride out for the first time, with the Doctor, past Lake House, as far as old Rounding's and back. It did me good. The weather is still

good, luckily, and is all in my favour; but I have not yet been to town, nor do I yet feel equal to business. My nerves are shaken, and my spirits are low generally, though I keep as tranquil as I can. But it frets my heart to remain thus passive; in fact, I cannot go on so much longer, but must exert myself at all hazards. I have received your letter by post, but not the children's, which I hope to have in the course of the day. I will answer them both; and am going to send down to Thames-street for the Sardines. I have had a note, too, from Mrs. Dilke. She says Dilke talks of coming here soon. I got him to ask for anything at B——'s, and he sent me a note that was lying there from the editor of the "Dispatch." As I thought, he *has not* had my books, which was the only reason they were not noticed. A very civil note. He says: "You must be aware, that there are publishers who pursue courses not very conciliatory with respect to criticisms on their publications."

Mrs. Elliot (the Doctor is out) has begged me to give you the warmest invitation. I do not know what to say; if I were merely selfish, it would instantly be "Come." I must leave it to your own resolve whether you can come comfortably, and can feel secure about the children, for I see you are fretting yourself ill about me. Perhaps you could save me some trouble in inquiries, &c.; at all events, I will try to think so, and I know you will

try to make it so. But all must depend upon your own feelings of what you are equal to, and how you can manage.

If it would but help to shorten my stay here in England, I would say "come at once," that I may the sooner return with you; for, in spite of all the kindness and comfort here, the constant sense that I ought to be elsewhere and active, makes it like being bed-ridden. You will understand what I mean, for I have every care and comfort under this roof.

Of course, if you come, you will come here first. I have no notion when you will arrive. My dinner is coming, so I have only time to say, God bless you all!

* * * *

I bore the sight of Lake House very well till passing the front and looking up at that * bed-room window, the recollection of so much misery suffered there came over me like a cloud. It is all doing up smart. How beautiful it looked over the Chigwell Hills; but a great deal of timber is cut down in the Park, and the church stands out bold and ugly.

Pray, if you do come, be particular about the children. I shall long to get back again. God

* It was at Lake House, during the alarming illness of my mother, soon after my birth, that the first blow was struck at my father's prosperity. No wonder the sight of the house was the origin of sad recollections. I remember, on a later occasion, when we all went a pic-nic on the Forest with the Elliots, that my father spent a long time by himself, silently looking at the old place.—T. H.

bless you all! Kind regards to the Major. I am glad my news got first. I suppose it will be in the next "Athenæum."

STRATFORD, *24th April*, 1840.

In consequence of this last letter, my mother left Ostend at once, and proceeded to London, going on to the house of their kind friends the Elliots; from whence the letter, from which the following is an extract, was written to Mr. Dilke by my father.

STRATFORD.

"Jane has been busy in a mercantile way—a perfect Tim Linkinwater in petticoats: I have been as useless as Mother Nickleby in trousers. I have been very low; but how can one have any animal spirits without animal food? Of course I have not fattened, except that some calomel flew to my face and gave it something of the shape of William the Fourth's. I am become a Pythagorean, not only in my diet, but my feelings, and wonder how anyone can eat meat. For instance, Jane has just lunched on a piece of cold beast. I therefore beg leave to thank you all the same for your wish for me at your dinner on Monday, but I don't eat bullock or hog. Not but that some ladies, and even delicate ones, make a 'Long Lane' of their 'red' ones—that is to say, a thoroughfare for the cattle out of Smithfield. But though I am not exactly in Paradise, *my* feeding is more consistent with that of our innocent first

parents. Then, for drink, I taste the pure rill, and not the juice of squashed grapes, that Germans have danced in up to their *hocks*. In short, I have left off being carnivorous, and am nice as to my liquids."

The following extract from a letter of my mother's to Mr. Franck, will best explain the reasons that existed for their leaving Ostend, and settling eventually in England:—

CAMBERWELL, *August 13th*, 1840.

"Immediately on settling in our new lodgings at Ostend, Hood had to set to work on his Rhine book, which was to have come out directly; but his health was a sad hindrance to his endeavours. At this time he began to see but too plainly that he was not done justice to by B——. * * * * Of course this was a most painful business, and worried him much. In October I was obliged to come to London, for Hood was busy writing, and Wright was very ill—indeed dying (he did die before my return to Ostend), and he had hitherto acted for Hood. On my return in the beginning of November, I found Hood very much altered, from a severe attack he had during my absence; and from this time he went on, one illness after another, till January, when he came to London to get his accounts. He was five weeks at Dilke's, and then, with much trouble, he returned with only

a part. 'Up the Rhine' had come out before Christmas, and the first edition of 1500 went off in a fortnight.

* * * *

"Added to other evils, bad air, and damp house, all this told lamentably on poor Hood's already bad health. The doctors there evidently did not understand or know what to do. Hood wrote a statement to our friend Dr. Elliot, who directly wrote back to ask him to come and stay with them; adding, that they had just moved into a larger house, and could accommodate us, our children, and servant, very well, and should be very glad to see us. In the beginning of August, Hood left Ostend alone to go there, as we could not directly leave the place, having engaged our lodgings for a year. He stayed a week at Dilke's; but, feeling an attack coming on, set off to Dr. Elliot's, where he was on the first night seized with a very bad attack of spitting blood. The Doctor was up till two in the morning with him; and finding that the hemorrhage did not abate the next day, took blood from the arm till he fainted. This, the Doctor afterwards told me, was a very dangerous attack. Finding he was very ill, I got extremely anxious to be with him, and wrote off to beg he would let me come. At last he consented; and, at a few hours' notice, leaving the dear children in care of our friend here, I set off to London in the middle of May. Our friends the Elliots welcomed me most kindly, and I found that Hood had been

so carefully and tenderly nursed by them, that my coming could add but little to his comforts. Indeed, they have been, and are, the most invaluable friends. On my arrival in town, I had to do my best in business matters, which Hood was too ill to do. * * * * Hood has been forced to enter actions for his own books; and by doing this, the sale of the second edition of 'Up the Rhine' is ruined just at the season, all being locked up till the actions come on in November. * * * * Dr. Elliot gave his opinion that Hood would never be so well as in England, so we made up our minds to come and reside here again; but having much to arrange, we could not return for the children till about a month ago, which you, who know us, will suppose we gladly did, having been longer absent from them than we had ever been before. I confess I am very glad to be settled once again in my native land, and Hood is better too. Dr. Elliot has a brother near us here, also a medical man, clever in his profession, and a nice, friendly, sensible man. He takes much interest in Hood's health, which is certainly improved under his care. Hood is working very hard now, as all his anticipated means are locked up for the present. He is now engaged to publish with Mr. Colburn, and is writing articles in the 'New Monthly Magazine,' which are then to be collected in a volume. It has been gratifying to him to see the way in which all the public journals have welcomed his appearance there; and if it please God to grant

him health, he will go on well here, far better than abroad. He needs English comforts, though I must tell you that he has not tasted beer, wine, or spirits, for six or seven months, and for three months never tasted meat. I believe the strictness, with which he attended to Dr. Elliot's advice in this, has saved his life—the complaint had got a-head so very much in that bad climate.

"Hood has written two articles on fishing in the new 'Sporting Magazine,' in which he has introduced some hints from your letters about those new fish you have described: indeed he places his fisherman on the banks of your Bromberg river. He will send them when he has an opportunity."

* * * *

"Tim, says he,—Hasn't the English mail been overdue at Bromberg? But I couldn't help it. I have worked harder than a horse, for *he* does nothing with *his* head but eat and drink. I shall be all right now, health and everything. I have made a capital arrangement with Colburn. But I shall suffer from that Flemish climate for years."

The last paragraph is an interpolation of my father's. It will be seen that they had now settled at Camberwell, not far from the Green.

CAMBERWELL, *Nov. 19th*, 1840.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,

We were very much disappointed at not seeing you on Monday, but could easily divine the

cause; something *akin* to what keeps us from Stratford—except that your time is essential to the lives of others, and mine to my own living. We have, however, been seriously intending to come over: for I felt sure you would be pleased to find me so much improved physically, if not morally, in spite of adverse circumstances—the long run of wet weather for one. I only mention hard work—which, like virtue, brings its own reward—as something besides, that my health has to get *over*—and then the *season* of the year—and yet it seems steadily to improve! Your brother appears to have hit upon some medicine very congenial, if it be not that the very sight of him does me good (the only doubt I have of *your* medical *skill*), for an "Elliot" has always been one of the best exhibitors to a heart out of order. I will not enter on details, which probably your brother has given; but to me there appears to be a decided change for the better. And in return for the general interest you take in me, you deserve to know that matters are looking up—there is, and will be, a struggle of course; but from every quarter they say that I am writing better than ever, and I get on very comfortably with Colburn. Perhaps you saw my skirmish with B—— in the Athenæum; the exposure of my private affairs was on his part malicious, but being falsely given, has only ended in his own discomfiture and dishonour. He could not answer my charges, and did not, which people will understand. The final settlement

of this affair is all that is necessary to clear up my mental weather. For the rest, I may suffer with what is called Society, because, like many others, I do not pretend to be a rich man; but as I never sought the herd, they are welcome to shun me, as they did the bankrupt stag in the Forest of Amiens. After all, "As you like it," is the great secret, and I like it well enough as it is.

N.B. I mean to come to Stratford for all this moralising; and as all my complaints have a periodical character, most probably between this "New Monthly" and a new "New Monthly;" or from the 24th of this to the 1st of next month. But you had better prepare Willy for my coming in a common-place way, not so melodramatically as when I seemed to have been committing suicide with your assistance.*

If I were such a centaur as George is, I would oftener mount myself and trot over to see him; but Willy is much more of a locomotive than I am; what a frisky engine he would be on the Eastern Counties railway?

Dunnie and Jeanie will have grown like two cucumbers into quite another species, and May into a May-pole. Give my love to them all: my own "population" are very well, and now having filled my half I give up the pen to Jane, that she may write to Mrs. Elliot, to whom please to give my

* He was ushered in to see my father, during the bleeding spoken of in the letter dated April the 18th.—T. H.

kindest remembrances, and say that, having taken again to meat, I am more stŏutly than ever.

Yours and hers very truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

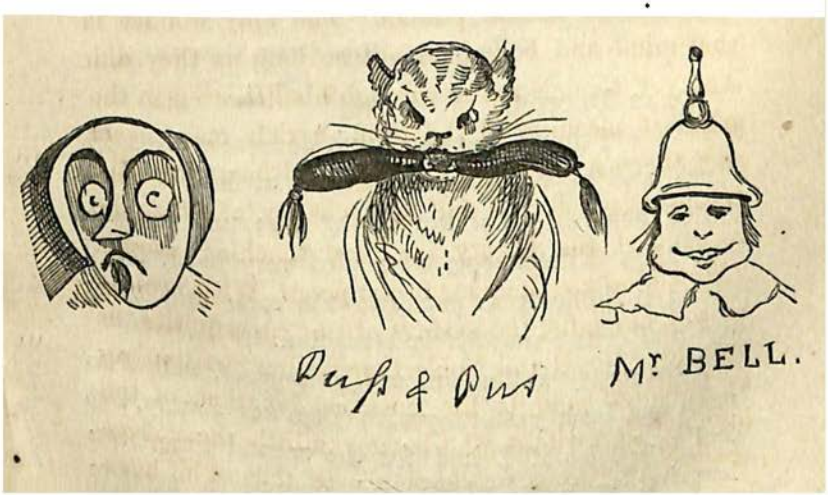
Owing to the confused and unsatisfactory state of his accounts, and the undeserved shipwreck of "Up the Rhine" which *ought* to have paid well, my father's affairs were in anything but a flourishing condition. He had reasonably calculated that a work, on which he had bestowed the labour of so many painful hours, would have retrieved his expenses, and enable him to go on easily enough. Instead of this, his health had been still farther reduced by a dangerous illness, aggravated by anxiety and mental toil; and a tedious* lawsuit for the fruits of his hardly earned labours (as he truly observed, often "attested, literally, with his blood") was commenced, fated to drag on its attendant care and harass to the end of his short life, and then remain unfinished. With all this, and with a weakened body, which, owing to the peculiar character of his disease, he dared not recruit with ordinary stimulants, he was then obliged to write hard, and, during the intervals of pain and languor, to pro-

* My sister and myself are glad to record, thus publicly, the gratitude we have inherited from our father to Mr. Hook, his professional adviser, who conducted the case with skill and energy, and who firmly and consistently declined all remuneration for labours severe enough, and time and study long enough, to ensure success in a difficult suit. —T. H.

cure the necessary means of existence. On his departure from Ostend, the only copyright he ever parted with, that of "Tylney Hall," he sold to Mr. Bentley, and the proceeds enabled him to bring over his family and settle in England. He then engaged to write periodically for Mr. Colburn in the "New Monthly Magazine," at that time edited by Theodore Hook. In this periodical he wrote a series of "Rhymes for the Times," and his famous poem of "Miss Kilmansegg." This remarkable production, appearing part after part, was written under all these adverse circumstances, in his modest, almost humble, lodgings at Camberwell. A *little* of the gold, scattered so richly through it, converted into real coinage of the realm, might have prolonged his life, and would at any rate have alleviated the incessant wear of his mental powers. The only wonder is that mind and body held out so long as they did. And yet, though never through his life, even in the smallest meaning of the term, a rich man, never was there a more liberal hand and heart than his. He practised to the full that charity, of which he recognised the beauty in these touching words: "How kind are the poor to the poor! What are the best of our gifts, the parings of our superfluities, or even the 'Royal and Noble Benefaction' written up in letters of gold, to the generous donations of the humbler Samaritans, who having so little themselves are yet so willing to share it with those who have less? As I have read somewhere, 'The Charity

which Plenty spares to Poverty, is human and earthly; but it becomes divine and heavenly when Poverty gives to Want!'"

Surely that was a feeling beyond mere common charity, which induced him to assist from his scanty store, so precarious, and so hardly, and painfully earned, many who applied to him for help. A help that was readily given by his generous heart, open to sorrow and pain, under any shape, or of whatever kind, not ostentatiously, for none but my mother knew of it. It is only by mere chance perhaps, that years afterwards, I have discovered traces of kindly deeds, and timely help to those in sorrow or want; shillings often given, when shillings were scarce, and always, at least, kind and sympathising words.



CHAPTER III.

1841.

Camberwell—Letter to Dr. and Mrs. Elliot—"Eugene Aram" translated into German—A copy sent to His Royal Highness the Prince Consort with a Letter—Letter to Lieutenant De Franck—First Appearance of "Punch"—Call of a "Pious" Lady—"My Tract"—Mrs. Hood to Mrs. Elliot—Letters on the Subject of the "New Monthly"—He is appointed Editor on the Death of Theodore Hook.

In the December of 1840, and the January of 1841, my father was far from idle, and far from well, as will be seen from the ensuing letter.

2, Union Row, High Street, Camberwell,
Feb. 1, 1841.

Dear Doctor,

I am able at last to sit down to write a few lines and report progress. For, at last, I have killed her, instead of her killing me; not my wife, but Miss Kilmansegg, who died very hard, for I found it difficult to get into the tone and story again after two months' interruption.

I am pretty well again, and, as a proof, walked to town and back yesterday with Tom and Fanny, but feel to-day as if I had for the second time been learning to walk, which had become a strange exercise to me. But I hope to put myself on my

feet if this weather should continue. Now for news.

You will be gratified to hear that, without any knowledge of it on my part, the Literary Fund (the members of the Committee having frequently inquired about my health, and the B—— Business, of Dilke), unanimously voted me £50, the largest sum they give, and, setting aside their standing rules, to do it without my application. I, however, returned it (though it would have afforded me some ease and relief), but for many and well-weighed reasons.

I am, however, all the better for the offer, which places me in a good position. It was done in a very gratifying and honourable manner, and I am the first who has said "*no*." But I am in good spirits, and hope to get through all my troubles as independently as heretofore.

We have much more comfortable lodgings, and the busses pass the door constantly, being in the high-road 50 or 100 yards townward of the Red Cap, at the Green. I have a room to myself, which will be worth £20 a-year to me;—for a little disconcerts my nerves.

Jane, if not literary, is littery,—in the midst of two years' "Times," and "Chronicles," and sixty volumes of "New Monthlys," cutting out extracts towards a book of Colburn's. Pray offer this as her excuse for not writing to Mrs. E——. I know of no other news of the literary kind, save that Lady

C. B—— is in the sanctuary (for debt) at Holyrood. We all send our loves to you all. If the weather lasts, I shall hope to come over some day to see whether Dunnie and Jeanie have learned to cry yet. Jane is not over well (if there be such a state), for she has had a great deal of fatigue lately, the moving being in a hurry, The rest well, or weller. Jane will have some small adventures to tell Mrs. Elliot when they meet. I shall only say tha one was at a Court of Requests, and the other a the House of Correction. God bless you all,

From, dear Doctor,

Yours ever, very truly,

THOS. HOOD.

MY DEAR MRS. ELLIOT,

You must have thought me very ungrateful (which *indeed* I am not), that I have been silent, and not long ere this written to thank you for your kindness.

The filter, &c., has arrived safe, and we are very much obliged. Hood says he never thought what a small house we are living in till the filter came,—it would not filter through the house, and was as difficult to place as the family picture in the Vicar of Wakefield. It will be a great comfort to Hood, he says, because he is too thin to drink thick water. We looked for you very eagerly on Monday, and though you were prevented from coming, we had the pleasure of enjoying the good and kind intention.

You will be glad to read Hood's favourable account of his health. He is certainly much better in spite of all his drawbacks.* But he and I could not agree to be well together. I have been almost an invalid, and last Sunday took ill, and went to bed with an idea that I was going to keep it, but I am now much better. I hope you are all quite well. Give my love to the dear children, and with the same to you and the Doctor,

Believe me, ever and ever,
Yours affectionately,
JANE HOOD.

While residing at this latest residence in Camberwell, my father received a parcel from his old friend Mr. de Franck, containing two copies of a German translation of his poem of "Eugene Aram's Dream" into German. Mr. de Franck had rendered the poem into German prose, and Herr von Rühe had versified it, both as literally as was possible. It was published in Bromberg in 1841. Mr. de Franck also enclosed a MS. translation of the German preface, which I give below verbatim, with De Franck's notes in Italics—it is a fairly close rendering of the original German "Einleitung," but coming from one who had left England so many years, the German idioms are rendered more accurately than usual,

* A note is here inserted by my father—"*Does she mean blisters?* I have not had any on! Jane is not very well. I suspect from an antidote she has taken against the Chinese 'poisoned tea.'"—T. H.

so that it bears a very German aspect on the face of it.

PREFACE TO THE GERMAN TRANSLATION OF "EUGENE ARAM'S DREAM."

"Bulwer has made the Germans acquainted with 'Eugene Aram.' The novel has its merits, but still more defects; generally speaking Aram was not a fit subject for a novel. As to the anonymous Berlin tragedy, all that can be said of it is, 'that the criminal is dragged over the stage on a hurdle, and (*not quartered*) torn into five pieces!'

"Hood alone hit upon the right, and therefore the best management of the matter. Bulwer mentions the poem of Hood and says:—[*Now Tim, says he, I have no occasion to tell you, what Bulwer says, as you will be well enough acquainted with it of course, as observed in a note in Bulwer's 'Eugene Aram,' and so I'll go on with what Mr. Rüihe says*].

"With Mr. Bulwer's permission the matter stands otherwise. The praise, which this gentleman bestows on the poem, is just and right, as for the rest, he is wrong! A man, who lies in ambush for a fellow creature and murders him, has only proved that he was more powerful, or more active, or aught else more than his victim. If he murdered him for the sake of his gold, the deed is, (abstracting from all moral, and the penalty of the law), atrocious, despicable, even mean. It mends not the matter, whether the murderer be so interesting, that a lady

might happen to fall in love with him: no matter if he is learned,—nay, it makes no amends, should he have even paid his professors with the gain of his crime. A common criminal is unworthy of being the hero of a novel, and he alone would think of fitting him up for the drama, who wants money, and leaves no means untried to obtain it. [*K—— does not think it beneath his authorship to extol soaps and lucifers if he gets paid for it.*] But there may be moments in the life of such a culprit, that can, 'stay Art's question.' Once conceived, they must be taken, transient as they are, quickly; determined (comprised) and managed with brevity and economy. The scene of action is the human breast, the time so limited, that not a moment is to be spared. It is easy to see that the said alludes to Hood's poem, or rather that the latter is characterised by it.

"Repentance!* By thee alone, the common criminal may still be great. Thou dost raise him from the lowliness of vice, thou dost free and purify his soul! He is prepared to appear before his Maker: the blessings of Christianity accompany him. All sophistry to excuse his crime is falsehood, the jury of Truth tells him so to his face. On the point of an ignominious death, it looks ill wrestling. Let

* Alluding to Bulwer's observation—"Mr. Hood would have done better if he had represented Aram according to his sullen gloomy character,—rather striving to reason away his guilt, and then again to stare boldly in its face, instead of giving up his hero so entirely to repentance."—P. VON F.

him, who walks his last, take Truth for his comforter, for Truth alone uncloses the gates of salvation. So much against Mr. Bulwer, and *for* the poem (*not for Buckingham, Tim*), which by-the-by speaks for itself.

"The translation is almost verbal, and we hope quite German.

"It was necessary to treat the version more frequently anapæstical than it is done in the original; there is no occasion to justify this proceeding in the eyes of those, who are competent judges; for those who are not such, it is needless to mention it.

"We refer the reader, who wishes for more information on Hood, undoubtedly one of the first authors of modern England, to the London and Westminster Review for October 1836, January 1837, where his merits in literature are largely descanted upon. Although we are not exactly inclined to sign our names, without restriction, to all that is said in those pages, it affords at least a prospect into Hood's universal genius, of which, by the bye, something better might be said.

"VON FRANCK and RÜHE."

My father was very much pleased with this proof of the appreciation of his works among the really cultivated Germans. I have said there were two copies of the works enclosed, one by special request accompanied by a letter from Herr Rühe, was sent

by my father, to His Royal Highness Prince Albert, with a letter, the copy of which was found among his papers.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,

The greatest literary honour that can befal a poem is its translation into a foreign language, particularly the German. That such a distinction had been conferred on any verses of mine has only just been made known to me by the receipt of a volume from Bromberg, with a request to me, to forward the copy, which accompanies this, to its high destination.

Under other circumstances I should have shrunk from such an intrusion; but being thus unexpectedly brought under your Princely notice, let me crave permission to offer the respectful homage and loyal congratulations of the English author of "Eugene Aram."

I have the honour to be, &c.,

THOMAS HOOD.

CAMBERWELL, SURREY, *April* 13, 1841.

"Tim," says he, "I thought you had hung up your hat," says he, and in fact *I* have nearly done so, once or twice, on the everlasting peg!

Long as it may seem to you, dear Franck, since I have written, the time has been short enough for all I have had to do in it. I do not remember ever having so many events crammed into the same space.

Between law, literature, and illness, I have been living in such a hurry that, often and often, for repose of body and mind, I have wished myself fishing again, with the other "chubby" fellow, on the banks of the quiet Lahn; so I have thought of you, Johnny, if I have not thrown a line at you, for which I have always wanted either leisure, or health, or spirits, for it were ungracious to write merrily for the public, and vent the blue devils on my private letters. Moreover I have had so little of pleasant to communicate; but I will waste no more time, or space, on explanations. We really have not time to play at cribbage; and Jane, I suspect, has quite forgotten how to "take her three." I suppose she told you of the serious attack I had at Stratford; since then I have had two attacks, one a bad one, for I lost altogether about fifteen ounces: indeed I feel sure another month in Belgium would have done for me.

Ostend and the sea-air, are healthy enough in summer, but the rest of the year it is an unwholesome place, especially in the spring. The easterly winds, which then prevail, bring the malaria from Walcheren, and the Dutch swamps. It is ascertained that if you have once been affected by malaria, it will give an agueish and intermitting character to your future complaints. Of this I am a living instance, for I have regular bad days (Tuesday and Friday), with an extreme sympathy with wet weather, when I *give* like an old salt basket; this pleasant

tendency I shall most likely enjoy for the rest of my days.

But the English air has so braced the fibres, that the blood spitting now stops at once; whereas in Belgium it kept returning every second or third day. But mine is a complicated case, and there is affection of the heart. Luckily I am excellently off for advice, as Dr. Elliot's brother, who is also a physician, resides within a quarter of a mile, and visits me two or three times a week to watch the case; if not cured, I think the progress of the disease is stopped. Camberwell is the best air I could have.

Oh! Johnny, after all my Utopian drinking schemes of London porter, and sherry, I have not drunk a glass of wine for twelve months, and as for porter, have been disa*pinte*d of even a pint of England's entire!!! not even a glass of small single X, vulgarly called "swipes." For *four months* I never tasted animal food! Zounds! as I used to say on cattle days, one thing would now make my misfortunes complete—to be tossed by an ungrateful beast of a bullock!

But I have now returned to beef and mutton, and how delicious they are here! What a taste of the fresh green English pasture! None of your German "bif sticks," with no more gravy in them than walking sticks, but real rumpsteaks out of Smithfield oxen, that have never ploughed or dragged a cart (don't you call it the *speise cart?*), juicy as the herbage, and done to a turn on the gridiron by

"neat-handed Phillis." Jane and I are just going to have one for supper on purpose to tantalise you; can't you fancy it in your land of fried saddleflaps? You would like a bit I guess, even *after the old lady*, (you remember the old lady and the bit of brawn), but I won't set you against your apple soup and goose sausages; so no more about English suppers, or all the other good things in this land of untrussed plum puddings. Glad am I to be back in it! For your sake I will not regret Germany, but I do bitterly repent having staid so long in Belgium; it was a serious loss of time, health, and money.

* * * *

I am now engaged to write some "Rhymes for the Times," and then think of a two volume novel. Afterwards if I get strong enough, I shall begin a new series of the "Comic Annual." I have never been able to send you my book called "Up the Rhine," it has been reprinted in English at Leipsic, and is sold on the Rhine I understand; some day I must send you a box. I suppose "to Hamburg" will be the best way. My literary reception on my return has been very gratifying. They say I am as well as—or better than—ever.

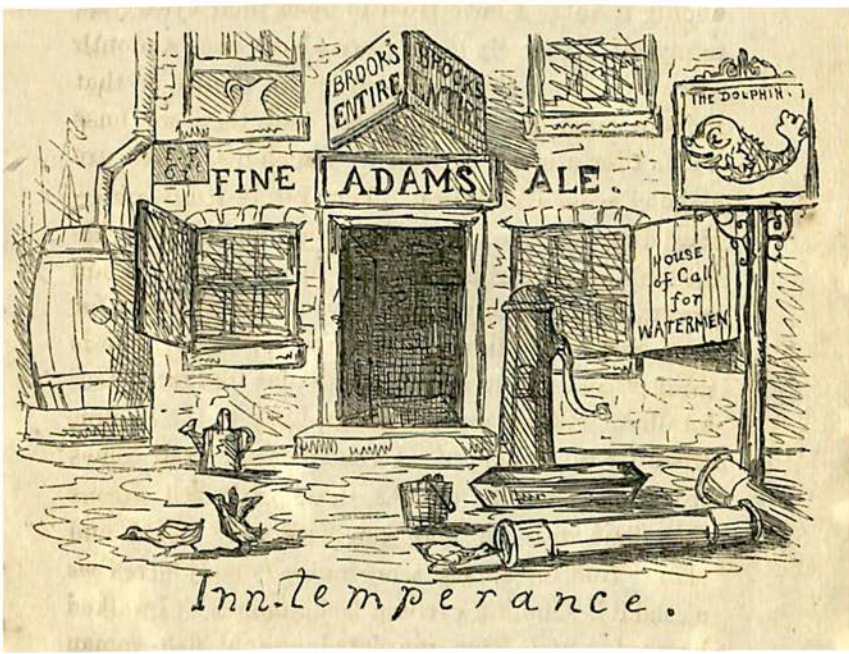
By the bye, I made one or two articles out of your sporting information, especially the Pirsch Wageńing, and had the drawings engraved. You shall have them also. Didn't you enjoy Pickwick? It is so very English! I felt sure you would. Boz

is a very good fellow, and he and I are very good friends.

So much for literary news, and now for domestic. My health requiring me to live very quietly, and regularly, we are no gayer than at Coblenz. But then for the soberness indoors what a bustle without! London was always a place pre-eminent for business, to which is now added *bussiness*. *Buss* (plural *busses*) is the short for omnibus, which is anything but a *short* stage, for it carries twelve inside and four out. We live on the high road,—fancy some fifty of these vehicles running backwards and forwards all day long. The same in the other suburbs. A buss goes as fast, Tim, as ten droskys, and will take you three or four miles for sixpence, which is cheaper riding than at Berlin. To be sure, omnibusses, I suspect, kill horses, but the droskys kill time! Everything in England goes at a pace unknown abroad: I think even the clocks and watches! The very butchers seem riding trotting matches against time. When I first came to England I thought everybody's horse was running away. But there is a vast increase of smoking shops since I left, and that may eventually make us slower. Well, it may be a cockney taste, but I like Lunnon where everything is to be had for money, and *money is to be made*, which gives it some advantage over even cheap places. Besides, living quietly as we do, positively we do not spend more than we did abroad, where some things are cheaper,

but others are dearer than in England. And then the tax (universally levied on the English) brings the countries to a par. The English I think are finding it out. I have tried to open their eyes. As to myself, I scarcely go to town above once a month —we are about three miles from St. Paul's, so that it is a walk for the children, and then we buss back, after a stroll to look at the shops, which are as good as an Exhibition. Very rarely I dine out—they dine too late for me at seven, and a cold ride through night air lays me up for a month. I am grown, Tim, quite an old man, and an invalid for good, and am as thin as two Wildeganses. Jane is thinner, and not so strong, but is not like me a tee-totaller. "*Dam* my blood," as I say to the doctor, when I want it *stopped*—I wonder where it all comes from! I seem to be like those little red worms they bait with for gudgeon, with only blood and skin. And for all my temperance nobody gives *me* a medal! One hot evening last summer as I walked home I could have murdered an old fish-woman who stood drinking a pot of porter *out of the cool pewter!* why couldn't she drink it in the tap-room, or at the bar, out of my sight? I fully expect next dog-days to have the Hydrophobia. But enough of myself. Have you heard yet in your remote out-of-the-way parts of the Daguerreotype? How I wish by some such process I could get a picture of us all —the family group just as we are—to send you; then you would have me quite as ill-looking as my

portrait, and dressed for warmth in a pea jacket and blue trowsers (my Ostend boat-costume). Jane as usual, but looking rather less puzzled than when



she had to contend with foreign money and German cookery. Don't you perceive it? Fanny tall and fair, Tom tall and dark, a good deal like a squirrel without a tail. He has fagged very hard at his books with his Ma till he can master the fairy work of "Midsummer's Night's Dream," and is particularly delighted with Bottom the weaver. It's very funny to hear him reading to himself, and laughing. Having some dim notion of mythology,

he stopped short in the middle of a frisk to ask "Is there a god of romps?" Fanny is very literary too, so that I have two critics, of ten, and six years of age. I have been writing to prove that the rum and *tobacco* that Robinson Crusoe *drank* for his ague would have poisoned him, whereupon Tom told me that if I killed Robinson Crusoe, *he wouldn't praise my works!* The other day he talked of a lady in Italics (hysterics), and at cards, called out "now, we must make a puddle!" (*i.e.* a *pool*). He and Fanny are full of odds and ends, fairy tales, and plays, and travels, and in their games it all comes working out like beer from a barrel. We are all going to the play on Saturday and shall have, I expect, plenty of *after-pieces* in consequence. Tom knows something of Scripture too, for we have a figure of Joan of Arc, and he says she is the wife of *Noah* of *Ark*.

As to the books, in the beginning I thought that you had perhaps drawn up a manual of Infantry manœuvres, then that the Princes at Antonin had edited some work on hunting, or fishing, and next that your father had composed some rules for the management of large families. Jane would have it that you had written a play for the Bromberg theatricals, and Fanny guessed that you had written a novel, something like Charlotte and Werter. In short we supposed a dozen different works from as many authors, even going so far as to imagine that Wildegans had been putting into verse his "Recol-

lections of the Rhine." Even the sight of the book did not set me right, for I exclaimed "Oh! Colonel G——'s book," but "I thought a lie." And now how can I express my delight at knowing the whole truth? Jane says I looked as if I was turned to red and white with pleasure! I am sure she turned from red and white to all red, and looked as happy as if I had been transported instead of translated. But the next moment I was horrified, for I saw your name, "Von Franck," as one of the translators! No fear had I on account of my friend Mr. Rühe, his habits qualified him for the work, but "odds triggers, and blades!" (as Bob Acres says) a Lieutenant of the 19th Infanterie regiment! Oh! Jane! (here I fairly groaned to think of it), Oh! Jane! We know from Dr. Weitershausen's book what sort of work a *Prussian soldier* will make of poetry! Zounds! he will put Eugene Aram into "parade breeches." Yes, he will make him *march* up and down (see verse 7) "*rechtsum und linksum*," the bludgeon will be the stick of a *heerpauk*, and the booty regularly packed in the *tornistor*. Confound him! it will be no more like Eugene Aram than Commis-brod to muffins and crumpets,—all Brown Tommy and Brown Bess! I actually cried *dry*, for I was too shocked to shed tears at the picture.

But this comes, said I, of your young whiskered Sword-Blades that sigh so for war, and because it is peace, and no other butchery stirring, they must go and murder Eugene Aram, as well as Daniel

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Clarke! For he knows, the *Blut Egel*, that in spite of all his swagger and curling his moustachios, there is not going to be any "*Krieg*," except, perhaps, between the New Zealanders and the Esquimaux. And sure enough when I looked into the German version, in the very beginning, I found the game of cricket turned into *Ball Spiel;* which I suppose means playing with bullets or cannon balls, or as we call it, Ball-Practice. If I had understood German, that confounded military verse would have deprived me of all courage to read further; but luckily I recollected Mr. Rühe, who would make the matter more fit to be read by *civil*ised people. He had not been educating his ear for rhythm, and musical verses by manufacturing and proving muskets, carbines, and blunderbusses. A "*Neisse*" way of getting a *nice* ear for harmony! He is not a man of blood (as the Quakers call soldiers) and will not make every verse like a "*blut-würst*," as if it had been written in East India, namely at *Barrack-pore*. He, Mr. Rühe, will know better than to make Eugene Aram a blue and red usher at the military school in Berlin, just because Von Franck was drilled there, and, what is better, he will make the repentant murderer read his Bible instead of his "Scharnhorst," or "Astor on Fortifications." He will model the verse on something more musical and varied than that everlasting Rub-a-dub-dub below the walls of Ehrenbreitstein. In short, thank Heaven, Mr. Rühe will *translate*, and not

recruit me into the German service; and leave me to be tried by a jury of critics instead of a court-martial! Such were my misgivings when I saw your name in the muster-roll (I beg your pardon, the title page), though Jane, from her dealings with French money in Belgium, thought at first it was the price of the book in francs. When I explained it, she literally screamed with surprise, and exclaimed, "What, Franck turned literary! Then take my word for it, Hood, he has married Bettine the authoress." And she was as frightened as I was for Eugene Aram, though for a different cause, namely your extravagant passion for fishing. "Franck must be very much changed," she said, alluding to the first verse, "if he leave you one of the 'troutlets in the pool.'" And in point of fact, on referring to your German, you do make them jump *here* and *there* as if, at least, you had *hooked* them. Lord knows what you have made of my "Calm and Cool Evening," but I suppose instead of one solitary beetle as in "Gray's Elegy," there is a whole flight of cock-chafers, *because they are such good baits for chub.* Of one thing I can judge, for I have measured with a straw, and some of the lines are rather long, as if you had thrown them as far as you could. Moreover, I asked Fanny, who is the best German scholar in the family, to give me an account of the thing, and she said, that Eugene Aram "played" with the old man before he killed him, and then struck till he broke his *top-joint.* That when the

body was full of *gentles* it was thrown into the stream for *ground-bait*, but unfortunately the water dried up, and so the body was put into a heap of bran, and the wind blew away the bran, &c. But I cannot depend enough on Fanny's acquaintance with the German language to feel sure of such a translation; perhaps it may not turn out quite so fishy as she represents. Mind, however, that should it not prove to be full of ram-rod and fishing-rod I shall attribute that merit to your coadjutor, for even Tom asked when he heard that you had been translating it, "Did Mr. Franck do it with his sword, and his schako, and his moustaches on?" (as if the last ever took off!) I am quite convinced that he thought you were doing some exercise. Tom inquired too, *why your* version had not the pictures, and I told him it would not suit your way of telling the story. But a truce to banter, I will now be serious at turning over a new leaf: seriously then, dear Franck, I feel sure that your part in the business has been a "labour of love;" and I could not but be pleased to see our two names, as Winifred Jenkins says, under the same "*kiver*." The highest literary honour that a poem can receive is its translation into a foreign language, particularly the German. You may therefore, estimate how much I feel myself indebted, as an author, to Mr. Rühe. Of the closeness of his version I can judge, but the beauty of it I must unfortunately only relish through the testimony of yourself and others. Yet it is a

droll fact, Tim, that I understand twice as much German as I did in Germany; perhaps what I cropped there, has become digested by after-rumination, as the cows become more intimate with the cud. However, the fact is plain.

I have always felt it as a reproach that I, a literary man, had not mastered that literary language; but such an illness as mine dissolves more than it resolves—it even impairs my memory, and particularly as to names, dates, and technicalities, in which I am at times a perfect "Wild-goose." Still there is another point on which I am able to speak—the "getting-up," as we call it, of your little work; and really, as to typography and paper, it seemed the very best specimen of the German press that I have met with. The binding, too, has been much admired, and especially pleased me by a sort of outlandish look, that made me feel, at a glance at the outside merely, that I was translated. To-day being Good Friday, and therefore the postal arrangements more early, will not allow me the pleasure of writing to Mr. Rühe, but which I shall do next week. In the meantime, I will keep shaking the friendly hand, which he extends to me so *hand*somely, and drink his good health in the strongest beverage that is allowed to *Tea* Hood. Pray tell him this from me, and that I really rejoice in the accession of such a member to the Freundschaft.

By the bye, I will send you here a joke I lately made on Prince Albert's breaking in through the

ice when skating, Her Majesty pulling him out again with her own royal hands:—

ON A RECENT IMMERSION.

"Long life and hard frosts to the fortunate Prince,
And for many a skating may Providence spare him;
For surely his accident served to convince
That the Queen dearly loved, tho' the ice *couldn't bear him.*"

"Tim, says he," I shall set about getting your fishing tackle or making you up a box, *viâ* Hamburg; but you cannot have the tackle by the time you propose, for, look you, to-day is the 9th (your precious almanack says the 90th, and I suppose with your regiment it is the 19th). As to the *two last* "Comics," Tim, you *have* had them, for there have been none since. "Up the Rhine" was in lieu of one of them, and there has been no other. I shall be most happy to send my face and the "Eugene" in English for Mr. Rühe, and some other trifles besides; but there will be some delay; for, thanks to that B—— (would he were tried at Bailey Senior, as we genteelly call the Old Bailey!), everything is locked up at law, even my mock countenance. He has almost un-Christianised me, for at times I have been on the point of cursing him in the terms of the awful curse of Ernulphus—for which you must consult Tristram Shandy.

Amongst other things, you shall have the *Pirsch Wagening* article, and two piscatory dialogues—one

on the Netze, and the other the Brake—which I made out of your letters, and have really sketched the places very like the originals, considering that I have never been there! As all English reading will be welcome, you shall also have my new monthly magazines; but N.B. with my articles cut out for reprinting, which you will get some day in a volume. Jane is horrified at my sending out "Up the Rhine;" she says it contains so many quizzes on the Germans. But, as *you* know, I quiz by preference my best friends, and it is in favour of the Germans that they can afford to be quizzed. It may seem a paradox, but only respectable people are quizzable; nobody dreams of quizzing good-for-nothings and blackguards: and if "age commands respect" (you remember your copy-book), so it commands quizzing. Nothing is more common than to hear of an Old Quiz—generally a very respectable elderly gentleman or gentlewoman, but something eccentric. Long life to *you*, Tim, and when you are sixty, look out for a good share of quizzing! I sha'n't be alive to do it, but I'll bequeath you, Tim, as a good subject to some first-rate hand in the line.

This reminds me to wonder what you are going to be *put out of the army* for, for that is the way that we in England interpret the threat of a young officer's *retirement*. Have you been drinking Moselle out of a black bottle, like Captain Reynolds of the 11th Hussars? Jane thinks the 19th

have been ordered to shave off their mosquitoes (she means moustachios), and you won't submit to it; and Fanny supposes you are weary of wearing a "cap" without "tain" to it. For my part, I can only guess at military feelings, and should think it would be very disagreeable to leave the army without having killed anybody; indeed, I think it is a reflection very likely to lead to suicide, or killing yourself. A civilian, indeed, would point with great satisfaction to a sword that had never hurt man, woman, or child, since it became a blade; but a warrior's sentiment, I presume, must be the very reverse—more in the style of Körner. Mind, I 'm not wanting you to go and kill anybody, that I may write another poem about murder, but only speculating philosophically on the different feelings of civilians and uncivilians.

Apropos of fighting, are you not sorry, Tim, to find that the knife has come so much more into vogue among our lower orders? There seems to have been a sort of vulgar chivalry about pugilism, after all, when a man struck another fairly, as the Irishman said, "with nothing in his hand but his fist." But I suppose all sorts of fighting are coming in, for Quakerism is clearly going out. Few of the second generation in Quakers' families are friends. You had the great Mrs. Fry at Berlin. Well! none of the junior Frys are Quakers. There is a great deal of humbug about them—one fact is admitted by a very clever writer of their own body, that

they are particularly worldly—a money-getting and money-loving people. I rather think if the law would allow them to refuse taxes, to serve in the army, &c. &c., we should have plenty of Quakers. I have lately been quizzing them a little, and am at open war, as I have been with all canters, here called saints,—and there is an unusual quantity current of pious cant or religious bigotry.

The Tories got up in England, for party purposes, fanaticism against the Catholics, and a cry of "the Church in danger;" now, what is called "High Church of Englandism," the higher it is carried, the nearer it approaches to Popery. I predicted the result, that it would end in making a sort of Pope of the archbishop of Canterbury, and now there is actually a schism in the High Church party at Tory Oxford, a Popish-Protestant section writing in favour of celibacy, images, &c., &c. But we have no fear of your turning a Protestant monk. Perhaps, when Amanda comes to Bromberg, you will get by degrees (of comparison), to think that Miss Besser is Miss Best, and if you once think that, you are safe from Puseyism, *i.e.* celibacy. Pray give my love to her, if we were nearer I might choose another word, but at this distance, even her Mamma could not object to the affection,—Jane don't! And now, in spite of her remonstrances, I must tell you what happened last night, after I had written most of this letter. I was looking out of the window, at nearly dark, when a female figure stepped

out of a coach, ran about six yards like a crab, *i.e.*, sideways, and then fell flat, what the wrestlers call a fair back-fall. If you have ever seen any mosaic, you can fancy a figure inlaid, as it were, in a dark ground.

It was Jane just returned from her mother's. You will be glad to hear that her fall was broken by an inch or two of Camberwell Road mud, after a providential shower of rain. I suppose it was the same feeling that induced Eve to make poor Adam as begrimed as herself, but the moment I appeared, Jane threw herself into my arms, and took care to make me quite as dirty. She was not hurt, though shaken. As she came home in the dark, so as not to see the steps of the coach, I pronounced the usual verdict,—but perhaps you have not heard of that story—an inquest on the body of a woman, who had been killed by her husband. She was a notorious cat, and when the coroner asked the jury for the verdict, the foreman gave it in these words, "Sarved her right!"

And now, Tim, *how's your mother?* I must be thinking of shutting up this letter, *don't you wish you may get it?* but I must ask you before I close *has your mother sold her mangle?* which I suppose will puzzle you *and no mistake!* *

* I have no doubt that, whether with the maternal cognizance or no, poor Franck was considerably "out" in his endeavours to make head or tail of this paragraph, into which my father has purposely imported all the slang sayings in vogue at the time.—T. H.

I shall lose the post if I do not stop at once, so God bless you Johnny, alias Tim; what suspicious characters we should be for the Old Bailey with so many names!

The horn is blowing, and the eil-wagen is going out of the yard, and my stomach is full of parsnips, hot-cross-buns, salt fish and egg-sauce, but my heart tells me that I am,

Dear Franck,
Your loving friend,
THOS. HOOD.

It was some time early in this year that my father made acquaintance with the first number of "Punch." He walked out with me one fine Saturday evening till we came nearly to Walworth. It was getting rather dusk, so that the shops were beginning to light up. On one side of the street a man was standing by a little table, with a Chartist petition lying on it for signature, to which he was drawing the attention of the passers-by. He accosted my father, to his no small amusement, but as a rough-looking mob were gathering round, and it was getting late, he would not stop. We accordingly stepped aside into a little bookseller's shop, till the crowd had abated, or passed on. My father turned over the papers and periodicals lying on the counter, and struck by the quaint little black cuts, picked up the first number of "Punch," hereafter to be so famous. It was then, I believe, in

very different hands, and my father was no little astonished to see his own name paraded in it, in the coolest manner possible, without his having even known of the existence of such a periodical.*

During his residence at Camberwell, a lady called on my father, who had been acquainted with him many years before. He had no very agreeable recollections of her, chiefly owing to having been annoyed before by her unasked obtrusion of her religious opinions upon him. Her call, therefore, was not productive of any very friendly manifestation on his part, and after sitting stiffly, and being replied to rather coldly and ceremoniously, she took her leave. The same week, however, she wrote him a most unjustifiable attack on his writings and religious opinions. She enquired with a kind of grim satisfaction what good his "Whims and Oddities" would do his soul? and how he would recall his levities in literature upon his death-bed? My father was pretty well used to attacks of this sort, but this was really going a little too far, and

* Not very long after this, it passed into the hands of my father's old friends, Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, and he really became an occasional contributor. Through it he became acquainted with many of its staff. With Mr. Leech I believe he was already acquainted, and also with Mr. Kenny Meadows. In the number here alluded to—the first—my father's name appeared on the second page, in large capitals, in an announcement, whereby "Mr. T. Hood, Professor of Punmanship, begs to acquaint the dull and witless, that he has established a class for the acquirement of an elegant and ready style of punning." The whole thing is in bad taste—indeed it is rather hard to discover whether it is not intended as a squib against my father, the advertisement ending thus—"*** *A good laugher wanted!*"—T. H.

accordingly she received a copy of the following, which he ever after entitled "My Tract."

It is well worthy of separate publication with the "Ode to Rae Wilson," in any collection of "Really Religious Reading."

MY TRACT.

MADAM,

I have received your pious billet-doux, but have little leisure, and less inclination for a religious flirtation, and what (according to our Law and Police Reports) is its usual issue—a decidedly serious intrigue. How else, indeed, am I to interpret the mysterious "object" of your late visit, which you significantly tell me, was defeated by your being unintentionally accompanied by a friend?—how answer for her designs on a man's person, who can take such liberties with his soul? The presence of a companion could not of course stand in the way of your giving me a tract or a letter or anything proper for a modest woman to offer; but where can be the womanly modesty, or delicacy, or decency of a female, who intrudes on a man's private house, and private correspondence, and his most private affairs, those of his heart and soul, with as much masculine assurance as if she wore Paul Pry's inexpressibles under her petticoats? Perhaps I have to congratulate myself, as Joseph Andrews did on the preservation of his virtue from that amorous widow, Lady Booby! But whatever impropriety you intended to commit has been pro-

videntially frustrated, it appears, by the intrusion of the young lady in question, to whom, therefore, I beg you will present my most grateful and special thanks. I am as you know a married man, and do not care to forget that character, only that I may be able to say afterwards, as you suggest, "*I have gone astray*, but now I have learned thy righteous law."

The cool calculations you have indulged in on my desperate health, probable decease, and death-bed perturbations must have afforded you much Christian amusement, as your ignorance must have derived infinite comfort from your conviction of the inutility of literature, and all intellectual pursuits. And even your regrets over the "Whims and Oddities, that have made thousands laugh" may be alleviated, if you will only reflect that Fanaticism has caused millions to shed blood, as well as tears; a tolerable set-off against my levities. For my own part, I thank God, I have used the talents He has bestowed on me in so cheerful a spirit, and not abused them by writing the profane stuff called pious poetry, nor spiritualised my prose by stringing together Scriptural phrases, which have become the mere slang of a religious swell mob. Such impieties and blasphemies I leave to the Evangelical and Elect; to the sacrilegious quacks, who pound up equal parts of Bible and Babble, and convert wholesome food, by their nauseous handling, into filthiest physic; to the Canters, who profane all holy names and things by their application to common and vulgar uses; and

to the presumptuous women, who, I verily believe with the Turks, have no souls of their own to mend, and therefore set themselves to patch and cobble the souls of the other gender.

It is, I know, the policy of your faction to decry literature, which they abhor as the Devil hates Gospel. And for a similar reason. For all the most celebrated authors, the wisest, and most learned in the ways of mankind, Scott, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, Crabbe, Addison, Butler, Pope, Moore, Burns, Byron, Molière, Voltaire, Boileau, and a host of others, have concurred in denouncing, and exposing Tartuffes, Maw-worms, Cantwells, Puritans, in short sanctimonious folly and knavery of every description. Such writers I know would be called scoffers and infidels; but a Divine Hand, incapable of injustice, has drawn a full length picture of a self-righteous Pharisee; and Holy Lips, prone to all gentleness and charity, have addressed their sharpest rebukes to Spiritual Pride and Religious Hypocrisy. Are the sacrilegious animals aware that in their retaliations they are kicking even at *Him?*

In behalf of our literature I will boldly say that to our lay authors it is mainly owing, that the country is not at this hour enthralled by Priestcraft, Superstition, and, if you please, Popery, which by the bye, has met with more efficient opponents in Dante, Boccaccio, and Rabelais (profane writers, madam), than in all the M'Neiles, M'Ghees, and Macaws, that have screamed within Exeter Hall.

As for literature "palling on my soul in my dying hour,"—on the contrary it has been my solace and comfort through the extremes of worldly trouble and sickness, and has maintained me in a cheerfulness, a perfect sunshine of the mind, seldom seen on the faces of the most prosperous and healthy of your sect, who, considering that they are as sure of going to Heaven as the "poor Indian's dog," are certainly more melancholy dogs than they ought to be! But what else can come of chanting "pious chansons" with hell-fire burthens, that to my taste, fit them particularly for contributions to the Devil's Album?. Some such verses you have sent me, and I could return you others quite as religious—but unfortunately written by a minister, who, after being expelled in disgrace from a public foundation in London, went and robbed a Poor Savings Bank in the country.

Such literature may indeed appal the soul at the hour of death, and such an author may justly dread an Eternal Review. Again, therefore, I thank God that my pen has not been devoted to such serious compositions, that I have never profaned His Holy Name with common-place jingles, or passed off the inspirations of presumption, vanity, or hypocrisy, for devout effusions. My humble works have flowed from my heart, as well as my head, and, whatever their errors, are such as I have been able to contemplate with composure, when, more than once, the Destroyer assumed almost a visible presence. For

I have stood several times in that serious extremity both by land and sea—yet, for all my near approaches to the other world, I have never pretended to catch glimpses of its heaven, or of its hell, or to have had intimations of who, among my neighbours, were on the road to one place or the other. Such special revelations are reserved, it seems, by a Wisdom, certainly inscrutable, for the worst or weakest of the weaker sex, such cackling hen-prophetesses as its Southcotes, its G——s, and its L——s.

And verily if they be the Righteous, I am content to be the Lefteous of the species.

It has pleased you to picture me occasionally in such extremities as those just alluded to,—and, no doubt, with regret that you could not, Saint-like, beset my couch, to try spiritual experiments on my soul, and enjoy its excruciations, as certain brutal anatomists have gloated on the last agonies of mutilated dogs and rabbits. But we will now turn, if you please, from my death-bed to your own—supposing you to be lying there at that awful crisis, which reveals the depravity of the human heart as distinctly as the mortality of the human frame! And now, on that terrible, narrow isthmus between the past and the future, just imagine yourself appealing to your conscience for answers to such solemn questions as follow. And first, whether your extreme devotion has been affected or sincere, —unobtrusive or ostentatious,—humble to your

Creator, but arrogant to His creatures,—in short, Piety or Mag-piety? Whether your professed love for your species has been active and fruitful, or only that flatulent charity, which evaporates upwards in wind, and catechises the hungry, and preaches to the naked? And finally, how far, in meddling with the spiritual concerns of your neighbours, you have neglected your own; and, consequently, what you may have to dread from that Hell and its fires, which you have so often amused yourself with letting off at a poor Sinner,—just as a boy would squib a Guy? These are queries important to your "eternal destiny," which ought to be considered in time; whereas, from the tenor of your letter, it appears to me that you have never entertained them for a moment, and I am sorry to add that, judging from the same evidence, whatever may be your acquaintance with the *letter* of the New Testament, of its *spirit* you are as deplorably ignorant as the blindest heathen Hottentot, for whose enlightenment you perhaps subscribe a few Missionary pence.

I implore you to spend a few years, say twenty, in this self-scrutiny, which may be wholesomely varied by the exercise of a little active benevolence; not, however, in sending tracts, instead of baby-linen to poor lying-in sisters, or in volunteering pork chops for distressed Jews, or in recommending a Solemn Fast to the Spitalfields weavers, or in coddling and pampering a pulpit favourite, but in converting rags

to raiment, and empty stomachs to full ones, and in helping the wretched and indigent to "keep their souls and bodies together!"

And, should you ever relapse and feel tempted to write religious Swing letters, such as you have sent to me, let me recommend to you a quotation from a great and wise writer, and moreover a namesake of your pious mother. It runs thus,—"*I find you are perfectly qualified to make converts, and so, go, help your mother to make the gooseberry pie.*"

Still if you will and must indite such epistles, pray address them elsewhere. There are plenty of young single "men about town" (and of the very sort such saints are partial to—namely, "*precious*" sinners) who no doubt would be willing to discuss with you their "experiences," and to embrace you and your persuasion together. But on me your pains would be wasted. I am not to be converted, except *from* Christianity, by arrogance, insolence, and ignorance enough, as Mrs. Jarley says, "to make one turn atheist." Indeed the only effect of your letter has been to inspire me, like old Tony Weller, with a profound horror of widows, whether amorous or pious, for both seem equally resolute that a man shall not "call his soul his own."

And now, Madam, farewell. Your mode of recalling yourself to my memory reminds me that your fanatical mother insulted mine in the last days of her life (which was marked by every Christian virtue), by the presentation of a Tract addressed to

Infidels. I remember also that the same heartless woman intruded herself, with less reverence than a Mohawk Squaw would have exhibited, on the chamber of death; and interrupted with her jargon almost my very last interview with my dying parent. Such reminiscences warrant some severity; but, if more be wanting, know that my poor sister has been excited by a circle of Canters like yourself, into a religious frenzy, and is at this moment in a private mad-house.

I am, Madam,
Yours with disgust,
THOS. HOOD.

In the August of 1841* Mr. Theodore Hook died, and Mr. Colburn sent to ask my father to replace him. This intelligence was speedily communicated to the Elliots by a joint letter.

August 31st, 1841.

DEAR MRS. ELLIOT,

Mr. Colburn's Mr. S—— has been here to offer Hood the editorship of the "New Monthly"!

* I may mention, *àpropos* of Mr. Hook's name, that, in "The New Spirit of the Age," published by Mr. Horne in 1844, that gentleman by a mistake of a single letter gave to Mr. Hood the pages descriptive of Mr. Hook. My father was no little amused to discover that he was a "diner-out and a man about town," and that he had given the world "unfavourable views of human nature." Mr. Horne afterwards corrected the error, and wrote to my father in explanation. A very amusing reference is made to this in the "Echo." It is curious that Mr. Horne himself was similarly mistreated by "The Chronicle," which, in speaking of some Reports of Mr. Horne's, quoted by Lord Ashley, stated that they were due to the energy and research of Mr. Horner.—T. H.

There's good news. I have scarcely wits to write to you; but you, our kindest and best friends in adversity, must be the first to rejoice with us at better prospects. Perhaps you may not have heard of Mr. Theodore Hook's death, which happened a week ago. We have had some anxiety whether Mr. Colburn, with the disadvantages of Hood's having been of late unable to do anything for the Magazine, would consider him competent. I have thought of it night and day, and truly thankful am I to God for the blessing. I cannot settle my thoughts to write, for the messenger of good has only just left, and I am in what the servants call a "mizzy maze." Hood, with all the proper dignity of his sex, is more calm and sedate upon the subject; and begs, as all is not yet settled, that you will not mention it to any one.

Love to you all.

Your ever affectionate

JANE HOOD.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

It was only a semi-official visit of S——'s. Still a very good chance—perhaps having spitten so much blood away, I am not quite so sanguine as Jane. Time will show. Seriously it would be comfort at last, and, I think, go far to cure me of *some* of my ailments. Should I get appointed, be sure the editor will come and show himself at Stratford to receive your congratulations. God

bless you all; kisses for all my little dear friends, and love to the big boys.

Yours most truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

Sept. 2nd, 1841.

MY DEAR MRS. ELLIOT,

All is settled, and Hood is to be the editor of the "New Monthly"! We were, until this morning, on "tenter hooks," and so it seems was S——, who understood he was to hear from Hood when he had made up his mind, but not hearing, came over to know why. I saw Mr. Dilke yesterday, who could not tell us what Hook had. So Hood has accepted it on the understanding he is to receive the same as he did. S——, in an awkward way, said he knew he might say 200*l.*; but we saw by his manner that it had been more. So Hood stuck to his text of the *same as Mr. Hook*, and of course it will be so, for I see they are eager to have him, and Mr. Dilke says that Hood's name will be a good card for them.

The prospect of a certainty makes me feel "passing rich." Poverty has come so very near of late, that, in the words of Moore's song, "Hope grew sick, as the witch drew nigh." I know how delighted you will both feel that it is now a certainty. Hood was poorly yesterday, but it was the delay and uncertainty: to-day he is pretty well, and getting on with his writing. He says you may now suppose the Magazine on his lap; and really thinks, considering

the circumstances, that he ought to be allowed his porter. As a beginning, Dr. Robert has promised him a spicy article* on Mustard and Pepper, and Miss B—— a political essay on Russian Influence over British Infants.

This is a most disgraceful letter for the wife of an editor, I must say; but you must make allowance for me—I am in a dream, and my sentences and my expressions have all the obscurity of that twilight state.

Hood and the children unite in love to you all. Kisses for the dear little "shining faces" that go to school. God bless you all.

Yours affectionately,

JANE HOOD.

Monday Evening, Sept. 17th, 1841.

DEAR MRS. ELLIOT,

This very evening it is settled that Hood is to be the editor at 300*l.* a year, independent of any articles he may write, which are to be paid for as usual. Since we saw you, we have had much anxiety about it, as there has been great delay, Mr. Colburn being at Hastings, and wishing to get him to take 200*l.* However, it is now quite settled, and we look forward with cheerful and thankful hearts. Hood continues very well for him, and

* The name of a favourite thoroughbred Dandie Dinmont terrier belonging to Dr. R. Elliot. Miss B. was British-born, but reared in Russia. Her sister was married, and had, at that time, one baby, to which Miss B. performed the part of the most affectionate of aunts, and the most indefatigable of nurses.—T. H.

threatens you very soon with an onslaught. Dr. Robert was to have driven him over, but happens to have a lady patient in the way, and declines killing her to suit that purpose. Hood has been so much better lately, that he has been able to write both for his volume and for the magazine, which is lucky, as the month is so far gone. Of course he is anxious to make his first appearance as editor with *éclat.* One great advantage is, it will give him a certain standing. There have been a great many applications for it, and it is pleasant he did not apply. Hood begs me to say you must expect an alteration in him, as, like other editors, he must be very mysterious and diplomatic.

I hope, in the leisure of the early part of next month, that we shall be able to give our children the treat of coming to see you and yours. They look forward eagerly to it, and send their love, in which Hood and myself unite. It 's so dusk, I can hardly see to finish; but in all, or any, lights, or shadows,

Believe me ever, dearest Mrs. Elliot,

Yours affectionately,

JANE HOOD.

At the end of this year my father removed from Camberwell, and took lodgings in Elm-Tree Road, St. John's Wood, overlooking Lord's cricket-ground.*

* After his removal to St. John's Wood, my father used to have little modest dinners now and then, to which his intimate friends were invited. Though the boards did not groan, sides used to ache, and if the champagne did not flow in streams, the wit sparkled to make up

for it. Quiet at large parties, at these little meetings my father gave full rein to his fun, and many will sigh over this note when they think of the merry dinners they used to have. On one occasion, to my mother's horror, the boy fell upstairs with the plum-pudding. The accident formed a peg for many jokes, amongst others, a declaration that the pudding, which he said was a Stair, not a Cabinet one, had disagreed with him, and that he felt the pattern of the stair-carpet breaking out all over him. At these times, too, he would often set everyone laughing by his apt misquotations of Latin, none of which can be now remembered unfortunately, for he had a rare facility for twisting the classics. We "kin" were allowed to share in the fun of these meetings, and can remember Mr. —— sitting with his handkerchief across his knees, crying, chuckling, and laughing, until the fear of having a coroner's inquest in the house, and a verdict of "Unjustifiable Comicide" made my father stop and give his victim time to recover.—T. H.



CHAPTER IV.

1842.

Removed to St. John's Wood—Elm Tree Road—Letter to Lieut. De Franck—Mrs. Hood to Lieut. De Franck—Letters to Dr. and Mrs. Elliot, Mr. Charles Dickens, and Lieut. De Franck—Continued Illness.

THE beginning of this year the King of Prussia visited England, and it was almost expected by my father that Mr. de Franck would accompany him. But it was not to be, and in consequence my father wrote the following letter to his old friend, who was now stationed at Hamburg.

February 20th, 1842.

TIM, SAYS HE,

You can't be a Jew or you wouldn't live in Ham.

I made cock-sure of you, when you did not answer our last letter, that you were coming with the king; why didn't you? I think it will make me disloyal to Frederick that he didn't bring you.

However write soon, and I will send to you what has long been made up, and let me know what tackle you want. I have a "Comic" for you, and for Mr. Rühe, with a letter, and one for Prince Radziwill, to your care. It has come meanwhile to a second edition.

As editor of the New Monthly Magazine, I stand higher than ever; there was great competition for it, but I did not even apply, and was therefore selected. If you can give me any genuine German information at any time, it will be very serviceable, anything *new*. You will find in the "Comic" your account to me of the stag shooting at Antonin, &c., the Harrow Story, and so on; so that if you can give me any more sporting, it will be acceptable. I shall be highly honoured by any from Their Highnesses; you will also receive "Up the Rhine," which you have perhaps seen already, as it was reprinted at Leipsic. This is such a short month for editors I must not write more.

I believe, thanks to our dear Dr. Elliot, I have got over the blood-spitting, but England has a capital climate after all, as is proved by the life-tables.

Mind, come and see us, and won't we have some fun? God bless you Tim, says

Your faithful friend,

(in great haste), THOS. HOOD, E.N.M.M.!!!

P.S. There are several very nice young *English* ladies in this country quite disengaged; I do not know how many exactly, but will answer for five or six.

EXTRACT FROM MRS. HOOD'S LETTER.

"We have had a splendid summer, and Hood has been out of town a few days at a time, which has

been of great benefit to his health. He certainly is better (if it will but last!) than I have known him for several years, and if there was no east wind he would be almost well. But both he and Fanny were so possessed with the malaria at Ostend, they are most sensitive to east winds, and damp or misty weather. Tom and his papa spent a week at Twickenham, where the Dilkes have got a cottage for the summer months; they fished in the Thames, and came back as brown as gypsies.

* * *

"Hood says he supposes that now you're in the 'John d'Armerie,' in the excess of your new zeal you have apprehended yourself, or that you have been burned with the rest of the rubbish in the conflagration of Humbug (Hamburg); only that he makes sure you would not have gone near enough to the fire to scorch those beautiful moustachios of yours."

Here follows an interpolation of my father's.

"*Hood will copy at the end the direction to be sent on the box. I am pretty well, much the same as Hood, but my wife is not over strong, neither is Jane, and Mrs. Hood seems to be no better than she is, but I hope she will mend and so does Hood. As to Johnny, he is as well as can be expected, but Hood does not expect he shall ever be very strong again; so we must all make the best of it, the Editor and all, who seems to sympathise in his ailments with me, and*

Hood, and Johnny; but he cannot expect to be better than we are, for he and we have the same complaint, a 'sort of monthly eruption which we think is better 'out' than in; my wife, Jane, and Mrs. Hood call it the 'Magazine.' It is a sort of black and white literary rash of a periodical nature, chiefly affecting the head; as yet none of the children have caught it."

"What a rigmarole Hood has written during my absence, but you are used to his tricks."

The following letter was written by my mother to Franck. The words in brackets were written in by my father over the words, which precede them in print, and were intended to mean that they were *clear* copies of my mother's writing, to enable Franck to come at the sense of her communication.

17, ELM TREE ROAD,
ST. JOHN'S WOOD,
REGENT'S PARK,
LONDON.

[Jane don't write plain—so mind my version.—T. H.

MY DEAR FRANCK,

We quite wonder at not hearing from you. I wrote to you at Ham (Hum), very soon after we were settled here, and begged (bagged) you to let us know the source (sauce) for sending you the "Comic," (chronic) also to inquire what fishing (flirting) tackle you wished to have, or if the needles (noodles) would be too late. I repeat all this in

case (cake) you may not have received my letter (butter). As you did not write we began to speculate on the chance of your coming (coursing) over with His Majesty, and on the day of his arrival, and for one or two after, we expected you to walk in. Hood even saw a Prussian (Parmesan) cloak (maggot) come down the road (mad) and made (snake) sure you were the man in it. We will not be cut off with a fortnight, remember. Hood bids me say we don't make "happorths" (papporths). We spent a very delightful Christmas (mizmaze) at the Elliots, for they are such kind friends and so pleasant, and we had our dear (damd) children with us so that we could not fail to enjoy ourselves; I hope you spent a merry (muzzy) one too. We have been gay for us lately, going to several dinner parties, one this week at the Elliots, and one next week, a literary dinner, given (queen) by Mr. Colburn. Soon after that, he is going to give a large evening party (pasty). We took the children to the theatre, to see a pantomime (Jacobin), and they were in ecstacies, though Tom had been to Covent Garden (gander) before, when he came from Ostend (Astoria) to London.

If I don't lock up my letter in my desk, this is a specimen of the way it is commented on, but you know of old how ill I am treated in these matters. Mrs. Elliot was saying the other day that strangers would think "Jane" a most extraordinary person from the odd stories that Hood tells of her.

* * * * *

17, Elm Tree Road.

My dear Bradbury,

Pray accept my best thanks for the Froissarts, I am really obliged for them. Mrs. Hood begs me to add her best acknowledgments for the flower books.

I suppose the form of giving up my blocks was gone through yesterday, but if no inconvenience to Evans, I shall be glad if he will keep them a little longer: I never had any objection to the custody, and we may have more to do with them.

By way of variation of work I am drawing a little. I hope to hit on something worth sending. Such a lovely day up here! I have been trying to whistle like a blackbird, and have some hope of getting into the daily papers as a harbinger of spring heard in St. John's Wood.

Everybody now seems to have his monomania, (you have your D——) a spectre ominous as the Bodach Glas, in Rob Roy, to the Highland Family. Couldn't "Punch" make something of Sir Robert going to the House in a cuirass for fear, with his back marked thus for a shot?



Yours very truly,
Thomas Hood.

P.S. There seems such a panic I should not wonder at some Irish gentleman shooting himself for fear of being shot.

What do you think of a little Guide-book, to be called, "Every man his own McNaghten?" But I beg your pardon, I forgot you are a marked man, and will not see any joke in the thing. Only take care that D—— does not steal any of your type to cut into slugs; it would be so very unpleasant to be shot through the head with your own Small Caps.

17, Elm Tree Road, St. John's Wood, *May 11th*, 1842.

Tim says he, what a dreadful fire! The English will sympathise strongly with the Hamburgers, who are their old commercial allies. The city must be a long time in recovering from such a calamity. I sincerely hope no friends of yours have suffered. I got all the fishing tackle six weeks ago, along with it I have sent two *glass baits*, the last invention and novelty, one of which is for yourself, and the other please to present for me to the Prince. The little leaden caps are to put on the line at the head of the bait, as without the cap the fish would not spin.

Yesterday a sporting clergyman dined with me, and I was glad to hear him say, that he has tried the glass bait, and it is *very killing*. I also send for yourself an imitation gold-fish. It appears that there is something in the colour or taste of the gold-

fish, that renders it irresistible to other fish, as a bait. They are quite mad after it. It appears to me to be intended to be sunk with a weight, and pulled about under water, or else to float on the top; but they say it is taken in any way. I send two "Comics" (one for Mr. Rühe), and the "Up the Rhine" for yourself. If you can easily get me a copy of the German Edition of "Up the Rhine," published at Leipsic, you can bring it when you come. There is a recent difficulty about sending letters in packets or parcels, so I must write to Mr. Rühe per post. And now observe, the box will be sent in a day or two after this letter. It is directed to Mr. F. Weber, Breiten Gieben, care of Messrs. C. J. Johns & Sons, Hamburg, and marked with 

. Thank God I seem to have got over my old complaint; but I have suffered much from rheumatism. It has been very general amongst people here, the east wind having blown inveterately for a whole month. I was quite disabled, but luckily I had a whole magazine in print beforehand, what you would call in *reserve*. I congratulate you on your promotion, and the success of your application to the King: of course you will now marry for want of something to do. And now, Johnny, I must say good bye, for I am crippled with the right arm, as well as right foot. To aggravate these evils our drawing room overlooks Lord's Cricket ground, and I see the fellows playing all day, add to which, once

or twice a week, a foot-race for a wager. But it is of the less importance, that I can only write a short letter, as we are to see you this summer. Your best way would be by Hamburg packet direct to London. God bless you, Tim, says he,

Your faithful friend,

THOMAS HOOD.

I forgot to say I thought a new fly-line would be useful to you, and so send one for your acceptance. The two Sporting Magazines contain two articles of mine on fishing in Germany. Our merchants in two days have subscribed £7500 for the Hamburgers, and are going to send them shortly £10,000. I am glad of this!

Good bye,

TIM H.

The very taking gold-fish bait, described in the letter was, with the directions for its use, the sole invention of my father. It was carved in two halves, out of deal, painted and joined with gum, so that after a short immersion one half would detach itself and float away, leaving the other attached to the line, and inscribed (by an encaustic process, with a hot knitting needle) with the words—"Oh! you April fool!" that month being the season when it would probably be first used.

The result of the hoax was never heard, but it struck my father afterwards that the generous

Franck would most likely present the unique bait to one of the Princes! Many a time did he laugh at the horror Franck would feel, in having been made an accomplice, after the fact, in such a practical joke on Royalty.

17, Elm Tree Road, *Monday, July 11th*, 1842.

My dear Mrs. Elliot,

Here we are again—the babes in the Wood of St. John—all safe and sound. Jane having successfully "bussed" her children all the way home; but a little fatigued from getting her "baggage" so far without any "*porter*."

You will be pleased to hear that, in spite of my warnings and forebodings, I got better and betterer, till by dining *as the physicians did* on turtle soup, white-bait, and champagne, I seemed quite well. But I have always suspected the doctors' practice to be better than their precepts; and particularly those which turn down *Diet* Street. The snug one dozen of diners however turned out to be above two (in fact twenty-seven)—two others, Talfourd and Macready being prevented. Jerdan was the *Vice*, and a certain person, not very well adapted to *fill* a Chair was to have occupied the opposite *Virtue*, but on the score of ill-health I begged off, and Captain Marryat presided instead. On his right, Dickens, and Monckton Milnes, the poetical M.P.; on his left, Sir John Wilson, T. H., and for my left-hand neighbour Doctor Elliot*son*, which seemed con-

siderately contrived to break my fall from Stratford. The Kelso man was supported by Foster, and Stanfield the painter. Amongst the rest were Charles and Tom Landseer. Tom two stone deafer than I am, and obliged to carry a tube. Father Prout and Ainsworth; these two men at paper war, —therefore some six, including a clergyman, were put between them. Proctor, *alias* Barry Cornwall, and Barham, otherwise Ingoldsby, Cruikshank, and Cattermole, a Dr. Gwynne, or Quin, and a Rev. Mr. Wilde, who greatly interested Dr. Elliotson and myself: a tall, very earnest-looking man, like your doctor, only with none of his Sweet-William colour, but quite pale; and the more so for long jet-black locks, either strange natural hair, or an unnatural wig. He was silent till he sang, and then came out such a powerful bass voice, fit for a Cathedral organ —to a song of the olden time, that between physiognomy, costume, vox, and words, the impression was quite black-letterish. I had never seen him before, but seemed to know him, *traditionally*, somewhere about Cromwell's time. Nevertheless some of his reading had been more modern and profane, for when we broke up, he came and shook hands with me, to my pleasant surprise, for I seemed to have ascended to antiquity, whilst only aiming to descend to posterity.

Well, we drank "the Boz" with a delectable clatter, which drew from him a good warm-hearted speech, in which he hinted the great advantage of

going to America for the pleasure of coming back again; and pleasantly described the embarrassing attentions of the Transatlantickers, who made his private house, and private cabin, particularly public. He looked very well, and had a younger brother along with him. He told me that two American prints have attacked me for my Copyright letters in the "Athenæum," so I shall procure them as a treat for "Jane." Then we had more songs. Barham chanted a Robin Hood ballad, and Cruikshank sang a burlesque ballad of Lord H——; and somebody, unknown to me, gave a capital imitation of a French showman. Then we toasted Mrs. Boz, and the Chairman, and Vice, and the Traditional Priest sang the "Deep deep sea," in his deep deep voice; and then we drank to Proctor, who wrote the said song; also Sir J. Wilson's good health, and Cruikshank's, and Ainsworth's; and a Manchester friend of the latter sang a Manchester ditty, so full of trading stuff, that it really seemed to have been not composed, but manufactured. Jerdan, as Jerdanish as usual on such occasions—you know how paradoxically he is *quite at home* in *dining out*. As to myself, I had to make my *second maiden speech*, for Mr. Monckton Milnes proposed my health in terms my modesty might allow me to repeat to *you*, but my memory won't. However, I ascribed the toast to my notoriously bad health, and assured them that their wishes had already improved it—that I felt a brisker circulation—a more genial warmth

about the heart, and explained that a certain trembling of my hand was not from palsy, or my old ague, but an inclination in my hand to shake itself with every one present. Whereupon I had to go through the friendly ceremony with as many of the company as were within reach, besides a few more who came express from the other end of the table. *Very* gratifying, wasn't it? Though I cannot go quite so far as Jane, who wants me to have that hand chopped off, bottled, and preserved in spirits. She was sitting up for me, very anxiously, as usual when I go out, because I am so domestic and steady, and was down at the door before I could ring at the gate, to which Boz kindly sent me in his own carriage. Poor girl! what *would* she do if she had a wild husband instead of a tame one.

In coming home Dickens volunteered to bring Mrs. Dickens to see us on Tuesday or Wednesday, but I shall be obliged to put them off till next week, as I shall be at Wantage. So that it seems probable I shall be able to *fix* them for an evening, and then of course you will come, unless you should happen to be at "Don't Want-age."

The children stuffed with happy remembrances of Stratford *Le Beau*, send their loves wholesale and retail, and as Jane and I can unite in that, we do.

I am,

My dear Mrs. Elliot,

Yours and the Doctor's very truly,

THOS. HOOD.

We hope Dr. Robert will dine with us at the H——'s to-morrow. If he does, won't we quiz him about the new carriage, and exhibit a wife, "to be taken," as the medicals say, "in an appropriate vehicle." He ought not to have that great Cupid's hand with a dart in it on his harness for nothing. God bless you all.—T. H.

17, Elm Tree Road, St. John's Wood, *Monday.*

My dear Dickens,

Only thinking of the pleasure of seeing you again, with Mrs. Dickens, on Tuesday or Wednesday, I never remembered, till I got home to my wife, who is also my flapper (not a young wild duck, but a Remembrancer of Laputa), that I have been booked to shoot some rabbits—if I can—at Wantage, in Berks. A reverend friend, called "Peter Priggins," will be waiting for me, by appointment, at his railway-station, on Tuesday. But I must and can only be three or four days absent; after which, the sooner we have the pleasure of seeing you the better for us.

Mrs. Hood thinks there ought to be a ladies' dinner to Mrs. Dickens. I think she wants to go to Greenwich, seeing how much good it has done me, for I went really ill, and came home well. So that occasionally the diet of Gargantua seems to suit me better than that of Panta-*gruel.* Well,—adieu for the present. Live, fatten, prosper, write,

and draw the mopuses wholesale through Chapman and *Haul.*

Yours ever truly,
THOMAS HOOD.

17, ELM TREE ROAD, *Oct. 12th.*

DEAR DICKENS,

Can you let me have an early copy of the "American Notes," so that I may review it in the "New Monthly?" Is it really likely to be ready as advertised? I aim this at Devonshire Place, supposing you to be returned, for with these winds 'tis no fit time for the coast. But your bones are not so weather unwise (for ignorance *is* bliss) as mine. I should have asked this by word of mouth in Devonshire Place, but the weather has kept me in doors. It is no fiction that the complaint, derived from Dutch malaria seven years since, is revived by Easterly winds. Otherwise I have been better than usual, and "never say die." Don't forget about the Yankee Notes: I never had but one American friend, and lost him thro' *a good crop of pears.* He paid us a visit in England; whereupon in honour of him, a pear tree, which had never borne fruit to speak of within memory of man, was loaded with 90 dozen of brown somethings. Our gardener said they were a *keeping* sort, and would be good at Christmas; whereupon, as our Jonathan was on the eve of sailing for the States, we sent him a few dozens to

dessert him on the voyage. Some he put at the bottom of a trunk (he wrote to us) to take to America; but he could not have been gone above a day or two, when all *our* pears began to rot! *His* would, of course, by sympathy, and I presume spoilt his linen or clothes, for I have never heard of him since. Perhaps he thought I had *done* him on purpose, and for sartin the tree, my accomplice, never bore any more pears, good or bad, after that supernatural crop.

Pray present my respects for me to Mrs. Dickens. How she must enjoy being at home and discovering her children, after her Columbusing, and only discovering America.

I am, my dear Dickens,
Yours ever truly,
THOMAS HOOD.

Do you want a motto for your book? Coleridge in his Pantisocracy days, used frequently to exclaim in soliloquy, "I wish I was in A-me-ri-ca!" Perhaps you might find something in the advertisements of Oldridge's "*Balm of Columbia*," or the "*American Soothing Syrup*"—query, Gin twist?

17, ELM TREE ROAD, *Friday*.

MY DEAR DICKENS,

Just read the enclosed, and if your voice and interest are not otherwise bespoke, it would

really oblige me could you give them in favour of Mrs. K——.

Dr. Elliot is a physician, well-known, and in extensive practice. He brought my wife almost miraculously through a desperate illness, at Wanstead, and myself through the most dangerous of my attacks in his own house. He and she are, indeed, of those good people after your own heart, and of whose existence one might be sceptical but for such living examples. They have been as brother and sister to me; and if a man can have *two homes*, my second one is in their house. So, you see, I have good cause to wish to meet their wish in this matter; and it may fortunately happen, that you are not especially interested for any candidate.

You will meet the Elliots one day, if, as I hope, you and Mrs. Dickens will spend one sociable evening with us and a few friends—the Dilkes, &c. Is it likely you will have an open night for this purpose in the beginning of next month?

I called lately in Devonshire Terrace, during a morning ramble with Mr. H——. My purpose was chiefly to congratulate you on the success of your American book, of which privately I have heard the highest commendations.

I hope you did not dislike the notice in the "N. M. M." I could not pretend to a review, or to extract much, the dailies and weeklies having sweated your *Notes* as if they had been *sovereigns*.

We are all dying now for Mrs. Dickens's Notes. Our kindest regards to her.

I am,
My dear Dickens,
Yours very truly,
THOMAS HOOD.

Last week there were some sheets stolen of a work printing at B—— H—— for the use of a rival publisher. I thought we should have a touch of the American system here. Then there are those "American Notes" by Buz, advertised from Holywell Street,—of course a piracy! It is hard for an individual author or publisher to proceed against men of straw. There ought to be a literary association for the suppression of piracy—a fund subscribed by authors, booksellers, and friends to letters, out of which to proceed against the very first offender, similar to the provincial associations for the prosecution of felons—Eh?

17, ELM TREE ROAD, ST. JOHN'S WOOD,
Saturday Evening, Nov. 12th, 1842.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I have but just heard from Dickens, who has been out of town, I suspect, hunting for a locality for his next tale. At least, he was twice in the country when I called lately. I am sorry to say his interest at the Sanatorium has been pre-engaged. It appears to me that Mrs. K—— has come rather late into the field, and Dickens implies that the

candidates are very numerous. Here follows his answer:—

"I can't state in figures (not very well remembering how to get beyond a million) the number of candidates for the Sanatorium matronship, but if you will ask your little boy to trace figures in the beds of your garden, beginning at the front wall, going down to the cricket-ground, coming back to the wall again, and 'carrying over' to the next door, and will then set a skilful accountant to add up the whole, the product, as the Tutor's Assistants say, will give you the amount required. I have pledged myself (being assured of her capability) to support a near relation of Miss E——'s; otherwise, I need not say how glad I should have been to forward any wish of yours."

He adds:—"We shall be more than glad to come to you on any evening you may name." So that we shall hope to see you all together, so soon as I have got through this magazine, into the thick (and thin) of which I am just wading.

In the meantime, I have written to Dilke, on the chance that he may know some of the Sanatorium committee; and Jane is writing to your brother, to know if he has any voice in the new Camberwell Church organ—that is to say, in the commission. Nothing but canvassing—which reminds me of Berlin wool-work, and that recalls Mrs. Elliot. Pray tell her Jane has some new patterns.

She commissioned Franck to send her some for

slippers, but wrote the word so badly that he asked what new English articles were "*dippers*." However, the patterns came, at least as far as the front gate, by the parcels-cart, and then went away again for, not living near any shop, we sometimes run quite out of change, and in the whole house could not muster 3*s*. 6*d*. for carriage and duty. However, she has obtained them at last, and I really think her head has been *wool*-gathering ever since. . . . . I suppose your brother's accident happened during his idleness at Cheltenham, or was it about the date of the new family vehicle? When I told Jane of it, she directly said, "I have a great mind to go over and see him about the Camberwell Organ," for which read the Organ of Curiosity! The 6th was her birthday, and we had a few young friends, and performed two charades, so we are pretty well.

Give our love to all, including the new Grammar School boy.

Of course he can tell now what mood "May" is in. Jeanie, I know, is the Potential.

I am, dear Doctor,

Yours very truly,

THOS. HOOD.

Have you seen the advertisement of Dr. Laycock's mystics in the "Lancet"? Or that headed "Chemia Antiqua," in yesterday's "Athenæum," offering to a select number of Pupils, premium 200

guineas, an induction to the Hermetic Science, and a shy with the Philosopher's Stone!!!

17, Elm Tree Road, St. John's Wood, *Monday.*

My dear Dickens,

Will the 6th of December suit you to spend an evening with us? If you or Mrs. Dickens should happen to be engaged, we will name another date to get sociable on.

I ought to tell you of two remarks from two Publishers, but to one effect,—viz., that in reference to the proposed association for the defence of copyright, the authors being most interested ought to pay double!!! How fond they are of profitable practical jokes!

Yours, ever truly,

Thos. Hood.

17, Elm Tree Road, St. John's Wood, *Thursday.*

My dear Dickens,

"The more the merrier," which I suppose is the reason of such a mob of mourners at an Irish Funeral.

Many thanks, therefore, for your friendly additions to our little edition of a party. We shall be most happy to see Mrs. Dickens's sister (who will, perhaps, kindly forego the formality of a previous call from Mrs. Hood), and, as to Maclise, I would rather be introduced to him,—in spite of "Mason on Self-knowledge,"—than to myself.

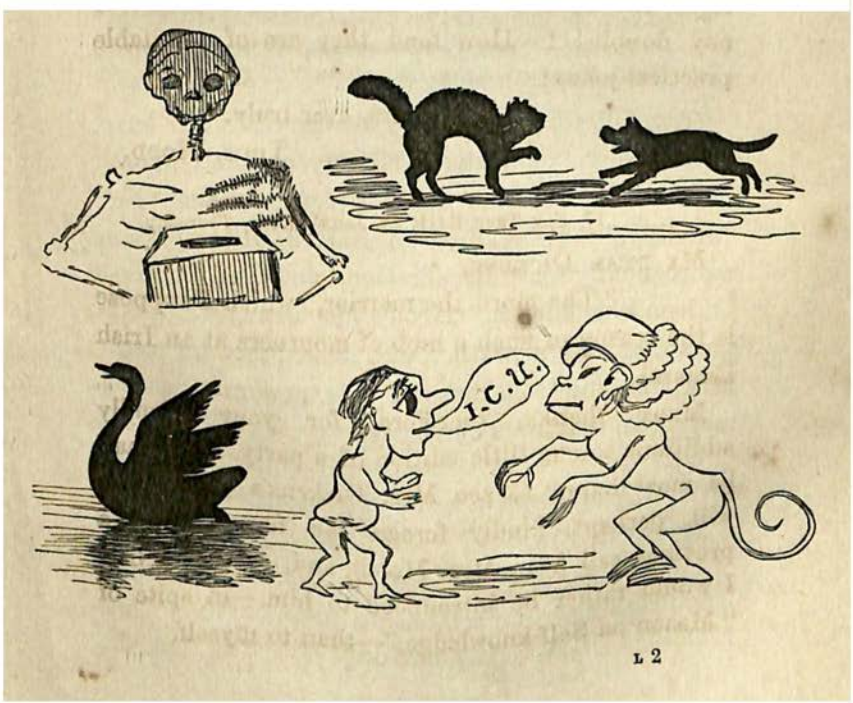
Pray tell him so much, and give him the "meet."

I fancied one day that I saw coming out of your house a younger Brother, who dined with us at Greenwich, would he object to come with you? But I will not suggest, Mrs. Hood having just desired me to send you the enclosed, which you must consider on both sides to comprehend.*

Yours, ever truly,

THOS. HOOD.

* I do not know what the enclosure was, but I remember on one side my father painted a white vehicle on a black ground, thus giving Mr. Dickens a *carte blanche* to bring whom he pleased.—T. H.



CHAPTER V.

1843.

Elm Tree Road—Letters to Mr. Broderip and Dr. Elliot—Letter to the Secretaries of the Manchester Athenæum—Letter to Mr. Dickens —Death of Elton and Benefit at the Haymarket for the Family— He writes an Address for it, to be spoken by Mrs. Warner— Letters to Lieut. De Franck and Mr. Dickens—He takes a Trip to Scotland—Letters to his Wife—Dundee and Edinburgh— Letters to Mr. Dickens and Dr. Elliot—"The Song of the Shirt" —"Punch"—"Pauper's Christmas Carol"—Prospectus of "Hood's Magazine and Comic Miscellany."

THE following letter is to the late Mr. Broderip, whose works on Natural History are well known, and deservedly admired. His papers in the "New Monthly," "Recreations in Natural History," and subsequently his "Recollections and Reflections of Gideon Shaddoe," in "Hood's Magazine," were great favourites with my father, who looked forward to the MSS., as one looks forward to a new number of a magazine, that suits our fancy.

17, ELM TREE ROAD, ST. JOHN'S WOOD, *April 6th*, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR,

I admire, and shall have much pleasure in again reading, your seasonable poem in the "New Monthly;" it breathes not only of spring, but the

spring feelings which inspire true poetry. I am glad to hear of more "Recreations" for the next number, being partial to Natural History, and certainly preferring it, as no doubt you do, to the Unnatural Histories called novels, romances, &c., in the present day,

I am, my dear Sir,
Yours very truly,
THOS. HOOD.

17, ELM TREE ROAD, ST. JOHN'S WOOD,
Thursday, April 13th, 1843.

DEAR DOCTOR,

Accept our heartiest congratulations. We were delighted to see your note, for we were getting very anxious, but did not like to write on that account; I am not made Laureate, or I would write an ode on the occasion.

Jane will come as soon as Mrs. Elliot is well enough to see her. She is servant-hunting, so I am obliged to be, what she calls, her "manuensis."

I did go last night to W——'s, being in fact pretty well, in spite of the east winds. I have been working hard with pen and pencil, besides some extras on my hands, such as Lord L—— and B——. I must not write more, except that we all join in love to you all, and Jane says it's beautiful weather for babbies, only they can't walk out; and the printers will keep Easter holidays, and the editors can't, in consequence.

What is the title of the new article in your Magazine?

If you find him *de trop*, there is a chance for you in Boy's distribution. Raffles are epidemic. So are monomaniacs. The comet is an intermittent. The aërial carriage is flying gout, a lame affair! The income tax will be chronic: and I am

Dear Doctor,

Yours ever truly,

THOS. HOOD.

Thursday night, 1843.

DEAR DOCTOR,

We did not forget the wedding-day, but drank the health of the pair, with earnest wishes for their long and lasting happiness; of course they are now in the midst of "honey and B's:" Bliss, Brighton, Baths, Billows, and Beach.

I thank you for your congratulations on my gout, but fear it is "no such luck," I am more likely to have the cold aguish rheumatism. I have got rid of the "agony point" of the game, but the progress seems very slow—in accordance with other sluggish characteristics, my foot continues swelled, and so tender I can hardly put it to the ground; I don't believe therefore it can be a *long-standing* complaint like the gout.

You do not say how Mrs. Elliot got over her fatigue, so we hope it was not worth mentioning. Give all our loves to all, and pray tell Dunnie and

Jeanie they will hear from me as soon as I can write a good *foot*.

I am, Dear Doctor,
Yours ever truly,
THOS. HOOD.

The next letter is addressed to Dr. Elliot's eldest son, who was being educated as a civil engineer. My father had sent him a book on the Steam Engine, forwarded to him in his editorial capacity, which was an incapacity, as he says, as far as reviewing it went. The Flying Fly alluded to was an aërial machine, projected (but not far from the earth) by some speculators. The Dover Engineering mentioned was the driving of the railway tunnel through Shakspeare's cliff.

17, ELM TREE ROAD, ST. JOHN'S WOOD, *April 21st*, 1843.

DEAR WILLIE,

You owe me no thanks, the book is in better hands than mine. I have not the organ of constructiveness, and made sure that by the help of the sledges at the foundry, you would hammer more out of the volume than I could.

Till lately such was my ignorance, I thought the Engineers were the Fire Brigade.

And even yet I do not rightly understand what you make, at those factories along the river-side, except a noise, enough to render the Thames fishes deaf, as well as dumb. Of what use then could such

a book be to me, who have no more notion of engineering than a Zoological monkey of driving piles? I hastily read a few pages, but understood little, except about fastening cross beams with two ties, which being like a counsellor's wig, seemed to me the legal way. The railroad matter was quite beyond my comprehension, especially the necrological mode of laying down sleepers, which I should have thought belonged to medical practice. I hope you have no hand or finger in the construction of the Flying Fly at Blackwall; some people insist rather inconsistently, that it will never ascend because it is a bubble, but you engineers know best. By the bye, your operations at Dover do the profession great credit, you beat the doctors hollow. Give your father as much Dover's powder as he pleases, and see if he can mine into a gouty foot, and blow out its chalk. I rather think I have an engineer amongst my correspondents. He signs himself *Screw*-tator, constantly quotes from Dr. Lever, and speaks of carrots and turnips as *wedge*-ables. He even dines, I am told, at a French house, that he may ask for a *pully* instead of a chicken.

Good night! I would write more, but I have scientifically lighted my candle, and am going mechanically to bed,

Yours, dear Willie,

Very truly,

THOS. HOOD.

Talking of Engineering, it is strange that Brunel never calculated on one great use of the Thames Tunnel, namely, to give the Cockneys at Easter a *hole* holiday. I forget how many thousands of Londoners had a *dry dive* under the river. Some day, I predict, the tunnel will become a great water-pipe. And I'm a prophet.

I foretold, in last month's Magazine, that *the Comet would blow up the Waltham Abbey Powder Mills.*

The following letter from my father, was in answer to one from the Secretaries of the Bazaar Committee for the benefit of the Manchester Athenæum. These gentlemen desired leave to place his name on the list of their patrons. My father's letter was printed and sold at the Bazaar.

(From my bed.)

17, Elm Tree Road, St. John's Wood, *July* 18*th*, 1843.

Gentlemen,

If my humble name can be of the least use for your purpose, it is heartily at your service, with my best wishes for the prosperity of the Manchester Athenæum, and my warmest approval of the objects of that Institution.

I have elsewhere recorded my own deep obligations to Literature—that a natural turn for reading, and intellectual pursuits, probably preserved me from the moral shipwreck, so apt to befal those, who are deprived in early life of the paternal

pilotage. At the very least my books kept me aloof from the ring, the dog-pit, the tavern, and the saloons, with their degrading orgies. For the closet associate of Pope and Addison, the mind accustomed to the noble, though silent discourse of Shakspere and Milton, will hardly seek, or put up with low company and slang. The reading animal will not be content with the brutish wallowings that satisfy the unlearned pigs of the world. Later experience enables me to depose to the comfort and blessing that Literature can prove in seasons of sickness and sorrow: how powerfully intellectual pursuits can help in keeping the head from crazing, and the heart from breaking; nay, not to be too grave, how generous mental food can even atone for a meagre diet; rich fare on the paper, for short commons on the cloth.

Poisoned by the malaria of the Dutch marshes, my stomach for many months resolutely set itself against fish, flesh, or fowl; my appetite had no more edge than the German knife placed before me. But luckily the mental palate and digestion were still sensible and vigorous; and whilst I passed untasted every dish at the Rhenish table d'hôte, I could still enjoy my "Peregrine Pickle," and the Feast after the Manner of the Ancients. There was no yearning towards calf's head *à la tortue*, or sheep's heart; but I could still relish Head *à la Brunnen*, and the "Heart of Mid-Lothian." Still more recently it was my misfortune, with a tolerable appetite, to be con-

demned to Lenten fare, like Sancho Panza, by my physician, to a diet, in fact, lower than any prescribed by the Poor-Law Commissioners, all animal food, from a bullock to a rabbit, being strictly interdicted, as well as all fluids, stronger than that, which lays dust, washes pinafores, and waters polyanthus. But the feast of reason and the flow of soul were still mine!

Denied beef, I had Bulwer and Cowper; forbidden mutton, there was Lamb; and, in lieu of pork, the great Bacon, or Hogg. Then as to beverage; it was hard, doubtless, for a Christian to set his face, like a Turk, against the juice of the grape. But eschewing wine, I had still my Butler, and in the absence of liquor, all the Choice Spirits from Tom Browne to Tom Moore. Thus though confined physically to the drink that drowns kittens, I quaffed mentally, not merely the best of our own home-made, but the rich, racy, sparkling growths of France and Italy, of Germany and Spain; the champagne of Molière, the Monte Pulciano of Boccaccio, the hock of Schiller, and the sherry of Cervantes. Depressed bodily by the fluid that damps everything, I got intellectually elevated with Milton, a little merry with Swift, or rather jolly with Rabelais, whose Pantagruel, by the way, is equal to the best gruel with rum in it.

So far can Literature palliate, or compensate, for gastronomical privations. But there are other evils, great and small, in this world, which try the

stomach less than the head, the heart, and the temper; bowls that will not roll right, well-laid schemes that will "gang aglee," and ill winds that blow with the pertinacity of the monsoon. Of these Providence has allotted me a full share; but still, paradoxical as it may sound, my *burthen* has been greatly lightened by *a load of books*. The manner of this will be best understood by a *feline* illustration. Everybody has heard of the two Kilkenny cats, who devoured each other; but it is not so generally known, that they left behind them an orphan kitten, which, true to its breed, began to eat itself up, till it was diverted from the operation by a mouse. Now the human mind, under vexation, is like that kitten; for it is apt to *prey upon itself*, unless drawn off by a new object, and none better for the purpose than a book. For example, one of Defoe's; for who, in reading his thrilling "History of the Great Plague," would not be reconciled to a few little ones?

Many, many a dreary weary hour have I got over —many a gloomy misgiving postponed—many a mental and bodily annoyance forgotten by help of the tragedies, and comedies, of our dramatists and novelists! Many a trouble has been soothed by the still small voice of the moral philosopher; many a dragon-like care charmed to sleep by the sweet song of the poet! For all which I cry incessantly, not aloud, but in my heart, "Thanks and honour to the glorious masters of the pen, and the great inventors

of the press!" Such has been my own experience of the blessing and comfort of Literature, and intellectual pursuits; and of the same mind, doubtless, was Sir Humphry Davy, who went for "Consolations in Travel" not to the inn, or the posting-house, but to his library and his books.

I am, Gentlemen,

Yours very truly,

THOS. HOOD.

17, ELM TREE ROAD, ST. JOHN'S WOOD, *Wednesday.*

MY DEAR DICKENS,

Make any use you can of my name, or me, for the purpose you mention. I would add my purse, but unluckily just now there is nothing in it, thanks to B——.

Many years ago, when I wrote theatrical critiques for a newspaper, I remember pointing out a physiognomy, which strongly prepossessed me in favour of its owner, as indicating superior intelligence. It was that of poor Elton, who was then undistinguished amid a group of dramatic nebulæ. The name brought him vividly to my memory, along with the scene of the tragedy, which is familiar to me. In fact I once passed in very calm weather *between* the two Fern Islands, on one of which was a light-house, and the man in charge, possibly the father of Grace Darling, waved his hat to us.

How touching that description in the newspapers

of the two children, prattling unconsciously of trifles, whilst the vessel was going down under them!

I have been intending to write to, or call on you, but besides B—— *v.* Hood, I have been ill, and in consequence, my article for this month is not *yet* finished. That will be a sufficient excuse with you for my non-attendance to-night at the Freemasons' Tavern. But it is of the less consequence as my feelings being so entirely in unison with yours in this matter, you will be able to speak not only your own, but those of

Yours ever truly,
THOS. HOOD.

The following address was written by my father at the request of Mr. Dickens. It was delivered by the late Mrs. Warner at a theatrical benefit night at the Haymarket Theatre.* The proceeds went to the fund raised for the children of poor Elton, the actor, who was wrecked off the Fern Islands.

ADDRESS.

HUSH! not a sound! no whisper! no demur!
No restless motion—no intrusive stir!
But with staid presence and a quiet breath,
One solemn moment dedicate to Death!
(*A pause.*)
For now no fancied miseries bespeak
The panting bosom, and the wetted cheek;

* I remember the occasion very well, as we had a box at the Haymarket. I believe Mr. Macready acted Hamlet that night, and after the close of that tragedy Mrs. Warner spoke the address.—T. H.

No fabled Tempest, or dramatic wreck,
No Royal Sire washed from the mimic deck,
And dirged by Sea Nymphs to his briny grave!
Alas! deep, deep beneath the sullen wave,
His heart, once warm and throbbing as your own,
Now cold and senseless as the shingle stone;
His lips, so eloquent, choked up with sand;
The bright eye glazed,—and the impressive hand,
Idly entangled with the ocean weed,—
Full fathom five, a FATHER lies indeed!

Yes! where the foaming billows rave the while
Around the rocky Ferns and Holy Isle,
Deaf to their roar, as to the dear applause
That greets deserving in the Drama's cause,
Blind to the horrors that appal the bold,
To all he hoped, or feared, or loved, of old—
To love,—and love's deep agony, a-cold;
He, who could move the passions, moved by none,
Drifts an unconscious corse.—Poor Elton's race is run!

Weep for the dead! Yet do not merely weep
For him who slumbers in the oozy deep:
Mourn for the dead!—yet not alone for him
O'er whom the cormorant and gannet swim;
But, like Grace Darling in her little boat,
Stretch out a saving hand to those that float—
The orphan Seven—so prematurely hurled
Upon the billows of this stormy world,
And struggling—save your pity take their part—
With breakers huge enough to break the heart!

17, ELM TREE ROAD, *August 14th*, 1843.

MY DEAR JOHNNY,

What a noise you have made about my silence. Why didn't you write in the interval?

You, you, you, who have half-pay for doing nothing, whereas I am only half paid for doing everything. Besides I have to write, till I am sick of the sight of pen, ink and paper; but it must be a *change* to you to scribble a bit after your fishing, shooting, boar-hunting, and the rest of your idle business at Antonin. Besides you know what leisure is, I don't. Why, for one half the month I have hardly time to eat, drink, or sleep, to say nothing of twiddling my moustaches, if I had any, or sucking myself to sleep with a German pipe. How unlike you, who have so much time that you can hardly know how to kill it, you, who, however you may wish for war, can lie sit, or stand, yawn, and snore, in such profound peace, that if you are not all overgrown with duck-weed, like a stagnant pond, it's a wonder.

What indeed! why couldn't you write to your-self in my name? which would have improved your hand and your mind, and kept your English from getting rusty. For you have no correspondence, you know, like mine, with dozens of poetical ladies, old and young; and prosaic gentlemen; and if you do write articles, the Editors have refused them, for I have never met with any in print. But it all comes from your ignorance, and your living in that calm phlegmatic country, called Germany, where you travel through life in slow coaches, with the wheels locked, and have no notion of the railway pace at which we wear ourselves out here in England, or at least in London, and then go off,

Bang, by apoplexy, like dry gunpowder, whilst *you* die fizzing and whizzing at leisure like "Devils." I don't mean Satans or old Nicks, but the wildfire so called at school, if you can remember so far back or if you ever "*wented*" to school, of which your strange grammar sometimes suggests a doubt. Seriously, my dear Johnny, you cannot imagine the hurry I live in, like most of my contemporaries, but aggravated in my case by frequent illness, which makes me get into arrears of business, and then, as the sailors say, I have to work double tides to fetch up my lee-way; or, I might have said, to scratch my figure-head with the cat harpins by way of splicing the mainbrace, for you know, you inland lubbers know nothing about ships or nauticals. I could show you a German engraving of a ship with four masts, not set up in the middle, but along the side; the vessel by way of finish sailing stern foremost, at ten knots an hour. Sometimes at the end of the month, I sit up three nights successively, Jane insisting on sitting up with me, so that we see the sun rise now and then, as well as you early birds in Germany. Then we are obliged to visit and be visited, which we shun as much as we can, but must to some extent go through, as I am a sort of public man. Mind this does not mean keeping a public-house, as you may think from the sound, and your oblivion of English. My position therefore entails on me some extra work; for example this last month I was made a Patron of the Manchester Athenæum,

and wrote for them a long letter on the benefits of literature, which has been printed; and on the back of that job, a poetical address delivered at the Haymarket theatre, at the benefit for the seven children of an actor, just drowned in the wreck of a steam ship. But of all, the hardest work is writing refusals to literary ladies, who *will* write poetry, and *won't* write it well. I wish you would come and marry a few of them, which would perhaps reduce them to prose.

Well, besides all these labours, I have had on my hand two law-suits, one at law, and one in equity or Chancery, and which will be decided at the end of the year. So you see, Johnny, I have not been silent through idleness.

In reality, I have begun one or two letters, but could not finish them while they were fresh, besides which we have had dreams of seeing you: so that, one morning, when your king was over here, I did say to myself, "there *is* Franck!" for a Gog, about your height, in a Prussian military cloak, actually came down the hill opposite; and, as we do not live in a thoroughfare, we supposed you must be coming to the house. A graver figure that followed I guessed was Mr. Rühe; but you were not you, and Rühe was not Rühe. As the dramatist says, "I had thought a lie." Well, I suppose you will come some day, when Jane is a palsied, blind, old woman, and I am in my second childhood, sucking a lolly-pop, and "uppards of ninety." At present, we are

only in a ripe middle age; but she wears best, as you may suppose, when I tell you that, only this spring, we had a party at which she danced! and what is more, with the Sheriff of London for her partner (whose official duty it is, you know, to superintend all "dancing on nothing"), and he said that she danced very lightly, considering that she was not hung.

So, you see we *are* alive, if not kicking, which will comfort you for the present. In a post or two, you will have a longer and more particular letter: and, in the meantime, we do not ask for your reasons for not coming, which we suppose to be as good as our own for not writing. We give you credit for the best intentions, and shall live in hopes of seeing you long before you are a colonel.

Fanny is very well, and so is Tom junior, and both send their love to you. My messengers being absent, they are going with great alacrity to carry this to the post, having read your melancholy letter, and being persuaded that you were going into a consumption beyond the cold water cure.

Jane is gone to town, or she would have had a finger in this; but she will have a hand in the longer epistle, of which this is the *avant courier*. But, mind, it will not be quite so big as to come by that heavy after-post-wagen that carries packages instead of packets. In the meantime she sends her love to you.

I have but a moment more before post-time; and

then, when I have done, I shall go and take a look out of the drawing-room window at Lord's Ground, where the Eton and Harrow scholars are playing their annual match at cricket! Does not that sound English to you, old fellow? or have you forgotten that there are such things in the world as bats and stumps? I should like to knock your bail off with a ripping ball! I tried to make a match up the other day, but had two doctors in my eleven, who had so many patients to bowl out that they could not come to the scratch—if you know what that is!

I am much flattered by the kind remembrances of the 19th. Pray offer my respects to their officers, with my thanks for the honour they have done me in their memories.

God bless you! and

Believe me, my dear Franck,

Yours ever very truly (but rather rheumatically),

THOMAS HOOD.

17, ELM TREE ROAD, ST. JOHN'S WOOD, *Monday.*

MY DEAR DICKENS,

I have made up my mind to be off this week to Dundee, thence to Edinbro', and home by Leith. Will you, therefore, oblige me with a line of introduction to Lord Jeffrey and Professor Napier, with both of whom, I believe, you are intimate. I may be able to write an occasional review in the "Edinbro'."

I long to have a talk with you on matters in general, and, but for that other trip, should have taken a day at Broadstairs on purpose; for we have never yet had a regular gossip, or comparison of "Notes."

I have two other poems, planned some time since, rather favourite subjects, and to be illustrated like the German ones, "Fridolin," "The Song of the Bell," "The Fight with the Dragon," &c. I think these would be more likely to suit Chapman and Hall.

I suppose you got my long letter the other day, directed to Broadstairs.

Good-bye, and God bless you all, says

Yours ever truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

NOTE.—At this time, my father set off, taking me with him, for a short trip to see his relatives in Scotland. My recollections of the visit are tolerably vivid, especially when aided by a note-book, in which I took very rough sketches of the scenery. The incident of the mad gentleman I most distinctly remember, and don't expect to forget while I live. My father was received with open arms by the Scotch; and, having a little Scotch blood in him, was not slow in meeting their advances. He used at hotels always to go into the public coffee-room, where his genial disposition and courtesy invariably got him a good reception. I dare say there are

many still living, who remember that thin, serious-looking gentleman, who often set the table "on a roar" by an unexpected turn or a dry remark, and who was so fond of a certain brown-skinned urchin, much given to the devouring of books. To any such, I take this opportunity of returning my thanks for the great and unvarying kindness I met with wherever I went, for the sake of my father. Nor shall my thanks cease with that early period. Up to this present hour, for the same reason, the mere mentioning of my name in any part of England has ever insured me a welcome, such as people are wont to give when they recognise in a stranger the son of an old and valued familiar friend.—T. H.

DUNDEE, *Friday Morning, Sept. 15th*, 1843.

HERE we are safe and sound, red and brown, my own dearest, after an excellent passage; Tom tolerably sick most of the first day and night, and I too, once! but am much better for it. I was very much out of sorts when I left, and we had a very rolling swell, added to which, about a steamer there is a smell of oil and smoke mixed, which particularly offends my sense. We saw little, being obliged to go outside of Yarmouth Roads in the night, so that yesterday morning we were out of sight of land, and only got a distant view of Flamborough Head.

Luckily there was a whale blowing, to Tom's great delight. We have made a very good passage, arriving here about seven this morning.

But imagine yesterday, while finishing our dinner, down came into the cabin a gentleman we had never seen before, announcing, "Ladies and gentlemen, I don't know whether you are aware of it, but we are all in imminent danger: the fires are out, and the captain don't know where we are; the ship is sinking, and you will all be at the bottom in a few minutes." At first I was a little alarmed, not hearing what he said, for I had left Tom on deck, who was too squeamish to come below, but thinking, when I heard better, that he was some fool who had got frightened, I went up, brought Tom down, and said with a laugh to the passengers, "then my boy shall go down in good company!"—for some looked scared. Luckily the prophet of ill-luck did not go into the ladies' cabin, where many of them were sick, or we should have had screams and hysterics. It turned out that he was insane.

I remembered seeing the man rather mysteriously brought on board at Gravesend, and shut into the captain's private cabin on deck. It seems, after a day there, he got violent, and insisted on coming out. All the rest of the evening he did nothing else but go about addressing everybody, and particularly the captain, in a style that shocked weak nerves:—"We are all going (throwing up his hands), you will be all at the bottom in a few minutes, and no one left to tell the tale. She is settling fast forwards! Captain, captain, do you know where you are? Are you aware that the fire is out? Look, look forward there, she

is going down. Good Heavens! and nobody seems aware of it, and *you* (to me) won't care about it, till you are making a bubble in the water! Good Heavens! what day is it, sir? (to another), Thursday! no such thing, sir, it is Saturday, but no matter, it is your last day! And what a destruction of property, this fine vessel and all her cargo."

He harped a good deal on this, for it was said he had lost his own property. The steward meanwhile dogging him all over the ship, lest he should jump overboard; but in the evening they got him in again, and locked him up, and he is safe landed.

You may tell Dr. Elliot that he would have charmed a phrenologist, for whenever he was not waving his arms, or holding them up in despair, the fingers of both hands were behind his ears on the organ of destructiveness, *i.e.* the wreck. This is not a joke, but fact: it was a very remarkable action.

We have put up, *pro tempore*, at an hotel; we have had breakfast and a ramble. I could not find R. M——, but left my card at the G——s: it was so early they were not visible. We shall go down by a train to the North Ferry, cross by the boat to the South Ferry, where there is an Inn, at which I shall put up. In the meantime, if you write on the receipt of this, direct "Post Office, Dundee."

I will let you know directly my plan is formed, how long I shall stay here, or at the Ferry. Tom has been very good and happy, and looks a good deal better already; I feel very much better, and those

on board, who remarked my illness, congratulated me on the change, so it must be visible at all events.

Dundee, at first sight, was much altered in one respect, owing to the march of manufacture. To the east a remarkably fine crop of tall chimneys had sprung up in lieu of one,—all factories. But I suspect they have been going too fast. The harbour much improved, otherwise much as before; filthy morning gutters, and plenty of bare legs and feet. Luckily the Post Office is next door, so that you will be sure to get this in good time. The boat was very handsomely and commodiously fitted up: a number of separate little rooms, in each two beds; Tom and I had one to ourselves; it contains window, lamp, washstand, towels, water at will from a cock, in short very different to the "Liverpool" and the like. And we were all very sociable, so that the time did not seem long.

I did not go to bed, as I like my head high, and slept both nights on one of the sofas.

You may now make yourself quite easy about me, I feel that I shall be much better for it; I sadly wanted a change, and this is a complete one. I have banished all thoughts of bookery, and mean to take my swing of idleness, not always the root of all evil. As soon as I get settled at the Ferry, however, I shall finish the article on Temperance by the help of whiskey toddy, but that need not be put in the paper.

The weather promises to be fine, in which case we shall spend as much time as possible out of doors.

I am glad to see Tom looking quite himself again, he is quite a Spaniard already, red and brown. He sends his love to Ma and Fanny, and promises plenty of drawings, for he began on board with his sketch book. God bless you, my own dearest. Do not fail to drink your port wine. Love to dear Tibbie.

Your own ever,

THOMAS HOOD.

September, 1843.

MY OWN DEAREST,

I received yours the day before yesterday, having had to send for it to Dundee. On Friday we came here, to the Ferry, and I engaged a bed, but my Aunt would not hear of it, and made me come to her house at once, where we have been ever since. It is a very nice house and garden, and we are made much of, and are very comfortable. Tom is as happy as can be, and they are much taken with him. We are living on the fat of the land. Tom has milk-porridge for breakfast,—"baps," "cookeys," jelly, &c., and I have good ale and whiskey,—and both are much the better—greatly so in looks. I shall go by a steamboat from here to Leith, some day this week, so you must not write again to Dundee, but to the post-office, Edinburgh.

On Sunday, I went with my aunt to hear her minister,—one of those who have seceded. He

preaches in a large school-room, but at the same time through a window into a large tent adjoining; a temporary accommodation, whilst a new church is building, in opposition to the old one,—something in the spirit of the old Covenanters. The minister and family take tea here at six, which will shorten this. He and I got on very well. I write very hastily, expecting every minute to be summoned. I am looking at a hill (out of a back window) covered with sheaves, for it is the middle of harvest. Tom is off,—the minister's two boys are coming, and he has made a crony of one already. My aunt and uncle take kindly to him; they admire his reading and his spirit, though they have, of course, some *misunderstandings* between English and Scotch. My aunt has given him a pencil-case of her brother Robert's, who was a "scholar at College." I expect to be delighted with Edinburgh, and shall probably go from here Friday next.

And now, God bless you, my own dearest. Kiss my Tibbie for me. I shall send to Dundee to-morrow to see if there are any letters, but from this side the boats are not frequent, and the ferry opposite Dundee is three miles off,—a long pull there and back. Be sure and take your wine, and drink the health of

Your own affectionate

THOS. HOOD.

Wednesday,
FERRY PORT-ON-CRAIG, BY CUPAR, FIFE.

DUNDEE, *Friday Morning.*

MY OWN DEAREST,

We parted with my aunt and uncle this morning,—they came with us in an open fly to the Ferry, where we separated on the very best terms. I dine to-day with Mr. G——, (he has lost his wife years ago)—sleep to-night in Dundee, and to-morrow, per steamer, to Leith.

I think I shall leave Leith for London to-morrow (Saturday) week.

You must not come to meet me, the hour of arrival is too uncertain. I am very much better, and Tom visibly fatter, and both in good spirits. I must shut this up, as Mr. G—— dines early. Love to Fanny. God bless you, my own dearest and best. I have got slippers and all, and am sending them off to the Ferry. I shall have much to tell you when we meet.

Your own affectionate

THOMAS HOOD.

EDINBRO', *Wednesday Morning, 27th.*

I HAVE not been quite able to make out, my own dearest, about my letters to you; it appears to me that one of them has missed.

I wrote from Dundee, then from the Ferry, and then from Dundee again. I have not been able to write from here till now, there is so much to see, and so much ground to be got over. In one thing I have been unlucky, that it is the Long Vacation, and

most of the lions are out of town; Wilson thirty miles off, Napier gone too. I left my letter for him, and also for Lord Jeffrey, who has just sent me an invitation to dinner to-morrow at his seat, three miles hence. Otherwise, I was partly resolved to return by to-day's steamer, instead of Saturday's, which will now be the one. Do not write again, therefore, lest I miss it. I went to Chambers's and saw William; Robert, the one I knew, lives at St. Andrews, thirty miles off. Mrs. W. is in bad health, but I drank tea with them. He showed us all over his establishment; everything, binding, &c., done on the premises; and sent a younger brother, a very nice fellow, to show us about. We went up to the Castle, saw the very little room where James I. was born,—half the size of my room, or even less,—from the window, the house where the Burking was perpetrated. He led us to some of the back slums, and Tom saw the shop where the rope was bought to hang Porteous; still the same family in the same line in the shop.

Saw the Advocates' Library, Old Parliament House, and the anatomical museum of the Surgeons' Hall. I am delighted with the city,—it exceeds my expectations. You must go with me to the Edinbro' panorama when I return. Yesterday we took a cold dinner at three, and then drove to Musselburgh, as Blackwood said Moir was not likely to come to Edinbro' shortly.

Such a kind welcome and delightful people—he

and she; nice children. Tom and the boys got very sociable. About six miles from here—staid three hours with them—took very much to each other. We are in comfortable quarters. For the sake of society we live in the travellers' room, and dine at the ordinary. As one of the results, on Sunday there dined a very strange man,—long beard, matted hair, &c.,—but spoke English. Thought he was the *Hebrew* Professor at the College—turns out to be Alexander Groat, the proprietor of John o' Groat's, with about £700 a-year—a great oddity. But he has been very civil to me, given me an order to see the Antiquaries' Museum, &c. I save one of his orders for an autograph. We live on the best of Scotch victuals; haddies for breakfast and supper, whiskey-toddy, &c., &c. Tom enjoys it very much. I shall not fail to bring home some 'sweeties' for the Elliots and others. The weather is beautiful, and I mean now to ramble all day, and see all I can; so you must not expect me to write again.' I look longingly up at Salisbury Crags, and Arthur's Seat, but "who can tell how hard it is to climb?" I don't think I shall manage it, but mean to try, some cool evening.

I am sleeping better again, but wish I had brought my pills. I went to one shop, and the man was, he *said*, out of galbanum. Went to another, who said he had it, but gave me something else. However, I am much better from the constant air and exercise. I do not find, however, that I can

settle to write, but am growing ideas I suppose. I shall perhaps write something about my trip to Edinburgh in my book. I think I could make a funny burlesque of Willis' Pencilling style, only the characters visited to be imaginary Professors, &c., &c. They would enjoy it *here*. I think of looking to-day at the Canongate, Holyrood, and Heriot's Hospital.

Tom saw a cannon ball, that was fired at the Highlanders from the Castle, sticking in the wall of a house. He has almost filled his sketch book after his own fashion. I am in good spirits, and hope to have some fun before I go; but I am disappointed about Wilson, and think he will be sorry too. Last night we had a party of travellers at the hotel, singing Scotch songs, &c., to Tom's great amusement. It is much better this public room, than moping in a private parlour.

A bookseller in the town, with a famous collection of autographs, has sent to ask for mine, so I am going to call on him this morning. If I do but keep as I am now, I shall get on; the bracing air does me infinite good. I have indeed been surprised to find how far I can walk, being on my feet great part of the day. I shall reserve a bit of room in case of a letter from you when the post comes in, and therefore stop for the present. Give my kind love to Mrs. D——. I should have liked to have seen her, but for this invite of Lord Jeffrey's, but feel now that I ought not to leave.

Give my love to Tibbie; and Tom sends his, and kisses to you all.

God bless you, my own dearest and best,

Your own affectionate

THOS. HOOD.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER TO C. DICKENS, ESQ., AFTER RETURN TO LONDON.

"Good-bye, hope you are all too well, as usual! We are just so well, that we might be better, which is very well for us. I am aware of all your kindness about C——. Some day, I don't know when, we will meet, I don't know where, and go through, I don't know what, on that subject! In the meantime, Good-bye and God bless you all, and hang all the aristocrats, French or English, who do not prefer Charles Dick— to Charles Dix.

Mrs. Hood is gone to the Girlery (pronounced *gal*lery) of the Freemasons' Hall, to hear, see, and eat and drink all she can. I cannot spare time or money for the arts, though I love them and their professors, and particularly Stanfield, for coming uninvited the other night. I shall believe hereafter in godsends and windfalls. Is he really a son of Mrs. Inchbald's? She, who produced, you know, "Nature and Art!"

I called on my return from Scotland, but could not catch you. I was delighted with Edinburgh, but unluckily it was vacation time, and the professors,

Napier and Wilson, were absent. But I had the pleasure of dining with Lord Jeffrey (at Craigcrook), who sent his love to you; and spent a very happy evening with Moir,—delighted with him. Tom Junior accompanied me. I am much better for my trip in various ways.

Towards the close of this year my father had been turning over frequently the project of starting a magazine of his own, but was anxious, and doubtful of such a bold step. Some little difference about the "New Monthly" at length brought him to the determination of risking it. As the result proved, there was little reason for hesitation. Unfortunately, as will be seen, even this success was not unalloyed by disappointment,—the partner with whom he embarked on the undertaking, turning out rather to be an adventurous speculator, than one of "those who have a sum of money to invest in, etc."

17, Elm Tree Road, St. John's Wood,
Tuesday Night, Nov. 8th, 1843.

Dear Doctor,

I have been meaning to come down to Stratford with my Scotch news for you and Mrs. Elliot, and my "sweeties" for Jeanie and May, but I have been in quite a whirlpool of business, which has kept me revolving round home. First, my two volumes from the "New Monthly"* to prepare for

* Whimsicalities.

the press, with tedious waitings on Colburn; and finally, negociations about to close for a new periodical—"Hood's Magazine"—to come out on 1st January!!! So, I cannot keep the news from you, but write to tell you at once what is likely to be.

My fortunes seem subject to *crises*, like certain disorders. On or about Christmas, I am to dine with you, turn out, and get a new house, come to issue with B——, and start with a periodical under my own name. N.B.—There are folks with money to back it. I shall have a future share if the thing becomes a property.

Yesterday I had an offer to write for "Jerrold's Magazine" on my own terms, the project having got wind. This looks well: so do I, people say, for Scotland did me good in various ways. I think, if I could live in a monument on the Calton Hill, I should keep pretty well.

There is a sort of rage for periodicals in our Row—at least, Jane, who has been engaged for the last three years in writing one "*Childish*" article, is thinking of starting a *Monthly Juvenile*. You may safely take it in, for it won't take *you* in beyond two or three numbers. It's very innocent! I have read one little bit, and can truly say it wouldn't hurt the babby. I only hope it may not prove one of the Fallacies of the Faculties. Mine is sure to do; and Jane feels hen-sure of hers. But who would have thought of her keeping "a public!"

She sends her love, and means to get to Stratford

"as soon as she is out;" whether she means bodily or bookily I cannot tell. I suspect she has a plot to ask M—— H—— to write for the "rising generation."

Tom and Fanny have given her some hints how children ought to be brought up; and, of course, Dunnie, Jeanie, and May, have some notions of their own on the same subject.

God bless you all. These here all unite in love to those there with,

Dear Doctor,

Yours ever truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

Jane desires me to say she hopes she may put down your name among her *prescribers*. I suspect she means subscribers, but must refer you to her prospectuses in print. Pray tell Mrs. Elliot to tell Thomas not to send away any hawkers with books in numbers—it may be *us*. Excuse boluses.*

17, ELM TREE ROAD, *Thursday*.

DEAR DICKENS,

Your Cornwall trip reminded me of a Romance of Real Life which I have heard, and may afford you a hint.

A certain London architect was engaged to the daughter of a wealthy market-gardener, near town, but during a journey in the West of England was

* Blots.

smitten by the extreme beauty of a young lady, whom he saw at a first-floor or second-floor window in a country town. She was the daughter of a surgeon, and was kept a prisoner almost to her chamber by her father. The architect, thinking her ill-used, became interested in her behalf; then desperately in love; and, forgetting his betrothed in London, ran away with the West Country girl and married her. It soon appeared that she had not been under restraint without reason: she was a very pickle; spent everything, and ran her husband deeply into debt, giving him cause besides for jealousy. Her husband wishing for children, she at last palmed off a baby on him, which was sent to nurse till about a year old, when, as the pseudo-father was passing or going to the woman's house, he heard her beating and rating the little one very harshly. He immediately went in and reprimanded her; when, in the height of her passion, she let slip that the brat was none of his, and subsequently confessed, in explanation, that she had been bribed by his wife to *lend* the child, but that "the trick had been played off long enough." Other hints induced him, on his return home, to search his wife's room for letters; instead of which, in a drawer, he discovered a full suit of widow's weeds (new), and naturally inferred that he was to be got rid of by poison. He accordingly turned off his wife, to whom, perhaps, he made no allowance of money, or probably she became utterly abandoned,

for some years afterwards, a friend, on a tour in the West of England, recognised her (chiefly by her long and beautiful hair) working in the Cornish mines. The incident of finding the mourning I have used in the "National Tales;" but the story is true.

No answer required. Mrs. Dickens says you are very busy, or Bozzy—both will do. I 'm buzzy, in the head, to think of so short a month as December will be to.

Yours ever truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

P.S. Of course your American little dog will pirate some English one's bark. Try him some day with the first proof-sheet of "Chuzzlewit."

In the Christmas Number of "Punch"* for this

* "Punch" had now reached his fifth volume, and the commencement of his third year, having passed some time into the hands of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans. In the commencement of the fifth volume, on the second page, I think I recognise a cut of my father's —"The Lady in the Lobster." The picture of a specimen of the "Cock-and-bull" genus at page 213 of that volume I *know* to be his, though why it was signed B., I am at a loss to say. At page 223, appears a poem by my father, entitled a "Drop of Gin," accompanying Kenny Meadows' illustration. The only other contribution of my father's to "Punch," which I have been able to trace, is a poem entitled "The Dream," *àpropos* of the state trials in Ireland, and the Fair Maid of Perth, alluding to the "Fighting Smith" in either case. I have strong suspicions that the following cuts in Vol. IV. were also by my father: viz., "Animal Mag.," "Take Care of the Specimen," "Pots," and "A Fancy Portrait of Oliver Twist." In this volume, at page 106, "A Police Report of a Daring Robbery," was, I suspect, partly suggested by my father, who was much interested in

year appeared the famous "Song of the Shirt." It was of course inserted anonymously, but it ran through the land like wild-fire. Paper after paper quoted it, and it became the talk of the day. There was no little speculation as to its author, although several, I believe Dickens among the number, attributed it at once to its right source. At last my father wrote to one of the daily papers and acknowledged it. He was certainly astonished, and a little amused at its wonderful popularity, although my mother had said to him, when she was folding up the packet ready for the press: "Now mind, Hood, mark my words, this will tell wonderfully! It is one of the best things you ever did!" This turned out a true prophecy. It was translated into French and German; and even I believe into Italian. My father used often to laugh and wonder how they rendered the peculiar burthen

"Stitch, stitch, stitch!"

and also

"Seam and gusset and band!"

It was printed on cotton pocket-handkerchiefs for sale, and has met with the usual fate of all popular

the case, and, I believe, first discovered the robbery to the "Athenæum." The piracy was a literary one by the noble author of the "Tuft Hunter," a novel, which said more for the research and reading of its compiler than for his invention or writing. The paper in "Punch" is worth referring to for the clever likenesses of the various persons concerned.—T. H.

poems, having been parodied times without number. But what delighted, and yet touched, my father most deeply was, that the poor creatures, to whose sorrows and sufferings he had given such eloquent voice, seemed to adopt its words as their own, by singing them about the streets to a rude air of their own adaptation. In the same Christmas Number of "Punch" appeared another contribution of my father's; but it was overlooked, shadowed by the merits of its great companion. When not however placed quite so near the "Song of the Shirt," and regarded as one more illustration of the bias of my father's mind, towards all that was poor and unregarded, it possesses some interest of its own.

THE PAUPER'S CHRISTMAS CAROL.

FULL of drink and full of meat,
On our Saviour's natal day,
(Charity's perennial treat)
Thus I heard a Pauper say :—
"Ought I not to dance and sing
Thus supplied with famous cheer?
Heigh ho!
I hardly know—
Christmas comes but once a-year!

"After labour's long turmoil,
Sorry fare and frequent fast,
Two and fifty weeks of toil,
Pudding time is come at last!
But, are raisins high or low,

Flour and suet, cheap or dear?
Heigh ho!
I hardly know—
Christmas comes but once a-year

"Fed upon the coarsest fare,
Three hundred days and sixty-four,
But for *one* on viands rare,
Just as if I wasn't poor!
Ought not I to bless my stars,
Warden, clerk, or overseer?
Heigh ho!
I hardly know—
Christmas comes but once a-year!

'Treated like a welcome guest,
One of Nature's social chain,
Seated, tended on, and press'd—
But when shall I be press'd again
Twice to pudding, thrice to beef,
A dozen times to ale and beer?
Heigh ho!
I hardly know—
Christmas comes but once a-year!

'Come to-morrow how it will;
Diet scant and usage rough,
Hunger once has had its fill,
Thirst for once has had enough,
But shall I ever dine again?
Or see another feast appear?
Heigh ho!
I hardly know—
Christmas comes but once a-year!

Frozen cares begin to melt,
Hopes revive and spirits flow—
Feeling as I have not felt
Since a dozen months ago—
Glad enough to sing a song—
To-morrow shall I volunteer ?
Heigh ho !
I hardly know—
Christmas comes but once a-year !

Bright and blessed is the time,
Sorrows end and joys begin,
While the bells with merry chime
Ring the Day of Plenty in !
But the happy tide to hail
With a sigh, or with a tear,
Heigh ho !
I hardly know—
Christmas comes but once a-year ! "

The following is the prospectus issued, announcing the "Magazine." I have considered it to be so characteristic, that I have determined to reprint it here, as it will have all the charm of novelty to many readers, while to others it will be welcome, as an old friend in a new place.

Among the contributors advertised were :—Barry Cornwall, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Andrew Winter, Sir E. B. Lytton, Bart., J. T. Hewlett (Peter Priggins), R. Monckton Milnes, M.P., S. Lover, F. O. Ward, Delta (Dr. Moir), Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, Charles Dickens, Robert Browning, G. P. R. James, Miss Lawrence, the Howitts, S. Phillips, F. Hardman.

HOOD'S MAGAZINE.

ON THE FIRST OF JANUARY, 1844, Price 2*s.* 6*d.*,

HOOD'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

AND

COMIC MISCELLANY.

WHATEVER may be thought of Dr. Dickson's theory, that the type of Disease in general is periodical, there can be no doubt of its applicability to Modern Literature, which is essentially Periodical, whether the type be long primer, brevier, or bourgeois. It appears, moreover, by the rapid consumption of Monthlies, compared with the decline of the Annuals, that frequent fits of publication are more prevalent and popular than yearly paroxysms.

Under these circumstances, no apology is necessary for the present undertaking; but Custom, which exacts an Overture to a new Opera, and a Prologue to a new Play, requires a few words of Introduction to a new Monthly Magazine.

One prominent object, then, of the projected Publication, as implied by the sub-title of "Comic Miscellany," will be the supply of harmless "Mirth for the Million," and light thoughts, to a Public sorely oppressed—if its word be worth a rush, or its complaints of an ounce weight—by hard times, heavy taxes, and those "eating cares" which attend on the securing of food for the day, as well as a provision for the future. For the relief of such afflicted classes, the Editor, assisted by able Humourists, will dispense a series of papers and woodcuts, which it is hoped will cheer the gloom of Willow Walk, and the loneliness of Wilderness

Row—sweeten the bitterness of Camomile Street, and Wormwood Street—smoothe the ruffled temper of Cross Street, and enable even Crooked Lane to unbend itself! It is hardly necessary to promise that this end will be pursued without raising a Maiden Blush, much less a Damask, in the nursery grounds of modesty—or trespassing, by wanton personalities, on the parks and lawns of Private Life. In a word, it will aim at being merry and wise, instead of merry and otherwise.

For the Sedate there will be papers of a becoming gravity; and the lover of Poetry will be supplied with numbers in each Number.

As to Politics, the Reader of HOOD'S MAGAZINE will vainly search in its pages for a Panacea for Agricultural Distress, or a Grand Catholicon for Irish Agitation; he will uselessly seek to know whether we ought to depend for our bread on foreign farmers, or merely on foreign sea-fowl; or if the Repeal of the Union would produce low rents, and only three Quarter-days. Neither must he hope to learn the proper Terminus of Reform, nor even whether a Finality Man means Campbell's Last Man or an Undertaker.

A total abstinence from such stimulating topics and fermented questions is, indeed, ensured by the established character of the Editor, and his notorious aversion to party spirit. To borrow his own words, from a letter to the Proprietors—"I am no Politician, and far from instructed on those topics which, to parody a common phrase, no gentleman's newspaper should be without. Thus, for any knowledge of mine, the Irish Prosecutions may be for pirating the Irish Melodies; the Pennsylvanians may have 'repudiated' their wives; Duff Green may be a place, like Goose Green; Prince Polignac a dahlia or a carnation, and the Duc de Bordeaux a tulip. The Spanish affairs I could

never master, even with a *Pronouncing* Dictionary at my elbow: it would puzzle me to say whether Queen Isabella's majority is, or is not, equal to Sir Robert Peel's; or if the shelling the Barcelonese was done with bombs and mortars, or the nutcrackers. Prim may be a quaker, and the whole Civil War about the Seville Oranges. Nay, even on domestic matters nearer home, my profound political ignorance leaves me in doubt on questions, concerning which the newsmen's boys and printers' devils have formed very decided opinions; for example, whether the Corn Law League ought to extend beyond three miles from Mark Lane—or the Sliding Scale should regulate the charges at the Glaciarium; what share the Welch Whigs have had in the Welch Riots, and how far the Ryots in India were excited by the slaughter of the Brahmin Bull. On all such public subjects I am less *au fait* than that Publicist, the Potboy at the public-house, with the insolvent sign, The Hog in the Pound."

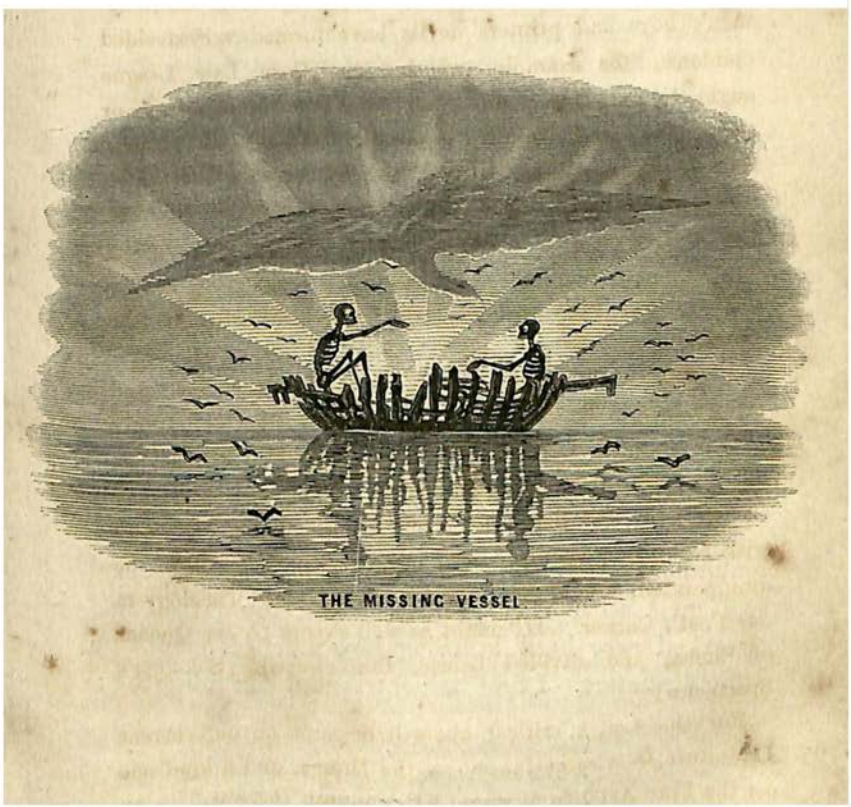
Polemics will be excluded with the same rigour; and especially the Tractarian Schism. The reader of HOOD'S MAGAZINE must not hope, therefore, to be told whether an old Protestant Church ought to be plastered with Roman Cement; or, if a design for a new one should be washed-in with Newman's colours. And most egregiously will he be disappointed, should he look for Controversial Theology in our Poet's Corner. He might as well expect to see Queens of Sheba, and divided babies, from wearing Solomon's Spectacles!

For the rest, a critical eye will be kept on our current Literature,— a regretful one on the Drama, and a kind one on the Fine Arts, from whose Artesian well there will be an occasional *drawing*.

With this brief explanatory Announcement, HOOD'S

MAGAZINE AND COMIC MISCELLANY is left to recommend itself by its own merits to those enlightened judges, the Reviewers; and to that impartial jury—too vast to pack in any case—the British Public.

☞ *Office, No.* 1, *Adam Street, Adelphi, where all Orders, Advertisements, and Communications for the Editor, are requested to be addressed.*



THE MISSING VESSEL

CHAPTER VI.

1844.

Removes to Devonshire Lodge, Finchley Road—"Hood's Magazine"—Mrs. Hood to Dr. Elliot—Hon. Member of the Graphic Club—Letters to Mr. Phillips, Mr. Douglas, and Miss May Elliot—Difficulties with the Co-proprietor of the Magazine—Letter to Dr. Elliot—Mrs. Hood to Dr. Elliot—Illness much increased—Letters to Mr. Dickens, and Dr. Elliot's three Children—Goes to Blackheath for two months to recruit his health—Letters to Dr. Elliot and Mr. Phillips—Second Letter to the Secretaries of the Manchester Athenæum—Continual Illness—Mrs. Hood to Lieut. de Franck—"The Lay of the Labourer"—Letters to Dr. and Mrs. Elliot—Letter from Dr. Elliot to Mrs. Hood, describing her Husband's Illness—The Pension—Letter to Sir Robert Peel—Sir Robert Peel's Answer—Letter to Dr. Elliot—Letter from Sir Robert Peel and Answer—Letters to Dr. Elliot.

JUST after Christmas, 1843, my father removed from the Elm Tree Road, to another house in the same neighbourhood. In January, 1844, the first number of "Hood's Magazine" appeared. It seemed to meet with very great success; my father had worked *very* hard, knowing how much depended on the first start. I find he contributed the following:

The Haunted House,
A Tale of Temper,
Mrs. Burrage, A Temperance Romance,
An Irish Rebellion,
A Song for the Million,

Misapprehension,
Skipping, A Mystery,
A Discovery in Astronomy,
Real Random Records,
A Dream by the Fire,
"The Mary," a Seaside Sketch.

Altogether eleven articles, forming forty-six pages, not counting epigrams, and a further nine or ten pages of reviews; in fact more than half the number. At this time I find a letter of my mother's to Dr. Elliot:—

"Hood has desired me to send you his book, which he will write in when he comes to Stratford on Monday. He is now staying in the Adelphi to be out of the bustle of moving; and in spite of fatigue of mind, and great excitement, seemed well this evening, when I saw him, for everything with regard to the magazine is going on to his great satisfaction. I enclose a 'Punch' paper, though you may have seen Hood's 'Song of the Shirt,' as it was in the 'Times;' I think he has scarcely ever written anything that has been so much talked of as this song. We hear of it everywhere, and both morning and evening papers have quoted it, and spoken of it. To-day I received a note from Mrs. S. C. Hall, offering to send him occasional sketches for his Magazine, stipulating to name her own terms, the payment to be 'the pleasure she will feel in assisting, however humbly, in the success of his periodical: as a tribute of veneration to the author of the Song of the Shirt.'"

It was during this year that my father was elected an Honorary Member of the Graphic Club, which, I believe, then held its meetings at the Thatched House. He attended one or two of the *soirées*. The President of the Royal Society, the late Marquis of Northampton, also honoured him with a card of invitation to his first *conversazione*, but he was unfortunately too unwell to avail himself of it.

My father having wearied of publishers (and no wonder, considering some he met with), had determined to bring out the Magazine at an office of its own at No. 1, Adam Street, Adelphi. This plan (which was afterwards found to produce much inconvenience, and was therefore abandoned), caused some opposition on the part of the trade, and rendered my father very anxious at the time.

The following letter was addressed to the late Samuel Phillips, with whom my father became intimate through Mr. Phillips' having been occasionally a contributor to the "New Monthly Magazine." He had just lost his wife. The letter accompanied the first number of the Magazine.

1, Adam Street, Adelphi, *Jan.* 1*st*, 1844.

My dear Sir,

I cannot tell you how much your letter shocked and grieved me; for being strictly a domestic man myself, finding my comfort for many evils in the bosom of my family, I can the better imagine and sympathise with such a bereavement.

The only comfort I can offer to you, is the one which I have found most consolatory under the loss of dear relatives, the belief that we do not love in vain; that so surely as we must live, having lived, so must we love, having loved; and that after some term, longer or shorter, but a mere vibration of the great pendulum of eternity, we shall all be re-united. In the meantime let us *endure* as bravely as we can for the sake of others.

You may guess by the number, which comes with this, how I have been occupied, writing very hard with the prospect of fighting very hard, for there is every appearance of a trade combination against us. But the first number seems very well liked. The plate * I may commend as very beautiful, knowing something practically of engraving. I need not say, when you feel well enough to resume your pen, how happy I shall be to receive a paper from you. We have agreed not to have any serials (as, not being booksellers, we can do nothing afterwards with the copyright), but each article independent of another.

I would not trouble you with this, but that, without any *selfish* view, I would earnestly recommend you, from my own experience, to resume your pen. I have had my share of the troubles of this world,

* The plate mentioned in this letter was an illustration of the "Haunted House," engraved from a picture, which, I need only say, was by Cruikshank, to convince the reader of its beauty. I do not know what became of the original. It was never in my father's possession, much as he would have valued it.—T. H.

as well as of the calamities of authors, and have found it to be a very great blessing to be able to carry my thoughts into the ideal, from the too strong real.

I am writing hastily, which you will, I know, excuse; for you must be well aware of what a Christmas month it has been for editors, and the 31st on a Sunday! And I have another short one before me with only twenty-eight days; I hope I shall survive it. Thank God my blood keeps within bounds.

Mrs. Hood desires her kind regards, and believe me to be, my dear sir,

Yours very truly,

THOS. HOOD.

My new home is at* Devonshire Lodge, New Finchley Road, St. John's Wood, where I shall be most happy to see you; it is just beyond the "Eyre Arms," three doors short of the turnpike. The Magazine Office is 1, Adam Street, Adelphi, and I am sometimes there of a morning. I just see I have made a mistake about twenty-eight days, I was thinking of the No. for February.

The following extract from a letter from my mother to Dr. Elliot describes the troubles that further beset the unlucky Magazine, in spite of the

* My father gave the house this name in remembrance of the exceeding generosity and kindness, which, as has been mentioned, he received from the late Duke of Devonshire.—T. H.

hard labouring of its editor, and its popularity with the reading public.

"You will be sorry to hear that Mr. ——, the proprietor of 'Hood's Magazine,' has engaged in the speculation without sufficient means to carry it on—having been tempted by the goodness of the speculation, and hoping to scramble through it. Hood is obliged of course to get rid of him, and find some one else. The first alarm we had, was his quarrelling with Bradbury and Evans, the printers, about payment. This was on the 27th of January; he then got another man in February, who could not manage it; and on the 12th, he engaged another, who had new type to buy, and could not begin to print until the 16th—this in the shortest month of the year. The worry laid Hood up; and all these things of course prevented the Magazine coming out in time. It is doing well. B—— told Mr. Phillips he never before heard of such a sale as 1500 for a first number; and, having been well advertised, it does not now want much to carry it on; so there will be no difficulty in getting another partner. Hood will be obliged next week to compel Mr. —— to pay him—he owes him nearly £100. Of course it has been a sad blow to us, and crippled us for the present. This man's behaviour has astonished us, having started apparently with such plenty. His house is his own, and brings him in, let off in chambers, £400 a-year! Hood dines to-day at Dr. Bowring's, in Queen's Square. He knew him well

years ago in the 'London Magazine;' and he wrote a few days ago to ask Hood to meet Bright and Cobden on business. *I* think to engage him to write songs for the League. I augur good from it. This comes of the 'Song of the Shirt,' of which we hear something continually."

The next and three of the subsequent letters were written to three of Dr. Elliot's children,* especial favourites of my father's.

17, Elm Tree Road, St. John's Wood,
Monday, April, 1844.

My dear May,

I promised you a letter, and here it is. I was sure to remember it; for you are as hard to forget, as you are soft to roll down a hill with. What fun it was! only so prickly, I thought I had a porcupine in one pocket, and a hedgehog in the other. The next time, before we kiss the earth we will have its face well shaved. Did you ever go to Greenwich Fair? I should like to go there with you, for I get no rolling at St. John's Wood. Tom

* They have been mentioned before in the notes, as pets of his; and the letters will prove how admirably my father could adapt his style to children. It is much to be regretted that a plan he entertained for writing a set of children's books was not carried out. We have however the MSS. of some short pieces written by him for the "Juvenile Magazine" (see letter to Dr. Elliot, Nov. 8, 1843), which my mother meditated, and of which we have a good deal of the matter by us. The allusion at the commencement of this letter is to an accidental tumble and roll, which befel my father and little May, while at a pic-nic in the Forest. They rolled down a bank, and landed in a furze bush at the bottom.—T. H.

and Fanny only like roll and butter, and as for Mrs. Hood, she is for rolling in money.

Tell Dunnie that Tom has set his trap in the balcony and has caught a cold, and tell Jeanie that Fanny has set her foot in the garden, but it has not come up yet. Oh, how I wish it was the season when "March winds and April showers bring forth *May* flowers!" for then of course you would give me another pretty little nosegay. Besides it is frosty and foggy weather, which I do not like. The other night, when I came from Stratford, the cold shrivelled me up so, that when I got home, I thought I was my own child!

However, I hope we shall all have a merry Christmas; I mean to come in my most ticklesome waistcoat, and to laugh till I grow fat, or at least streaky. Fanny is to be allowed a glass of wine, Tom's mouth is to have a *hole* holiday, and Mrs. Hood is to sit up to supper! There will be doings! And then such good things to eat; but, pray, pray, pray, mind they don't boil the baby by mistake for a *plump* pudding, instead of a plum one.

Give my love to everybody, from yourself down to Willy,* with which and a kiss, I remain, up hill and down dale,

Your affectionate lover,

THOMAS HOOD.

* "Willy," at that writing, being very tall for his age, and May, his youngest sister, *not* very tall for her age.—T. H.

During my father's editorship of the "New Monthly Magazine," he became personally acquainted with one of his contributors, a young naval surgeon,* Mr. Robert Douglas. He wrote several papers under the signature of a "Medical Student," which evinced much talent, although of a rather startling and peculiar kind. When my father started his own Magazine, Mr. Douglas with one or two others, including the late Mr. W. J. Broderip, F.R.S., author of "Zoological Recreations," and Mr. Frederic Hardman, author of the "Student of Salamanca," followed him and wrote for the new periodical. My father frequently corresponded with Mr. Douglas, and suggested alterations or curtailments of his MSS., and in his last letter to him in 1844, spoke of his temporary rallying from illness, but his knowledge, also, that it was but a passing amelioration. Indeed he said it was probable that, when

* Mr. Douglas was a very kind friend to me, and presented me with a knife given him by a Spaniard, on some of the wild Sierras, for bleeding his wife, who was dangerously ill. He also gave me a small Brazilian monkey, which latter gift was the cause of some merriment. My mother hearing that he was going to bring me "a monkey," had visions of quadrumana very different from the reality (a pretty squirrel-like creature), and wrote to entreat Douglas to spare her the infliction of such a pet: having occasion at the same time to write to Mr. Evans about "Punch," she put the letters into the wrong envelopes. The result was, that Mr. Evans was accused of meditating a monkey he had never heard of, while Douglas was puzzled with directions about "Punch," with which he was far less acquainted, than "three-water grog." Of course my father did not spare this. I remember that Mr. Douglas was the only person who ever persuaded my father to smoke. He recommended it as an assistance to digestion, but I do not think my father took to the prescription to any extent—not beyond the "exhibition" of two or three whiffs.—T. H.

Mr. Douglas returned from his next trip, he might not see him again; to this letter I find among other matters the following reply:—

"I am glad to hear that you are so well, and would recommend you, professionally speaking, not to indulge in those pleasing anticipations of seeing the other world, but to be content with the one you are in, for a day or two!"

My father's forebodings were however curiously realised, but not in the manner he prophesied. His next news of his friend was the announcement, by a stranger, that Mr. Douglas had been suddenly taken with an infectious fever, and being comparatively a stranger at Devonport (where he had been awaiting his appointment to a new ship), he had been taken to the hospital, where he died; and was buried before his family, residing in Scotland, could reach him.

In the month of May my father was again taken ill, partly from the hard work, occasioned by a new periodical, and partly from anxiety owing to some doubts as to the solvency of his co-proprietor of the speculation. How little could those, who carelessly passed an idle hour perhaps over this amusing periodical, imagine what the toil was, that created their passing amusement; a toil now fearfully aggravated by frequently recurring attacks of a mortal disease.

On the 22nd of May I find my mother writing to Dr. Elliot.

"Hood could not give up the hope of getting the magazine out till last night, for it is quite a sin to let what might be so good, fall to the ground. Could he have got a publisher, it might have been done, but now it 's too late.

"Last night he fretted dreadfully, and, at one this morning, was seized so suddenly with short breathing, and fullness of the chest, I thought he could not live.

* * * *

"He lies very quiet reading in his bed, not speaking, but I fear he is very ill. I do not write this to ask you to come, my dear Dr. Elliot, for what can be done to relieve his poor mind, which feels cruelly this failure of a work, he has laboured at night and day, and which would have been a good property if carried on. I dare not write more or I shall be unfit to do my best for him."

In the midst however of this sickness and distress, my father's friends rallied round him. Mr. F. O. Ward installed himself as unpaid sub-editor, and corrected proofs, and arranged matter for the press.

May 23rd, 1844.

DEAR DOCTOR,

Put on six leeches yesterday, on the pit of the stomach (my stomach ought to be all *pit* by this time): the bites bled a good deal. I slept at night but was very exhausted.

* * * *

Great noises in the chest when I swallow, as of renewed action. Heart quiet, and pulse stronger; beat equal and not too fast. I think it is a turn for the better; but I am dreadfully reduced. I find brown bread and honey a good diet.

Yours ever affectionately,

T. HOOD.

P.T.O. A pleasant party to you. To-day is my birthday—forty-five—but I can't tell you how old I *feel*; enough to be your grandfather at least, and give *you* advice! viz., don't over-polka yourself.

EPIGRAM ON DR. ROBERT ELLIOT,

OF CAMBERWELL.

Whatever Doctor Robert's skill be worth,
One hope within me still is stout and hearty,
He would not *kill* me till the 24th,
For fear of my *appearing* at his party!

DEVONSHIRE LODGE, NEW FINCHLEY ROAD, ST. JOHN'S WOOD,

Monday.

MY DEAR DICKENS,

I cannot say how delighted I was to learn from my friend Ward that you had promised me a little "bit o' writin" to help me to launch afloat again. It has been a cruel business, and I really wanted help in it, or I should not have announced it, knowing how much you have to do. I am certainly a lucky man and an unlucky man too—for S—— is far better than the promise of ——.

By the bye, I have heard one or two persons

doubt the reality of a Pecksniff—or the possibility —but I have lately met two samples of the breed. —— is most decidedly a Pecksniffian; as Ward says, he is so "confoundedly *virtuous*." After telling two parties he was going to fail, his brother corroborating,—after excusing himself from giving me up the stock for debt to me, as he had promised, because it would be preferring one creditor,—he turned round, and said, he was not only not going to fail, but had never said so! On the back of this he now says if all will not take a composition, there will be a friendly fiat! He *cried* to Ward, and begged him to get him a situation, of only a guinea a-week, as he was a ruined man; and then served *a writ*—not a summons—on Ward for eighteen copies we had had of the back stock! less than £2. And then when Ward went to settle this, ——, said Pecksniffishly, "Now, Mr. Ward, let me ask, in the whole of our intercourse in this business, have I behaved in any way inconsistent with what you think is right and proper?" "Why," said Ward, "I really cannot think how you could reconcile to your conscience to say and do" so and so. "Conscience!" said ——, "sir, I have lived too long in the world to be *a slave to my conscience*." Was not this capital? Just let me know by a single line per bearer, how much space I shall leave for you, as I will leave the first sheet open, not to hurry you.

I hear that you are going to learn on the spot to eat Italian macaroni. For God's sake take care of

the malaria! I am suffering still from a touch of the Dutch pest, ten years ago. Last week I dined at Tom Landseer's, and was taken so ill on the road home, walking, I was obliged to get a policeman to assist me; and after all I suspect he thought it a strange case of drunkenness—the gent having all the use of his faculties, but unable to walk without support.

Mrs. Hood unites in kind regards to yourself and Mrs. Dickens. Our new house is in a road that is a nice drive when you take an airing. *Verb. sap.*

Yours very truly,

THOS. HOOD.

How is Forster? I heard lately that he was ill again.

The literary help, mentioned in the last, was promptly afforded by Mr. Dickens, in spite of his own multifarious engagements. It consisted of a "Threatening Letter to Thomas Hood, from an elderly gentleman, by the favour of Charles Dickens, Esq." About this time Tom Thumb was the rage in London, and at Windsor, and the letter was a clever satire on the folly of this childish admiration of

"The abridgment of all that is pleasant in man."

DEVONSHIRE LODGE, NEW FINCHLEY ROAD, *Tuesday.*

MY DEAR DICKENS,

I must write at last in lieu of coming as I

have hoped, leaning on a *hanker* for day after day, but a severe course of influenza with a strong cough has so shaken the little physical power I possessed that I can hardly stand, and certainly cannot go, without a go-cart. I have indeed had a foretaste of dying, in a terrible shortness of breath at night. I never felt touched in the wind before, but know now that I have lungs. What a comfort! *Apropos* of which let me again cry to you to beware of Italian malaria. My ten-year-old marsh malady has throughout aggravated the other by ague-ish chills and fitful fever. And what 's more it is not catching, so that you cannot give it to anyone that you don't like. But for this influenza, I should long ago have had an outfluenza to grasp your hand, and thank you for your great kindness, which I feel the more, from knowing, by experience, how many obstacles there were in the way of it. Thanks to that, and similiar backing, I shall now, I think, turn the corner; and in the meantime the pinch has not only shown me in a very gratifying way, the sincerity of some longer friends, but has procured me a succession of new ones. For example Ward, who has slaved for the Magazine like an enthusiastic sub-editor.

Your paper is capital. I had been revolted myself by the royal running after the American mite, and the small-mindedness of being so fond of an unmagnified man or child. I cannot understand the wish to see a dwarf *twice*. At Coblenz* I saw two

* See tail-piece to this chapter.—T. H.

natural curiosities, for they were brothers, one about forty years old, not at all deformed except that his face was a little large in proportion: he was a clerk in the War Office, and frequented an ordinary at the hotel near me, where he had a miniature set of plates, knife and fork, &c. His brother was a flower and miniature painter at Düsseldorf, and looked like a child, for he had a straw hat, little frock coat, and his hair in long curls down his back. But he was manly enough to be found locked up in a room with some one to fight a duel about a lady. I think neither of them were taller than my Tom then three years old.

The two Queens ought henceforward always to look through the wrong ends of their telescopes and opera glasses. I long to see you and have a gossip on things in general but cannot say when I shall get abroad.

Give our kind regards to Mrs. Dickens.

I am,

My dear Dickens,

Your ever very truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

The following announcement appeared at the end of the number for June.

THE ECHO.

IT is with feelings of the deepest concern that we acquaint our subscribers, and the public, with the

circumstances that have, during the past month, deprived this Magazine of the invaluable services of its Editor. A severe attack of the disorder, to which he has long been subject, hæmorrhage from the lungs, occasioned by enlargement of the heart (itself brought on by the wearing excitement of ceaseless and excessive literary toil) has in the course of a few weeks, reduced Mr. Hood to a state of such extreme debility, and exhaustion, that, during several days, fears were entertained for his life. Nevertheless, up to Thursday the 23rd he did not relinquish the hope that he should have strength to continue, in the present number, the novel which he began in the last; and he even directed his intentions to be announced in the advertisements, which were sent out on that day to the Saturday journals. On the same evening sitting up in bed, he tried to invent, and sketch a few comic designs; but even this effort exceeded his strength, and was followed by the wandering delirium of utter nervous exhaustion. Next morning his medical attendants declared that the repetition of any such attempt, at that critical period of his illness, might cost him his life. We trust that this brief explanation will obtain for Mr. Hood the sympathy and kind indulgence of our subscribers; and especially that it will satisfy them of the perfect *bona fides*, with which the promise of a contribution from his pen was advertised in the Saturday papers. Mr. Hood, we are happy to say, is now gradually recover-

ing strength; and there is every reason to expect that he will be able, in the next number, to give the promised new chapters, and illustrations, at present of necessity deferred.

Conscious of his enfeebled powers and uncertain hand, Mr. Hood threw aside the above-mentioned sketches, as too insignificant for publication. But it has been thought, that the contrast of their sprightly humour with the pain and prostration, in the midst of which they were produced, might give them a peculiar interest, independent of any merit of their own: suggesting, perhaps, the reflection (never too trite to be repeated, so long as it is too true to be denied), by what harassing efforts the food of careless mirth is furnished, and how often the pleasure of the Many costs bitter endurance to the One.

Disobeying, therefore, for once, the direction of our chief, we have preserved two of these "sick-room fancies," which will enable us to convey, in his own quaint picture-language, to the readers of "Hood's Mag.," "The Editor's Apologies."*

The next three letters were written to the three little Elliots—namely, Dunnie (familiarly called 'Jack,' and 'Old Fellow'), Jeanie, and May, the heroine of the roll down the Wanstead slopes. They were then spending a few weeks by the sea at Sandgate.

* "Hood's Mag.," was a magpie with a hawk's hood on; "The Editor's Apologies," a collection of bottles, leeches, and blisters.—T. H.

DEVONSHIRE LODGE, NEW FINCHLEY ROAD, ST. JOHN'S WOOD,
July 1st (1st of Hebrew falsity).

MY DEAR DUNNIE,

I have heard of your doings at Sandgate, and that you were so happy at getting to the sea, that you were obliged to be flogged a little to moderate it, and keep some for next day. I am very fond of the sea, too, though I have been twice nearly drowned by it; once in a storm in a ship, and once under a boat's bottom when I was bathing. Of course you have bathed, but have you learned to swim yet? It is rather easy in salt water, and diving is still easier, even, than at the *sink*. I only swim in fancy, and strike out new ideas!

Is not the tide curious? Though I cannot say much for its tidiness; it makes such a slop and litter on the beach. It comes and goes as regularly as the boys of a proprietary school, but has no holidays. And what a rattle the waves make with the stones when they are rough; you will find some rolled into decent marbles and bounces: and sometimes you may hear the sound of a heavy sea, at a distance, like a giant snoring. Some people say that every ninth wave is bigger than the rest. I have often counted, but never found it come true, except with tailors, of whom every ninth is a man. But in rough weather there are giant waves, bigger than the rest, that come in trios, from which, I suppose, Britannia rules the waves by the rule of three. When I was a boy, I loved to play with the

sea, in spite of its sometimes getting rather *rough*. I and my brother chucked hundreds of stones into it, as you do; but we came away before we could fill it up. In those days we were at war with France. Unluckily, it 's peace now, or with so many stones you might have good fun for days in pelting the enemy's coast. Once I almost thought I nearly hit Boney! Then there was looking for an island like Robinson Crusoe! Have you ever found one yet, surrounded by water? I remember once staying on the beach, when the tide was flowing, till I was a peninsula, and only by running turned myself into a continent.

Then there 's fishing at the seaside. I used to catch flat fish with a very long string line. It was like swimming a kite! But perhaps there are no flat fish at Sandgate—except your shoe-soles. The best plan, if you want flat fish where there are none, is to bring codlings and hammer them into dabs. Once I caught a plaice, and, seeing it all over red spots, thought I had caught the measles.

Do you ever long, when you are looking at the sea, for a voyage? If I were off Sandgate with my yacht (only she is not yet built), I would give you a cruise in her. In the meantime you can practise sailing any little boat you can get. But mind that it does not flounder or get squamped, as some people say, instead of 'founder' and 'swamp.' I have been swamped myself by malaria, and almost foundered, which reminds me that Tom junior, being very

ingenious, has made a cork model of a diving-bell that won't sink!

By this time, I suppose, you are become, instead of a land-boy, a regular sea-urchin; and so amphibious, that you can walk on the land as well as on the water—or better. And don't you mean, when you grow up, to go to sea? Should you not like to be a little midshipman? or half a quarter-master, with a cocked hat, and a dirk, that will be a sword by the time you are a man? If you do resolve to be a post-captain, let me know; and I will endeavour, through my interest with the Commissioners of Pavements, to get you a post to jump over of the proper height. Tom is just rigging a boat, so I suppose that he inclines to be an Admiral of the Marines. But before you decide, remember the port-holes, and that there are great guns in those battle-doors that will blow you into shuttlecocks, which is a worse game than whoop and hide—as to a good hiding!

And so farewell, young "Old Fellow," and take care of yourself so near the sea, for in some places, they say, it has not even a bottom to go to if you fall in. And remember when you are bathing, if you meet with a shark, the best way is to bite off his legs, if you can, before he walks off with yours. And so, hoping you will be better soon, for somebody told me you had the shingles,

I am, my dear Dunnie,

Your affectionate friend,

THOMAS HOOD.

P.S.—I have heard that at Sandgate there used to be *lob*sters; but some ignorant fairy turned them all by a *spell* into *bol*sters.

DEVONSHIRE LODGE, NEW FINCHLEY ROAD, *July 1st*, 1844.

MY DEAR JEANIE,

So you are at Sandgate! Of course, wishing for your old play-fellow, M—— H——, (he *can* play,—it's work to me) to help you to make little puddles in the Sand, and swing on the Gate. But perhaps there are no sand and gate at Sandgate, which, in that case, nominally tells us a fib. But there must be little crabs somewhere, which you can catch, if you are nimble enough, so like spiders, I wonder they do not make webs. The large crabs are scarcer.

If you do catch a big one with strong claws—and like experiments—you can shut him up in a cupboard with a loaf of sugar, and you can see whether he will break it up with his nippers. Besides crabs, I used to find jelly-fish on the beach, made, it seemed to me, of sea-calves' feet, and no sherry.

The mermaids eat them, I suppose, at their wet water-parties, or salt *soirées*. There were star-fish also, but they did not shine till they were stinking, and so made very uncelestial constellations.

I suppose you never gather any sea-flowers, but only sea-weeds. The truth is Mr. David Jones never rises from his bed, and so has a garden full of weeds, like Dr. Watts's Sluggard.

Oysters are as bad, for they never leave their beds willingly, though they get such oceans of 'cold pig.' At some sea-sides you may pick up shells, but I have been told that at Sandgate there are no shells, except those with passive green peas and lively maggots.

I have heard that you bathe in the sea, which is very refreshing, but it requires care; for if you stay under water too long, you may come up a mermaid, who is only half a lady, with a fish's tail,—which she can boil if she likes. You had better try this with your Doll, whether it turns her into half a "doll-fin."

I hope you like the sea. I always did when I was a child, which was about two years ago. Sometimes it makes such a fizzing and foaming, I wonder some of our London cheats do not bottle it up, and sell it for ginger-pop.

When the sea is too rough, if you pour the sweet-oil out of the cruet *all over it*, and wait for a calm, it will be quite smooth,—much smoother than a dressed salad.

Some time ago exactly, there used to be, about the part of the coast where you are, large white birds with black-tipped wings, that went flying and screaming over the sea, and now and then plunged down into the water after a fish. Perhaps they catch their sprats now with nets or hooks and lines. Do you ever see such birds? We used to call them "gulls,"—but they didn't mind it! Do you ever see

any boats or vessels? And don't you wish, when you see a ship, that Somebody was a sea-captain instead of a Doctor, that he might bring you home a pet lion, or calf elephant, ever so many parrots, or a monkey, from foreign parts? I knew a little girl who was promised a baby whale by her sailor brother, and who *blubbered* because he did not bring it. I suppose there are no whales at Sandgate, but you might find a seal about the beach; or, at least, a stone for one. The sea stones are not pretty when they are dry, but look beautiful when they are wet,—and we can *always* keep sucking them!

If you can find one, pray pick me up a pebble for a seal. I prefer the red sort, like Mrs. Jenkins's brooch and ear-rings, which she calls "red chamelion." Well, how happy you must be! Childhood is such a joyous, merry time; and I often wish I was two or three children! But I suppose I can't be; or else I would be Jeanie, and May, and Dunnie Elliot. And wouldn't I pull off my three pairs of shoes and socks, and go paddling in the sea up to my six knees! And oh! how I could climb up the downs, and roll down the ups on my three backs and stomachs! Capital sport, only it wears out the woollens. Which reminds me of the sheep on the downs, and little May, so innocent, I daresay, she often crawls about on all fours, and tries to eat grass like a lamb. Grass isn't nasty; at least, not very, if you take care, while you are

browsing, not to chump up the dandelions. They are large, yellow star-flowers, and often grow about dairy farms, but give very bad milk!

When I can buy a telescope powerful enough, I shall have a peep at you. I am told with a good glass, you can see the sea at such a distance that the sea cannot see you! Now I must say good bye, for my paper gets short, but not stouter. Pray give my love to your Ma, and my compliments to Mrs. H—— and no mistake, and remember me, my dear Jeanie, as your

Affectionate friend,

THOS. HOOD.

The other Tom Hood sends his love to everybody and every thing.

P.S. Don't forget my pebble:—and a good *naughty-lass* would be esteemed a curiosity.

DEVONSHIRE LODGE, NEW FINCHLEY ROAD, *July 1st*, 1844.

MY DEAR MAY,

How do you do, and how do you like the sea? not much perhaps, it's "so big." But shouldn't you like a nice little ocean, that you could put in a pan? Yet the sea, although it looks rather ugly at first, is very useful, and, if I were near it this dry summer, I would carry it all home, to water the garden with at Stratford, and it would be sure to drown all the blights, *May*-flies and all!

I remember that, when I saw the sea, it used

sometimes to be very fussy, and fidgetty, and did not always wash itself quite clean; but it was very fond of fun. Have the waves ever run after you yet, and turned your little two shoes into pumps, full of water?

If you want a joke you might push Dunnie into the sea, and then fish for him as they do for a Jack. But don't go in yourself, and don't let the baby go in and swim away, although he *is* the shrimp of the family. Did you ever taste the sea-water? The fishes are so fond of it they keep drinking it all the day long. Dip your little finger in, and then suck it to see how it tastes. A glass of it warm, with sugar, and a grate of nutmeg, would quite astonish you! The water of the sea is so saline, I wonder nobody catches salt fish in it. I should think a good way would be to go out in a butter-boat, with a little melted for sauce. Have you been bathed yet in the sea, and were you afraid? I was, the first time, and the time before that; and dear me, how I kicked, and screamed—or, at least, meant to scream, but the sea, ships and all, began to run into my mouth, and so I shut it up. I think I see *you* being dipped in the sea, screwing your eyes up, and putting your nose, like a button, into your mouth, like a button-hole, for fear of getting another smell and taste! By the bye did you ever dive your head under water with your legs up in the air like a duck, and try whether you could cry "Quack?" Some animals can! I would try, but there is no sea here, and so I

am forced to dip into books. I wish there were such nice green hills here as there are at Sandgate. They must be very nice to roll down, especially if there are no furze bushes to prickle one, at the bottom! Do you remember how the thorns stuck in us like a penn'orth of mixed pins at Wanstead? I have been very ill, and am so thin now, I could stick myself into a prickle. My legs, in particular, are so wasted away that somebody says my pins are only needles: and I am so weak, I dare say you could push me down on the floor, and right thro' the carpet, unless it was a strong pattern. I am sure if I were at Sandgate, you could carry me to the post office, and fetch my letters. Talking of carrying I suppose you have donkeys at Sandgate, and ride about on them. Mind and always call them "donkeys," for if you call them asses, it might reach such long ears! I knew a donkey once that kicked a man for calling him Jack instead of John.

There are no flowers I suppose on the beach, or I would ask you to bring me a bouquet as you used at Stratford. But there are little crabs! If you would catch one for me, and teach it to dance the Polka, it would make me quite happy; for I have not had any toys, or play-things for a long time. Did you ever try, like a little crab, to run two ways at once? See if you can do it, for it is good fun; never mind tumbling over yourself a little at first. It would be a good plan to hire a little crab, for an hour a day, to teach baby to crawl, if he can't walk, and, if I was

his mamma, I *would* too! Bless him! But I must not write on him any more—he is so soft, and I have nothing but steel pens.

And now good bye, Fanny has made my tea, and I must drink it before it gets too hot, as we *all* were last Sunday week. They say the glass was 88 in the shade, which is a great age! The last fair breeze I blew dozens of kisses for you, but the wind changed, and I am afraid took them all to Miss H—— or somebody that it should'nt. Give my love to everybody and my compliments to all the rest, and remember, I am, my dear May,

Your loving friend,

THOMAS HOOD.

P.S. Don't forget my little crab to dance the Polka, and pray write to me soon as you can't, if it 's only a line.*

In July 1844, after his serious illness, my father went, for change of air, and to recruit his exhausted

* It is very curious to note, in the foregoing letters, a peculiar and touching sadness underlying the fun, which runs riot through them all. As an instance of this, after joking with Dunnie about swimming, my father adds—"I only swim in fancy and strike out new ideas." It seems like an articulate sigh. Similar to this, and very significant to those who remember his love for the rolling waters, is his regret that "there is no sea here, so I am forced to dip into books!" There is a melancholy humour too, in his wish to be two or three children, and the description of his ability to stick himself into a prickle, instead of its being *vice versâ*. I need hardly call attention to the graphic and laughable touches—such as the comparison of "catching flat fish" to "swimming a kite"—the recipe for calming the sea with salad oil —or the grave assertion that the "large white birds, with black-tipped wings," didn't mind being called "gulls."—T. H.

energies, to stay for some weeks at Blackheath. He took up his abode for the time at Vanbrugh House, "that goose-pie of a castle, built on the model of the Bastille, which Vanbrugh built for himself on the Park side of the Heath." Here he was able to get fresh air, and bracing air too, while he enjoyed the beautiful scenery of Greenwich Park; and was, moreover, in easy communication with London.

VANBRUGH HOUSE, *July 20th*, 1844.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I am so curious to see with what sort of face you can forbid me such cooling draughts as iced champagne, and cold punch, at such a notorious feasting-place as Blackwall (after a glimpse too of Greenwich Hospital-ity), that I shall be sure to meet you at 3 o'clock. I was going to say amongst the pensioners, but as yet I only know the *pen* part of it. Love to all.

Yours ever and ever,

THOMAS HOOD.

I have had a little more spinning material in me, the last few days, and have nearly done three chapters; but you needn't tell Sir Robert.*

After a stay of two months at Blackheath, which certainly restored his health wonderfully for a time, my father returned to London. When there, he

* It appears from this letter that my father had had some intimation at this time of the possibility of his receiving a pension.—T. H.

found that his friend Phillips, who had been selected as the tutor of the son of the Marquis of ——, and was staying at Brighton, had been run away with, and thrown, while out riding. Mr. Phillips was a fellow-sufferer with my father, and was subject to hæmorrhage of the lungs. He had written some German stories for the Magazine, one of them about a water spirit, or Neck, to which allusion is made, as well as to his poem, "The Husk and the Grain."

DEVONSHIRE LODGE, NEW FINCHLEY ROAD.

MY DEAR PHILLIPS,

What the devil do you mean? Have you no concern for the nerves of editors—the nourishment of magazine readers? It may be horse-play to you, but death to us. What business had you in the saddle at all? Have I not said in print, that sedentary persons have never a good seat? Is it not notorious that authors from Coleridge down to Poole are bad riders? And you must go proving it again by being run away with; not by vanity, in a very writer-like way, but by the brute quadruped, never well pick-a-backed by seamen and the literati. Do you want a hole in your head as well as in your lungs? And are you not contented with the *Neck*, crying "lost, lost," but you must break your own? Is your head no better than a common pumpkin, that you must go pitching on it, and grazing the "dome of thought and palace of the soul?" I

think I see you getting up—not content with expectorating blood—spitting mud! And, plague take you, all through trotting on an earthly roadster, when you might have been soaring so celestially on Pegasus, after his feed of "husk and grain." Do you really expect, though you die of riding, that you will get an equestrian statue for it at Trafalgar Square, Cockspur Street, or in front of the new Exchange? Not a bronze poney! Nor will you get a shilling a sheet the more from "Hood's" or "Blackwood's," no, nor from any of the Sporting Magazines, for going at a gate without hounds or fox! And a father too, with a baby and a boy, and a young lord to bring up! And a friend, with such friends as a Blair, a Salomans, and a Hood, and all the Pratts, to expose himself to be kicked out of such society by a hoof. Oh! Philippus, you deserve a Philippic—and here it is! Seriously, I am glad you escaped, and hope "you will not do so any more." If you must run risks, do it as I do, on two legs, and at a walk—for such invalids, a damp clothes-horse is danger enough—or if you *must* go pick-a-back, get acquainted with some sheriff that can lend you a quiet nag.

I am come back here from Vanbrugh House for good—much better; and have resumed the driving of the Magazine. I am sorry to have had the last of the "Sea-side Lore:" but your beautiful poem was some consolation. It has been much admired by my friends. Don't get too proud with your

Marchionesses for the muses. My bust is modelled and cast. It is said to be a correct likeness: two parts Methodist, to one of Humourist, and quite recognisable in spite of the Hood all over the face.

To-morrow I take a trip to Calais, for a day only, with Fanny, for the sake of the voyage and sea air. We are a brace in need of bracing, as you know. If I can catch a sea-horse, I will, for you to ride in the Race of Portland. Ward accompanies to edit the main sheet, and return the whole Packet if unsuitable. I only hope he won't be sick without "Notice to Correspondents."

Pray for us, and for peace, for if a war breaks out while we are there, the Magazine will be as bad as blown up, and I might as well be cased *full*-length in plaster of Paris.

By the bye, have you read the "Mysteries of Paris?" Very bad! Or the "Amber Witch," which is very good? Or do you read nothing but Burke and Debrett to the young Peerage? Do you like my novel? or do you prefer Rookwood for the sake of the ride to York? —— advertises "Revelations of London," in imitation of the Parisian mysteries, of course! Won't they be very full of the slang of the Rookery? The mere idea gives me the *Back-Slumbago!*

Write soon, and tell me how you like your new position, and how you live. Aristocratically enough I guess, and spitting nothing under high blood.

Your stomach a mere game bag, or pot for the preserves, eh? And some fine day you will come and triumph over us with your corpulence, and "Phillips me like a three-man beadle." For you drink the choicest of wines of course—your smallest beer old double X ale. What a change for an author! And then you lie I warrant in a down bed, with such sheets! every one equal to forty-eight pages of superfine cambric, margined with lace and hot-pressed with a silver warming-pan! Nevertheless come some day and see us—some day when you are ordered to live very low, and then perhaps our best holiday diet may be good enough for you. We are very poor and have only seventy-two thousand a-year (pence mind, not pounds), and our names not even in the Post-office Directory, much less the Court Guide!

Well, if it isn't too great a liberty, God bless you! Mrs. Hood hopes you will forgive her offering her kind regards; and Fanny and Tom presume to join in the same. And if you would condescend to present my kind regards and respects to Mr. Salomans, it would exceedingly oblige,

Dear Phillips,

Yours very truly, and hoping no offence,

THOS. HOOD.

The following letter was written in the first half of this year, but I cannot ascertain the exact date.

DEVONSHIRE LODGE, NEW FINCHLEY ROAD, *Tuesday Night.*

DEAR RESEIGH,

Nothing is nearer to my will, or farther from my power, than getting and dining out. I have got no farther in either than the garden, and a fowl's merrythought.

It would give me great pleasure to accept Mr. Rolt's kind invitation, and still more to hear Mr. Bacon's masterly reading of the "Song of the Shirt." But I have been too near singing the Song of the Swan, and too recently, to admit of such delights. In truth, I hardly feel quite yet out of the Valley of the Shadow, or much more than a shadow myself.

Pray say this to our friend, and explain how slowly I am compelled to mend: so slowly, that I 'm *darn'd* if I know when I shall be *mended.*

I am working, nevertheless, with pen and pencil, in spite of the M.D.s, who ordered me to do nothing; but I found it so hard to do, I preferred writing and drawing. Besides which, for all my ill-looking-ness, there is one man coming to draw me, and another to model me, as if I were fat enough to *bust.* Luckily, I am capital at sitting just now, and not bad at lying; as to walking or standing, I am as feeble almost as a baby on my pins, which, by the way, have dwindled into needles.

I am, dear Reseigh,

Yours very truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

The following letter was written to the secretaries of the Manchester Athenæum, in answer to one from them conveying an invitation to a *soirée* at that institution.

DEVONSHIRE LODGE, NEW FINCHLEY ROAD, ST. JOHN'S WOOD,
October 1*st*, 1844.

DEAR SIRS,

I should sooner have answered your obligi letter, and the flattering invitation which it conveyed, but my state was so precarious, that it seemed presumptuous, without a *morning* certain in September, to speculate on a *soirée* in October. It would indeed afford me very great pleasure to be present at the meeting on the 3rd, but really I have not "man" or "chest" enough for Manchester; and, as for Mr. Disraeli, might as well hope for an introduction to Ben Ledi or Ben Nevis! For me all long journeys, save one, are over. Recent experimental trips have shown that I am barely equal to water-carriage, and then "with care," like brittle glass or frail crockery. No slight hardship, while steam and rail afford such facilities for locomotion, to be compelled to renounce travelling!—to be incapable of physical activity just when young England is promising parochial May-poles and county Cricket. The truth is, I am a confirmed invalid, and almost set in for still-life—a condition irksome enough, and which would be intolerable but for the comfort and consolation I derive from the diversions of authorship and the blessed springs of Literature.

Fortunately the head—that has a mind to it—may travel without those pantings, which beset spasmodic lungs: the thoughts can expatiate without such palpitations as result from the excursions of the legs. Forbidden to walk, there is the run of the library; but I have already described the advantages of books and reading, by help of which even the bed-ridden may enjoy a longer range than Captain Warner's. Suffice it, that experience and suffering have confirmed my former views; that, if anything could aggravate the evil of becoming what the Scotch call "a puir silly body," it must be a poor silly mind, incapable of wholesome exercise, without appetite for intellectual food, or the power of digesting it.

And, as age and accidents to the human machinery will impair the strongest horse-power of health, whilst the fairest mercantile endeavour may fail to secure a fortune, I would earnestly forewarn all persons within reach of my counsel—especially the young—to provide against such contingencies by the timely cultivation and enrichment of that divine allotment, which it depends on ourselves to render a flower-garden or a dead waste—a pleasure-ground visited by the Graces and frequented by the Fairies, or a wilderness haunted by Satyrs.

But I need not dwell longer on these topics. You will have a chairman, who, inspired by his father's spirit, will discourse so eloquently of the pursuits and amenities of literature, and the advantages of

the Athenæum, that every leg in the hall will become a member. In brighter colours than mine, he will paint, to the "new generation" of your busy city, the wholesome recreation to be derived from Science and Art—the instruction and amusement to be gained from works of Philosophy and Poetry, of History, Biography, and Travels; and last, not least, the infinite relief, amidst commercial occupations, of alternating matters of *Fiction* with *Fact*ory.

Pray accept my warmest wishes for the success of your *soirée*, and the permanent prosperity of your institution, and

Believe me, dear Sirs,
Yours ever truly,
THOMAS HOOD.

EDWARD WATKINS, ESQ.,
PETER BERLYN, ESQ.,
Honorary Secretaries,
Soirée Committee.

In this month, October, my mother is again the sad chronicler of illness and hard work. She says in a letter to M. de Franck—

"He is now in the midst of work for the Magazine; he only last week resumed the labour of it—a friend did it for him, as he was forbidden even to write, though he did break through the injunction. He was more seriously ill than ever I saw him,—for three weeks in extreme danger, three physicians attending. Dr. Elliot came daily ten miles to see him, which, we feel, was an extraordinary act of

friendship, with his extensive practice in his own neighbourhood. Hood suffered dreadfully from spasmodic shortness of breath, and the doctors are astonished at his recovery; but he is sadly shaken and reduced in strength. He went to Blackheath for two months when he was well enough for removal from home, and returned here about a month or six weeks ago. We fear the clay soil of this neighbourhood does not agree with him, and that we must move again, which we are sorry for, as we have a very pretty house, and took it for three years from last Christmas. We are trying to let it, but it is a bad time of year; if we succeed in getting rid of it, we think of going into London for the winter, to be nearer the Doctor in case Hood should be ill again: indeed, I am sorry to say he is never well now—unable to walk the shortest distance without suffering, and feeling every change of weather. Last autumn (I mean 1843) he went to Edinburgh for a fortnight. Since he returned from Blackheath in September, he went over to Calais by one packet and returned by the next, taking Fanny with him; but it was too much fatigue, and he was not well after it."

To this letter my father adds one of his little cheerful postscripts :—

DEAR JOHNNY,

"Jack's alive!" Three doctors could not kill me, so I may live a year or two. But I almost

went a-fishing in Lethe for forgotten fishes. You talk of my excess! Why, I am hardly allowed table-beer and water, and never go out to balls! Now you are in the "John-d'armes," you ought to come and take a lesson of our new police, who are almost as military as yours, and more civil I suspect. If you want a job, you shall mount guard at my Magazine and fight all my duels. Editors get into them now and then. I will write to the Prince. Tom says, he should so like to see you in green and gold,* you must be so like a beetle!

* * * *

The ensuing letter was written to Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, who contributed "The Death of Clytemnestra," a Dramatic Sketch, to the November number of the Magazine.

DEVONSHIRE LODGE, *October 30th.*

DEAR SIR,

By the same post which brings this you will receive a copy of the Magazine.

I cannot say how vexed I have been to find, when too late, that you had expressed a particular wish for a proof. The article only reached me in print on Friday evening, with a memorandum on the MS., which led me to suppose that, being unwell, you confided the correction to myself or Mr. Ward; and having carefully compared the sheet with the MS.,

* Mr. Franck had now got an appointment in the Gens d'armerie, or Coast Guard, and sent my father a sketch of his uniform.—T. H.

I sent it to press, the holiday on Monday urging me to put forward the printing. I earnestly hope you will find no error of any consequence; and there was no addition needed to a Dramatic Sketch, which must make the reading public in general feel more interest in the Greek Hamlet, than they commonly do in classic subjects.

I need not say how highly I estimate such a token of your great kindness and consideration; the more so, remembering your state of health and probable disinclination to literary occupation, with which my own experience made me sympathise so strongly, that I have several times been on the point of writing to request you to dismiss the matter altogether from your mind till a fitter season, lest the mere heat of composition and the feverishness of an untimely task, should *mull* the Cold Water Cure.

Pray accept my heartfelt thanks for this and the great interest you have otherwise taken in my behalf. I can accept kindness from literary men, as from relations, which I could not take from others, not endeared to me by admiration, respect, community of pursuit, and that mental intimacy, which far transcends mere personal acquaintance, and makes a name "a household word."

If it be true, as I have understood, that you have taken leave of authorship, I shall reckon it no light honour to have had your last words in my Magazine: —the last act of your pen being devoted to a kindly

and consistent purpose. But I am not selfish enough to desire it at the expense of so wide a circle as your readers. I will not formally wish that you may write again for the world, knowing that you will not be able to help it any more than the flow of the tide, should mental or moral impulse urge you to work out some beautiful fiction, illustrate some great principle, or advocate some good cause. But in any case you have richly earned that dignified leisure, with all its delights, which no one wishes you more abundantly or fervently than,

Dear Sir,

Your most obliged, and grateful servant,

THOS. HOOD.

I resumed the management of the "Magazine" last month, from which you may conclude that I am better—as well probably as I ever can be, from the nature of my complaints. It is not well, perhaps, for me to work so much, but, besides the necessity for exertion, from long habit my mind refuses to be passive, and seems the more restless from my inability to exert much bodily activity. I sleep little, and my head, instead of a shady chamber, is like a hall with a lamp burning in it all night. And so it will be to the end. I must "die in harness," like a Hero,—or a horse.

SIR E. B. LYTTON, Bart.

The Magazine had been published four months (since April or May) at Mr. Renshaw's in the Strand,

where it figured among medical books, which were Mr. Renshaw's usual line. In the November number appeared "The Lay of the Labourer." In the Spring of the year Gifford White, a labourer, aged eighteen, was sentenced (pleading guilty) for sending a threatening letter to the Farmers of Bluntisham, Hunts—to Transportation for Life! It is unfair to extract portions from the strong appeal made by my father on his behalf, but I will attempt to do my best. "Methinks I hear a voice say 'it was necessary to make an example'—a proceeding always accompanied by a certain degree of hardship, if not injustice, as regards the party selected to be punished *in terrorem*. * * * * He pleaded guilty: a course generally admitted as an extenuation of guilt. His youth ought to have been a circumstance in his favour; and, above all, the consideration that a threat does not necessarily involve the intent, much less the deed. * * * * The address generally, "to the farmers," shows it not to have been the inspiration of personal malice. The threat is not a direct and positive one. * * * The wish of the writer is obviously not father to the menace; on the contrary, he expostulates and appeals, methinks most touchingly, to the reason, the justice, even the compassion, of the very parties, "to be burnt in their beds." * * Who could fail to be moved by a momentous question and declaration, re-echoed by thousands and thousands of able and willing, but starving labourers—'What are we

to do if you don't set us to work? We must do something. The fact is we cannot go on any longer!' * * * It is in your power, Sir James Graham, to lay the ghost that is haunting me. But that is à trifle. By a due intercession with the earthly Fountain of Mercy you may convert a melancholy Shadow into a happier Reality, a righted man, a much pleasanter image to mingle in our waking visions, as well as in those dreams which, as Hamlet conjectures, may soothe or disturb us in our coffins. Think, Sir, of poor Gifford White, inquire into his hard case, and give it your humane consideration, as that of a fellow-man with an immortal soul, a "possible angel" to be met hereafter face to face.

"To me, should this appeal meet with any success, it will be one of the dearest deeds of my pen. I shall not repent a wide deviation from my usual course; or begrudge the pain and trouble caused me by the providential visitings of an importunate phantom. In any case, my own responsibility is at an end. I have relieved my heart, appeased my conscience, and absolved my soul!"

NOTE.—I am able to attest to the earnestness of this appeal. From the beginning of the year a paper, containing an epitome of this case, had stood in a prominent position, in fact the *most* prominent, on the mantelpiece of my father's study; and I have often heard him refer to it, and speak to his friends of the *actual* 'haunting' of the spirit of that

unhappy living victim of a panic. I can perfectly recall the impression, which the reiterated statement of this fact made upon me; and I feel convinced that the Phantom spoken of (those, who choose, may attribute it to the state of my father's health) was as really impressed on the brain as if it had been actually transmitted by the retina of the eye. The appeal, I forgot to say, failed to do more than draw out a few inches of red tape by way of reply, and I know that my father, who was very sensitive on these points, was pained to think that he had adopted a course, thus unusual to him, with so little benefit to those, for whom he had violated a rule of conduct, that he had long strictly adhered to.—T. H.

November 3rd, 1844.

DEAR DOCTOR,

Many thanks for your congratulations. I know you would not say that you like the paper on the "Labourers" as a mere compliment, which makes your opinion worth a hundred criticisms. I hope it will do good to all parties,—to me among the rest, to be very candid—for I am a Labourer too. I do not think that I have been so exhausted, as I expected to have been, in proportion to my work.

I had not seen Ward since our trip to Calais till we met at Renshaw's, on the day of the Queen's Procession to the City. I concluded that he was very busy in his new abode, as he has been, with

bricklayers &c., and did not therefore expect any help from him.

I am,
Dear Doctor,
Yours ever truly,
THOMAS HOOD.

DEVONSHIRE LODGE, *Saturday, Nov.* 1844.

MY DEAR MRS. ELLIOT,

I feel so much pleasure in your pleasure, and therefore am so well pleased in pleasing you both, that I could not but be delighted with your kind note. If all who read the paper would but feel it as you do, my object would be gained.

It was written in very serious earnest,—the case having made the strong impression on me I have described. My hope is that the "Times" will take up the subject; I have sent a copy, through a mutual friend, to the Editors, also a copy to Sir J. Graham, who has sent me a formal acknowledgment of the receipt. I fear he will do no more; they say he is a cold, hard man, bigoted to the New Poor Law.

Your friendly inference as to my comparative vigour is correct. I am better than could have been expected from the fag of two months, and, this one, have done more than usual. And next number is to be a sort of "Comic Annual" number, with cuts for Christmas. So that I have plenty of work cut out. I may come one day to Stratford, to dine

with the H——'s, if I get on well, in which case you will see us of course. In the meantime kiss dear May and Jeanie for me, and give my love to Dunnie, and tell him the monkey is very well, but rather chilly; and Tom is military mad, playing with soldiers. Fanny much better for her medicine, for which pray thank the Doctor, and don't "wish him the same."

Jane, and all, unite in love to you, wholesale and retail, with

Yours ever truly,

THOS. HOOD.

About this time, aware of the shattered state of my father's health, and the great uncertainty of what might occur from further serious attacks of his disease,—several of my father's friends exerted themselves to place his claims, as a literary man, before the Government, as grounds for the grant of a pension. By these means, not only a future provision was secured, in the event of his death, to those dearest to him, but—what was still more important—by this assistance, he would be able to relax his constant and harassing exertions. There would then be grounds for hope that his life might be spared. As far back as 1840, Dr. Elliot had given it as his opinion that perfect rest was necessary, and after the interval of four more years of still greater toil and mental anxiety, the urgency of the case was increased tenfold. Dr. Elliot's letter was, I believe,

the basis upon which my father's friends urged their application, and it was to the following effect.

STRATFORD, *May* 11*th*, 1840.

DEAR MRS. HOOD,

It is most necessary and right that you should be correctly informed as to the state of health of your husband. I hope the following statement will tend to lessen, in some degree, your great anxiety regarding him,—for though I cannot give you assurance of health or safety, yet, instead of the vague and constant apprehension of great danger, with which you are impressed by anxious watching of his alarming symptoms, I can substitute a more accurate knowledge of his disease, and the sources whence danger is to be apprehended, and (as a necessary result) of the preventive measures, which, if they are happily within your reach, may be the means of restoring him, if not to perfect health, yet to a degree of comfort, and freedom from actual suffering, to which he has long been a stranger.

Your husband is suffering from organic disease of the heart,—an enlargement and thickening of it,—with contraction of the valves, and from hemorrhage from the lungs, or spitting of blood, recurring very frequently. There is also disorder of the liver and stomach. These diseases have been greatly aggravated of late years by the nature of his pursuits,—by the necessity, which, I understand, has

existed, that he should at all times continue his literary labours, being under engagements to complete certain works within a stated period. The great and continued excitement attendant on such compulsory efforts, the privation of sleep and rest thereby entailed on him, and the consequent anxiety, depression, and exhaustion have had a most injurious effect on these diseases, bringing on renewed attacks, and reducing him to such a state that he has been rendered utterly incapable of mental effort. The conviction, that literary effort is necessary and urgent, renders the effort fruitless. You must have remarked how generally these dangerous attacks have commenced at a period preceding the publication of his books; you have seen him break down under the struggle, and reduced to the brink of the grave by repeated attacks of hemorrhage from the lungs, attended by palpitation of the heart.

The statement of these facts points out to you that his attacks of disease are caused, or aggravated, in a peculiar degree, by anxiety, and depression of mind. If he could be placed in such circumstances that he would not be compelled to work at times, when, from attacks of disease, he is really incapable of mental exertion, he might be saved from these attacks, or his recovery would be more speedy, and certain, and he would be capable of a greater amount of mental labour. On the other hand, so long as he continues borne down by an overpowering

sense of the necessity of exertion, under the greatest degree of incapability, so long will he be liable to these very dangerous attacks.

During the last two months he has been in my house, suffering in the manner now described, and he has been so much reduced in strength by hemorrhage lasting for several weeks, by venesection, and by other remedial means, that he has been unable, for many days in succession, to leave his bed. Of course he has been most strictly prohibited from attempting any literary composition. He has been in great danger. I will not at present trouble you with a detail of the remedial means to be pursued, as they fall directly under my personal guidance.

I remain, dear Mrs. Hood,
Very truly your Friend,
W. Elliot.

The foregoing painful but powerful description of my father's sufferings was strictly true, as seen by most skilful and affectionate eyes. The alleviations he then (long ago!) suggested, had, from stern necessity, been found impossible. So long as my father dragged on his lingering life, so long it seemed to be inevitably and sternly fore-doomed to hard and incessant toil.

At the end of 1844, however, his disease seemed to have reached a serious crisis, and it was then felt some effort was necessary. Accordingly many kind

and zealous friends interested themselves, and even personal strangers came forward to aid the project. Among others may be mentioned the late Earl of Ellesmere, (then Lord F. Egerton) the late Lord Wharncliffe, Mr. R. Monckton Milnes, Mr. F. O. Ward, and several others, whose names I cannot now trace. A semi-official notice was sent to my father, desiring him to name either of his female relatives, on whom a pension might be conferred, as his own life was so very precarious. My father accordingly sent my mother's name.

I cannot find a clear copy of his letter, but from a sketch of it, I think the following must be substantially correct.

November, 1844.

SIR,

In your comparative leisure at Brighton, if a Prime Minister has even *comparative* leisure, you may find time to accept and taste the grateful acknowledgments of one, whom you have served from motives rarely attributed to such Patrons.

Complaints have been often made of the neglect of literature and literary men by the State and its ministers. I have joined in them myself, but with reference to authors in general—I am quite aware of my own unfitness for any of those posts alluded to by Mr. Smythe in his speech, especially for those official employments, which, if I had any ambition that way, I should be physically unable to fulfil. Almost too thin to represent myself, I should make

a very indifferent ambassador, consul, or attaché. You may therefore rely, Sir, on my entertaining no such gratitude for "favours to come."

Such impressions have occasionally received confirmation from unlucky oversights, such as I suppose to have caused the omission of "Literature" from the Queen's answer to the Civic address, in which it was inserted. An unlucky omission I presume to say; for whatever differences may obtain in society, that will be an unlucky one, which distinguishes a Sovereign from a reading public, rapidly becoming a reading people.

As an Author I cannot but think it a good omen for the cause, that this mark of your favour has fallen on a writer so totally unconnected with party politics as myself, whose favourite theory of Government is, "An Angel from Heaven, and a Despotism."

As a Man, I am deeply sensible of a consideration and kindness, which have made this "work-a-day" world more park-like to me, as well as to the people of Manchester, and will render the poor remnant of my life much happier, and easier, than it could be with the prospect that was before me.

My humble name has sufficiently occupied your thoughts already, yet may it, with its pleasanter associations recur to you, whenever you meet with a discontented partisan, or a political ingrate!

Lord F. Egerton having kindly offered to convey

my acceptance and choice to you, I have forwarded them, but could not resist the direct expression of my sentiments as to a "*Premier pas*" which, instead of "costing," enriches me.

I have the honour to be,

&c., &c.,

THOMAS HOOD.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART.

Sir Robert Peel acknowledged this, in the following gratifying and kind manner. The formal official announcement came soon after.

BRIGHTON, *November 10th*, 1844.

SIR,

I am more than repaid by the personal satisfaction, which I have had in doing that, for which you return me warm and characteristic acknowledgments.

You perhaps think that you are known to one, with such multifarious occupations as myself, merely by general reputation as an author; but I assure you that there can be little, which you have written and acknowledged, which I have not read; and that there are few, who can appreciate and admire more than myself, the good sense and good feeling, which have taught you to infuse so much fun and merriment into writings correcting folly, and exposing absurdities, and yet never trespassing beyond those limits, within which wit and facetiousness are not very often confined. You may write on with the

consciousness of independence, as free and unfettered, as if no communication had ever passed between us. I am not conferring a private obligation upon you, but am fulfilling the intentions of the Legislature, which has placed at the disposal of the Crown a certain sum (miserable, indeed, in amount) to be applied to the recognition of public claims on the Bounty of the Crown. If you will review the names of those, whose claims have been admitted on account of their literary, or scientific eminence, you will find an ample confirmation of the truth of my statement.

One return, indeed, I shall ask of you,—that you will give me the opportunity of making your personal acquaintance.

Believe me to be,
Faithfully yours,
ROBERT PEEL.

DEVONSHIRE LODGE, *November 12th.*

DEAR DOCTOR,

I send you copies of my letter to Sir R. Peel, and his *very kind* reply just come to hand. It is very gratifying indeed. I wrote to Lord F. Egerton, but think the Premier had not yet seen it; as, through our post irregularity, it would not get to Lord E. perhaps till to-day. Ward was to have dined here with us yesterday, but he had forgotten a previous engagement, and did not come. But he was up here on Saturday night.

Now I have got the ear of the Premier, what can I do for you? Should you like to be Physician to the Forces?

I am sorry that this cannot go to-night, as it is past eight, for you will be pleased, and I wish it were sooner, after all my less agreeable communications.

God bless you all. We join in love to you:

Yours ever truly,

THOS. HOOD.

We have sold twenty more copies of the Magazine this month. There was a capital notice in the "League," on Saturday, which circulates 28,000. The effect of it, 'tis yet too soon to feel.

WHITEHALL, *November 16th*, 1844.

SIR,

I have the satisfaction of acquainting you that the Queen has approved of my proposal to Her Majesty, that a pension of one hundred pounds per annum for her life should be granted to Mrs. Hood, on the grounds mentioned in my former communication to you.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

ROBERT PEEL.

This grant will take effect from June last.

DEVONSHIRE LODGE, *Monday Morning, Nov. 17th*, 1844.

DEAR DOCTOR,

Sir R. Peel came up from Burleigh on Tuesday night, and went down to Brighton on Saturday. If he had written by post I should not have had it till to-day. So he sent his servant with the following *on Saturday night*, another mark of considerate attention.

—— wanted to write to Sir R. Peel for permission to publish his former letter, but I wrote and begged him not—it was obviously a private letter; and though Sir R. might not refuse, he would take care not to write to me again, if I merely used him as a puffing advertisement.

The "Labourer" has made a great hit, and gone through most of the papers like the "Song of the Shirt." I think it will tell in the sale at the end of the year. I have been very unwell. One day, Jane says, I looked quite *green*. I don't wonder, there has been so much wet, and I observe all the compo ornamental part of the houses, finished here only in autumn, has turned green too. But my well is not dry. I have pumped out a sheet already of Christmas fun, am drawing some cuts, and shall write a sheet more of my novel.

God bless you all.

Yours ever truly,

THOS. HOOD.

My father wrote immediately to acknowledge Sir Robert's letter and thoughtful attention in the following letter.

November, 1844.

SIR,

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your very gratifying communication and the considerate kindness which provided for my receiving it on Saturday night. If it be well to be remembered at all by a Minister, it is better still not to be forgotten by him in a 'hurly Burleigh!'

I am so inexperienced a pensioner (unlike the father of a friend of mine, who was made in his infancy a superannuated postman), as to be quite ignorant of the etiquette of such cases; but, in the absence of knowledge, I *feel* that it would be quite proper to thank the Queen for her gracious approval. May I request of your goodness, at a fit opportunity, to lay my humble and grateful acknowledgments at Her Majesty's feet, with the respectful assurance, that a man, who has lived conscious of his good name being the better part of his children's inheritance, will never disgrace the royal favour.

Your letter of the 10th inst., which is deposited amongst my literary heir-looms, I hesitated to answer, partly because it gave rise to feelings, which would keep without congealing, and partly from knowing editorially, the oppression of too many "Communications from Correspondents." But I may say here how extremely flattered I am by your

liberal praise and handsome judgment of my writings; nearly all of which you must have seen, if you have read the acknowledged ones. The anonymous only comprise a few trifles and reviews; and even against these, as a set-off, I have had my name affixed to some pieces I had not written, for example a poem on the Sale of the Stud of the late King William.

As you have done me the high honour to seek, beyond this, my personal acquaintance, I can only say, I shall be most proud and happy to have the pleasure of waiting on you at your convenience.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

THOMAS HOOD.

November 23rd.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I took last night nearly a glass of wine in some gruel, which, with a good deal of sleep, has revived me. My head is clear (to begin with the author's index); the fever heat is gone—so are the musicals—the whistlings and wheezings; and I cough seldom. Heart quite quiet; this time it seems to have been blameless. On the whole, more comfortable than for some time while the attack was breeding.

I heard the other day the following fact—very creditable to the humbler class of readers. Holy-

well Street, Strand, is the head-quarters for cheap, blasphemous, and obscene publications, including the French. The chief man there is one ——, but who has besides a more legitimate trade in distributing the periodicals among the minor dealers. To engage his services in this line, the proprietor of the "N—— T——," just starting, called on him, when —— asked if it was to be respectable (*i.e.* not immoral), as otherwise he would have nothing to do with it: they had tried the other line, but it did not answer—it did not *take*.

Yours very truly,

THOS. HOOD.



THE GERMAN DWARFS.

CHAPTER VII.

The Christmas of 1844, and the Spring of 1845.

Devonshire Lodge, New Finchley Road—Letter to Mr. Broderip—Confined to his Bed by accumulating Illnesses—The Bust and Portrait—His Last Stanzas—His Last Letter, addressed to Sir R. Peel—Sir R. Peel's Answer—His Last Illness—Great Kindness and Attention from Strangers as well as Friends—His Patience—His Religious Sentiments—Given over by his Physicians—His Sufferings during his Final Attack—His Death—His Funeral—His Will.

DEVONSHIRE LODGE, NEW FINCHLEY ROAD, ST. JOHN'S WOOD,
Saturday (in bed).

MY DEAR SIR,

I ought to have sooner acknowledged the receipt of your note, with an explanation of the cause of the errors you alluded to. The *truth* is, though it may seem very inconsistent with my doings in the Magazine, for the last two months (say from the 15th November) I have been confined to my bed, and obliged to trust more than usual to the printers. You will easily, however, understand that with a young periodical, and the interest of another proprietor at stake, there are efforts that I *must* make—even though bed-ridden; and alas, that too many things must go undone!

I shall still hope some day to have the pleasure of

making your personal acquaintance, if I get "taken up" before you on purpose, and am,

My dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

THOS. HOOD.

W. J. BRODERIP, ESQ.
Police Magistrate, Bow Street.

The Christmas number of the Magazine had come out, sparkling with fun and merriment. "Mrs. Peck's Pudding," and its grotesque illustrations, afforded seasonable Christmas amusement at all firesides but its author's. His own family never enjoyed his quaint and humorous fancies, for they were all associated with memories of illness and anxiety. Although Hood's "Comic Annual," as he himself used to remark with pleasure, was in every house seized upon, and almost worn out by the frequent handling of little fingers, his own children did not enjoy it till the lapse of many years had mercifully softened down some of the sad recollections connected with it. The only article that I can remember we ever really thoroughly enjoyed, was "Mrs. Gardiner,* a Horticultural Romance," and

* Another reason why this (which I still believe to be my father's most humorous production) was so interesting to us was, that the heroine was a ludicrous pen-and-ink portrait of Mrs. R——, with whom we lodged in Elm Tree Road. Hers was the "large and personal love" for flowers, which spoke of them as living beings, and dentified her even with her garden implements. There was a sort of polite malignity existent between Mrs. R—— and us children, whose amusements and caperings were circumscribed by injunctions as to the "grass-plot" or "them jerrynums by the kitchen-winder." Whenever a ball was knocked over from the cricket-ground (which was

even this was composed in bed. But the illness he was then suffering from was only rheumatic fever, and not one of his dangerous attacks, and he was unusually cheerful. He sat up in bed, dictating it to my mother, interrupted by our bursts of irrepressible laughter, as joke after joke came from his lips, he all the while laughing and relishing it as much as we did. But this was a rare—indeed almost solitary—instance; for he could not usually write so well at any time as at night, when all the house was quiet. Our family rejoicings were generally when the work was over, and we were too thankful to be rid of the harass and hurry, to care much for the results of such labour.

At the time of this last Christmas—a memorable one to us—my father, having painfully and laboriously finished his allotted task, took to his bed, from which he was never more to arise, except as a mere temporary refreshment to sit up in an easy-chair, propped by pillows and wrapped in blankets. On Christmas Day he crawled out, for our sakes more than his own, into a little dressing-room next to his bedroom for a few hours; but it was a painful mockery of enjoyment. The cheerful spirit that had struggled so long and so bravely with adverse circumstances and complicated diseases, was quelled at last; and

pretty often the case, our house being about mid-wicket of the Marylebone playing-ground) there used to be a grand race between us, who wished to restore the ball, and the old lady, who vowed she would burn every one she could catch, because "they was always breaking her young shoots, or knocking her heads off."—T. H.

he scarcely attempted to appear cheerful. I think at this time he first realised—not the certain ultimate issue of his illness, because this he had long known to be mortal, and only a question of a few years—but the actual presence of a certain and near death. *Now* he saw that a few months—possibly a few weeks—must end his labours and sufferings, and his life with them. This he could not but feel keenly, when he saw that this was the last Christmas we were all to share in this world.

A letter from my mother to Dr. Elliot, dated the 28th of December, 1844, speaks of his continued and increasing illness, now accompanied by faintness and shortness of breath. Even then his spirits seem to have rallied, for in a note added to my mother's description of his sufferings, he says: "I do not cough much, and the breath is easier, but I am exhausted, and in want of sleep, and almost seem to have, what the man called, 'Comus Virgilius.'" My poor mother added: "I fear, my dear Doctor, that Hood is very ill; he cannot eat; he will not take wine—it makes him cough. I am afraid of giving you trouble by saying all this, but you know his state better than I can, and he seems always better when you come. I shall feel sure I am mistaken in thinking him so ill, if you don't come; and I entreat you not to do so if I am too anxious, which cannnot be wondered at, so much as my nerves are tried by always being with him alone."

After this he rallied a little once more, or rather roused up at the call for the January number of the Magazine. He never left his bed again, but had intervals comparatively free from his most distressing symptoms. He wrote, propped up in bed, for this number two more chapters of "Our Family" (one of his best works, unfinished alas, but containing a character of great humour, Catechism Jack); "A Letter from the Cape," "Domestic Mesmerism," a review of "The Chimes," and an "Echo" of two pages, besides drawing numerous cuts for tail-pieces, &c.

The "Echo" describes his sitting for his bust to Mr. Edward Davis. I have ventured to quote it entire.

"Some months since, Mr. Edward Davis, the well-known sculptor, applied to me to sit to him for a bust. My vanity readily complied with the request; and in due time I found myself in his studio, installed in a crimson-covered elbow-chair, amidst an assemblage of heads, hard and soft, white, drab, and stone colour. Here a young nobleman, one of the handsomest of the day, in painted plaster; there a benevolent-looking bishop in clear white sparkling marble, next to a brown clay head, like Refined and Moist. A number of unfinished models, of what Beau Brummel would have called "damp strangers," were tied up in wet cloths, from which every moment you expected to hear a sneeze; the veiled ones comprising a lady or two, a barrister,

and a judge. All these were on pedestals; but in the background, on boards, stood numerous other busts, dwarfish and gigantic, heads and shoulders, like Oriental Genii coming up through the floor—some white and clean, as if fresh from the waters under the earth; others dingy and smoky, as if from its subterranean fireplaces—some young, some old, some smiling, and others grave, or even frowning severely: with one alarming face, reminding me of those hard brutal countenances that are seen on street-doors.

"On the mantel-shelf silently roared the Caput of Laocöon, with deeply indented eyeballs, instead of the regulation blanks, and what the play people call a practicable mouth, *i.e.* into which you might poke your finger down to the gullet; and lastly, on the walls were sundry mystical sketches in black and white chalk, which you might turn, as fancy prompted, like Hamlet's cloud, into any figure you pleased, from a weasel to a whale.

"To return to self. The artist, after setting before me what seemed a small mountain of putty, with a bold scoop of his thumbs, marked out my eyes; next taking a good pinch of clay—an operation I seemed to feel by sympathy—from between my shoulders, clapped me on a rough nose, and then stuck the surplus material in a large wart on my chest. In short, by similar proceedings, scraping, smoothing, dabbing on, and taking off, at the end of the first sitting, the sculptor had made the upper

half of a mud doll, the size of life, looking very like the '*idol* of his own circle' in the Cannibal Islands.

"At subsequent sittings, this heathen figure gradually became, not only more Christian-like, but more and more like the original: till finally it put on that striking resemblance, which is so satisfactory to one's wife and family, and, as it were, introduces a man to himself.

"An engraving by Mr. Heath from this bust is intended to form the frontispiece to the second volume of this Magazine, and will be given with the next number, should the interval be sufficient for the careful execution and finish of the plate. The Address, that should have been offered the present month, will accompany the engraving; the same cause that postpones it, a severe indisposition, will be accepted perhaps as a sufficient apology for the absence of the usual 'Answers to Correspondents. In the meantime all good wishes are briefly tendered to the vast ring of friends, and the increasing circle of subscribers, to whose entertainment at the present season, I have tried to contribute."—T. H.

At the beginning of the year '45, my father wrote, I believe, several notes taking a farewell of his friends. Among these, one to the late Dr. Moir (better known as Delta) is so touching and simple, and so characteristic of his patience and resignation, that the

Memorials would lack completeness if it were omitted.

DEAR MOIR,

God bless you and yours, and good-by! I drop these few lines, as in a bottle from a ship water-logged, and on the brink of foundering, being in the last stage of dropsical debility; but though suffering in body, serene in mind. So without reversing my union-jack, I await my last lurch. Till which, believe me, dear Moir,

Yours most truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

In the February number appeared two more chapters of "Our Family," the *last*, "doomed to remain like his life a great fragment." In this number appeared also some touching "Stanzas," which, though they are included in the "Serious Poems," I venture to reprint here; the first verse describing so touchingly his own sensations, and the last not destined to be realised here, but, his children believe, a prophetic foretaste of the hereafter.

STANZAS.

FAREWELL Life! my senses swim;
And the world is growing dim;
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night,—
Colder, colder, colder still,—
Upward steals a vapour chill—

Strong the earthy odour grows—
I smell the Mould above the Rose !

Welcome Life ! The Spirit strives !
Strength returns, and hope revives ;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn,—
O'er the earth there comes a bloom—
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapours cold—
I smell the Rose above the Mould !

It was now an acknowledged fact that my dear father *could* not rally again from this last attack; his faithful and tender physicians had reluctantly given him up, and he knew it himself, and understood that all human means were at end, and that death was coming with slow but certain steps. He had, for years past, known, as well as his doctors, his own frail tenure of existence, and had more than once, as he said himself, "been so near Death's door, he could almost fancy he heard the creaking of the hinges ;" and he was now fully aware that at last his feeble step was on its very threshold. With this knowledge he wrote the following beautiful letter to Sir Robert Peel—worthy of being the *last* letter of such a man.

DEVONSHIRE LODGE, NEW FINCHLEY ROAD.

DEAR SIR,

We are not to meet in the flesh. Given over by my physicians and by myself, I am only kept alive by frequent instalments of mulled port

wine. In this extremity I feel a comfort, for which I cannot refrain from again thanking you, with all the sincerity of a dying man,—and, at the same time, bidding you a respectful farewell.

Thank God my mind is composed and my reason undisturbed, but my race as an author is run. My physical debility finds no tonic virtue in a steel pen, otherwise I would have written one more paper —a forewarning one—against an evil, or the danger of it, arising from a literary movement in which I have had some share, a one-sided humanity, opposite to that Catholic Shaksperian sympathy, which felt with King as well as Peasant, and duly estimated the mortal temptations of both stations. Certain classes at the poles of Society are already too far asunder; it should be the duty of our writers to draw them nearer by kindly attraction, not to aggravate the existing repulsion, and place a wider moral gulf between Rich and Poor, with Hate on the one side and Fear on the other. But I am too weak for this task, the last I had set myself; it is death that stops my pen, you see, and not the pension.

God bless you, sir, and prosper all your measures for the benefit of my beloved country.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your most grateful and obedient Servant,

THOS. HOOD.

This Sir Robert Peel answered in the following note:—

WHITEHALL.

DEAR SIR,

I must write one line to express an earnest hope that it will please God to restore you to health and strength; and that you may be enabled to apply your unimpaired faculties to the inculcation of those just and really benevolent doctrines, which are shadowed out in the letter you have addressed to me. With my best wishes, believe me,

Dear Sir,

Faithfully yours,

ROBERT PEEL.

My father's devoted friend, Mr. Ward, meanwhile edited the Magazine on his behalf. In the number for the 1st of March, appeared the first public announcement of my father's hopeless illness in the following words:—

"THE ECHO.

"WE can hardly congratulate our readers on presenting them, this month, with an effigy of Thomas Hood's outward features, instead of that portraiture of his mind, and those traces of his kindly heart, which he has been wont, with his own pen, to draw in these pages. And we lament still more that we must add a regret to the disappointment of our readers, by communicating to them the sad tidings that the aching original of that pictured brow, is again laid low by dangerous illness, again scarred (to borrow an expression of his own) 'by

the crooked autograph of pain.' Through many a previous paroxysm of his malady, when life and death hung trembling in the balance, Mr. Hood has worked on steadily for our instruction and amusement; throwing often into a humorous chapter, or impassioned poem, the power which was needed to restore exhausted nature. During the past month, however, his physical strength has completely given way: and, almost as much through incapacity of his hand to hold the pen, as of his brain for any length of time to guide it, he has at last been compelled to desist from composition. Those, in whom admiration of the writer has induced also a friendly feeling towards the man, will have some consolation in learning that amidst his sufferings, which have been severe, his cheerful philosophy has never failed him; but that around his sick bed, as in his writings and in his life, he has known how to lighten the melancholy of those about him, and to mingle laughter with their tears. We have thought it due to our readers and the public, thus briefly to make known that Mr. Hood is more seriously ill than even *he* has ever been before; avoiding to express any hopes or forebodings of our own, or to prejudge the uncertain issues of life and death."

In fact, friendship and sympathy poured in upon him; all that skill could do to alleviate his sufferings was done, and in that respect the greatest of the

land could not have possessed more. Loving friends were ready to write for him, as they had long done already; and many literary men helped him with something, even those most pressed for time. Mr. Ward, whenever engagements permitted, came to him, often sat up at night with him, and loved him like a brother. Old and new friends alike came to see him, and utter their earnest sympathies and farewells; and, for all he had kind and cheerful words and thoughts. Game, wine, and fruit were sent to tempt the failing appetite, and evidences of thoughtful kindness came even from strange and unknown hands. Among other touching proofs of admiration and esteem, was a note containing only these words in a feigned hand,

A SHIRT!

AND A SINCERE WISH FOR HEALTH.

The envelope contained a bank note for 20*l*. He received besides a copy of very beautiful verses, also anonymous.*

* Apart from the high value they have in our eyes, the lines are so really meritorious, that we print them. If I could place my hand in the hand, and look in the face, of their writer, I should feel deeply gratified.—T: H.

TO T. HOOD, ON HEARING OF HIS SICKNESS.

WERE I in Heaven, my song would be of mirth
When wings like thine are upward spread to fly;
But ah! my brother, would upon the earth,
Hearts good and true might beat eternally!

The very neighbours (in London, where next-door neighbours are almost sure to be strangers) were kind and interested, one gentleman sending in his coachman almost daily to lift the poor invalid to his easy chair; and others knocking on the wall, on hearing any unusual disturbance at night, to offer help. One lady sent violets from the country to place by his bedside, hearing he loved the perfume of these little flowers. All these kind offices touched his grateful heart most deeply, at times almost to tears; and if these pages should ever come before any of those who performed them, it may be some little pleasure to know the soothing consolation and pleasure they afforded the dying man, and the gratitude his children will never cease to feel toward them. About this time he directed a number of proofs of the engraving from the bust to be struck off on separate sheets. This was the

Though long from Life's idolatry thine own
  Hath doubtless turned,—serene e'en to the last,
Oh be it kept,—to yield its joyous tone
  And feel that care dwells only in the past—

To feel no aching void—no mortal fears—
  To feel no hankering after faded joy,
To feel while piercing thro' earth's mist of tears
  "Thou 'rt nearer Heaven now, than when a boy!"

And all the seeds we've gathered as they fell,
  Rich from thy ripen'd thought, a goodly store,
If thou must go, shall burst afresh to tell
  How pure the soul the precious gift that bore!

Poor comfort still for honest grief to cherish!
  Poor bliss which memory alone supplies!
Thank God!—our good affections never perish—
  Though in this world of woe the good man dies!

same engraving that now forms the frontispiece to the volume of serious "Poems."

There are two published portraits of my father—both possessing peculiar characteristics, and both excellent in their style. The original oil painting from which the engraving that accompanies the volume of "Hood's Own" was taken, was an admirable likeness, the expression being most happily caught, and perhaps, from the dress and familiar attitude, giving the best general idea of him. At the same time, although of necessity in sculpture the eloquence of the eyes is wanting, the bust itself, and the engraving from it, bear a fine and remarkable resemblance to the original. It renders very faithfully the calm repose, almost amounting to solemnity, which characterised his face during the latter part of his life, and at that short period after death especially, which is so well known to exhibit an unearthly beauty often wanting in life.

The proofs of this last mentioned engraving, with a few kind words inscribed, and a signature, were his dying legacy to those who knew and loved him. The number reached upwards of a hundred, and the names and inscriptions were written at intervals as he found strength to sit up in bed. The clear delicate writing bore, even then, but little trace of weakness.

His presence of mind was remarkable; as his was, I think, naturally, and eventually from illness, a nervous nature. One night I was sitting up with

him, my mother having gone to rest for a few hours, worn out with fatigue. He was seized, about twelve o'clock, with one of his alarming attacks of hemorrhage from the lungs. When it had momentarily ceased, he motioned for paper and pencil, and asked 'if I was too frightened to stay with him.' I was too used to it now, and on my replying "No," he quietly and calmly wrote his wishes and directions on a slip of paper, as deliberately as if it were an ordinary matter. He forbade me to disturb my mother. When the doctor came, and ordered ice to be applied, my father wrote to remind me of a pond close by, where ice could be procured, nor did he forget to add a hint for refreshments to be prepared for the surgeon, who was to wait some hours to watch the case. This was in the midst of a very sudden and dangerous attack, that was, at the time, almost supposed to be his last.

No words can describe his patience and resignation amidst all the fierce sufferings of the last month or two of his dying, as he said himself, "inch by inch." In the intervals between the terrible agonies that racked that exhausted frame, he talked quite calmly to us all of our future plans, and of what he wished to be done. At times we were obliged to leave him, to try and check the emotions that overpowered us. With such an example before us, we were obliged to keep brave hearts and cheerful countenances: it was a difficult task, but the beloved sufferer was the first to exhort and console us. My

dear mother bore up with all the strength of a true woman's devotion, and with a calmness that, after the necessity for control was over, re-acted fatally on her worn-out frame.

It was a lovely spring, and my father loved to see and feel all he could of it, drinking in his last measure of sunshine and fresh air, more eagerly than he used to do. He always loved all nature like a child, and, I think, possessed to the full that rare faculty of enjoyment, which even a clear day or a beautiful flower can bring to a finely sensitive mind, which, if it suffers keenly, enjoys keenly as well. He said once to us, "It 's a beautiful world, and since I have been lying here, I have thought of it more and more; it is not so bad, even humanly speaking, as people would make it out. I have had some very happy days while I lived in it, and I *could* have wished to stay a little longer. But it is all for the best, and we shall all meet in a better world!"

Now, indeed, might all those who cavilled at his cheerful wit, and genial philosophy (never directed against what was really high or holy) have taken a lesson how to die! Now, indeed, might they have seen how a great and good spirit, that had for many years daily battled with disease and privation, could, in the very prime of its mental power, calmly and solemnly lay down its burthen and its toil. Those who doubted his religious belief, and were almost ready to say to him, like the lady he speaks of in his "Literary Reminiscences," "Mr. Hood, are you

an Infidel?" *must* then have felt the force of that *practical* faith and Christianity, which could trust itself so readily and undoubtingly to the mercy of that great Creator, Whose visible handwriting in His creation he had known and loved so well.

Moreover, to prove that this was no mere "death-bed" feeling, but the close of a consistent human life, if more testimony is wanting than his works for the good of mankind (of which he could truthfully say, on that death-bed, that he "never regretted a line")—if, I repeat, further evidence is necessary to refute some unreasonable and groundless doubts that have rested on his memory, I will add one more proof.

As a little child, my first prayer was learnt from my *father's* lips, and repeated at his knee; my first introduction to the Bible, which he honoured too much to make a task-book, was from spelling out the words of the first chapter of the Sermon on the Mount as it lay open on his study table;* my

* This was a large copy of the Bible, in which, as in a corresponding Prayer Book, are written the words :—

"JANE HOOD,
"The Gift of her Husband
"1830. "THOMAS HOOD."

In the Bible are inscribed, in accordance with the beautiful old custom, which if viewed in a right spirit has nothing irreverent in it, the date of my father and mother's marriage, and the births and baptisms of their children. People in those days thought it no sin to chronicle these, the most important events of their lives, in "The Book" which *ought* to be their daily help on their earthly path, as well as their guide to one immortal.—F. F. B.

earliest lessons of the love and beauty, hid in every created thing, were from the stores of his observant mind; and my deepest and holiest teachings, too sacred for more than a mere allusion, were given often in the dead of the night, when I was sitting up, sometimes alone, by my father's dying bed. These are strong words and *facts*, but they are called forth, *not* unnecessarily, by the impression that exists, not in one instance, but in twenty, as to my father's disbelief and scepticism, a doubt that will now surely be set at rest for ever, by the simple and unvarnished truth of those who knew him longest and best. True, he warred against the professedly religious (when they assumed the mere garb of piety, instead of charity, "to cover a multitude of sins,") because anything false or hypocritical jarred, like a discordant note, on his sense of right. But his voice was always uplifted in the cause of the poor and needy, and, when, as we are told by words that cannot deceive, "the merciful shall inherit a blessing," his earthly errors and failings shall receive that mercy he never failed to show to others.

In the number of the Magazine which appeared on the 1st of April, the following notice was inserted.

THOMAS HOOD.

"It is with a heavy and an aching heart that we darken these pages, that have so often reflected

the brilliant wit of our beloved Editor, and the calmer lustre of his serious thoughts, with the sad tidings of his approaching death; a death long feared by his friends, long even distinctly foreseen, but not till now so rapidly approaching as to preclude *all* hope. His sufferings, which have lately undergone a terrible increase, have been throughout sustained with manly fortitude and Christian resignation. He is perfectly aware of his condition; and we have no longer any reason, or any right, to speak ambiguously of a now too certain loss, the loss of a Great Writer—great in the splendour of his copious imagery, in his rare faculty of terse incisive language, in his power and pregnancy of thought, and in his almost Shakespearian versatility of genius,—great in the few, but noble works he leaves behind, greater still, perhaps, in those he will carry unwritten to his early tomb. It is this indeed, which principally afflicts him: the *Man* is content to die, he has taken leave of his friends, and forgiven his enemies (if any such he have), and "turned his face to the wall;" but the Poet still longs for a short reprieve, still watches to snatch one last hour for his art; and will perhaps even yet, once more, floating towards the deep waters of eternity, pour out his soul in song.

"In any case, this, the last number of his Magazine that he may live to see, shall not go forth without *some* impress of the Master's hand, some parting rays of the flame now flickering low in the socket.

We have chosen for this purpose the beautiful conclusion of his 'Ode to Melancholy,' which those, who know it, will delight to read again, while for others it may help to solve the enigma of his many-sided genius, to account for the under-current of humour that often tinctured his gravest productions, and to justify the latent touch of sadness that was apt to mingle in his most sportive sallies. Truly indeed, for the Poet's earnest heart,

> "'All things are touched with Melancholy,
> Born of the secret soul's mistrust
> To feel her fair ethereal wings
> Weighed down with vile degraded dust;
> Even the bright extremes of joy
> Bring on conclusions of disgust,
> Like the sweet blossoms of the May,
> Whose fragrance ends in must.
> Oh give her then her tribute just,
> Her sighs and tears and musings holy!
> There is no music in the life
> That sounds with idiot laughter solely;
> There 's not a string attuned to Mirth,
> But has its chord in Melancholy.'
>
> "ODE TO MELANCHOLY," 1827.

From this time my father's sufferings increased daily; dropsy, from sheer weakness, having supervened on his already too numerous diseases. Days of exhaustion succeeded nights of agony and sleeplessness, till it seemed marvellous that the attenuated frame could hold out. The trial was the greater for that there were no alternate clouds of hope and fear,

to relieve by their very change: all was one dark leaden hue of utter hopelessness.

My dear father was, at times during his illness, delirious with pain; his mind was ordinarily quiet and tranquil, and these times seemed, like transient mists, though hiding for a time, to clear off effectually at last. We shall never forget one night, when his mind was wandering in this way, his repeating Burns' lovely words,

"I 'm fading awa', Jean,*
Like snow wreaths in thaw, Jean!
I 'm fading awa'—
To the land o' the leal!

"But weep na, my ain Jean,—
The world's care's in vain, Jean,
We 'll meet and aye be fain
In the land of the leal!"

No one could listen to this without tears, coming from the frail feeble form that was fading so fast, and uttered with a touching tone, to which the temporary wandering of that strong mind gave additional pathos.

These occasional obscurings, however, took place but seldom, and towards the last his mind was as clear and collected as in his best days.

May was an eventful month to him. He was born on the 23rd of May 1799; married on the 5th of May 1824; on the 1st of May 1845—May-day—he

* It will be observed that my mother's name was Jane.—T. H.

was last conscious; on the 3rd, he died; and on the 10th he was buried. On the Thursday evening, May 1st, he seemed worse; and knowing himself to be dying, he called us round him—my mother, my little brother, just ten years old, and myself. He gave us his last blessing, tenderly and fondly; and then quietly clasping my mother's hand, he said, "Remember, Jane, I forgive all, *all* as I hope to be forgiven!" He lay for some time calmly and peacefully, but breathing slowly and with difficulty. My mother bending over him heard him say faintly, "O Lord! say, 'Arise, take up thy cross, and follow me!'" His last words were, "Dying, dying!" as if glad to realise the rest implied in them. He then sank into what seemed a deep slumber. This torpor lasted all Friday; and on Saturday at noon, he breathed his last, without a struggle or a sigh.

By my dear father's own especial desire and injunction, a post-mortem examination was made, which proved the correctness of his physician's theory of the case. At first there was some idea that he should be buried in Poets' Corner,* Westminster Abbey; but this notion was speedily abandoned, and the first and wisest plan carried out

* This arose from the mistaken notion that England's Abbey was intended as the last resting-place of her men of genius, and not, as is the case, for any one who is willing to pay about £200 in fees. Is it not a grand thought, surpassing Addison's solemn meditations, that any humble, nameless, titleless, unknown man, may elbow Chaucer, Spenser, Dryden, Jonson, and Prior in Poets' Corner—always provided, he have £200 or so to pay his way with!—T. H.

of laying him in Kensal Green Cemetery. His funeral was private and quiet, though attended by many who had known and loved him. Sir Robert Peel would have attended, but was prevented by stress of public business. My dear father's nearest and dearest friends, including Dr. Elliot, Dr. Robert Elliot, Mr. Ward, and several others, and his little son,* followed him to the grave as mourners.

Eighteen months afterwards, his faithful and devoted wife was buried by his side. A painful disease, originally induced by the great anxiety and fatigue of nursing him through his long illness, was accelerated by his loss. The husband and wife, who, during their troubled and sorrowful lives, had never, since their marriage, been so long divided before, were soon re-united.

I only really felt the peculiar fitness of the choice of his last resting-place in its fullest force, when, two years ago, I visited the grave, now covered by the noble monument erected by public subscription. It was a lovely morning, just watered by a few fitful showers—the relics of April—which a May sunshine was now lighting up. The pink and white petals of the chesnut blossoms strewed the path, and the scent of the lilacs filled the air with fragrance. The whole aspect of the place was beautiful enough, and

* I have a perfect recollection of the funeral, and of the unfeigned sorrow of those kind and beloved friends who attended it. It was a beautiful Spring day, and, I remember, it was noticed that, just as the service concluded, a lark rose up, mounting and singing over our heads. This was in the middle of the day.—T.H.

though a "City of Tombs," it had its own peculiar charm in those small silent flower-plots, looking like children's gardens, but where no children have ever played. Under the open sky, whether in sunshine or storm, with green turf and flowers around, was where, we felt,—could he have chosen,—he would have wished his last resting-place to be.

And now our task is finished; how painful it has been only those know, who have undertaken one similar. We feel how inadequate all our efforts have been to render this fragmentary chronicle worthy of our beloved father. It is, at best, but a faint shadow of what he was, as he lives in our memories, and wanting in the light and colour, which would make it interesting to the general reader. But we have humbly tried to do our best with the scanty materials at our disposal. In all cases, the blame of any shortcoming may rest very justly upon us, but we shall have erred through ignorance. It has been our most solemn and earnest endeavour, that, if in these Memorials we could add but little to shed fresh lustre on that honoured memory, equally, at least, nothing shall have been inserted that can for a moment tarnish it, or hurt any one living. It is, if only thus far, a fulfilment of what would have been the wish of his loving and gentle spirit.

The following was written by my father in the February preceding his death, and directed to Dr. Elliot, the envelope bearing these words also—



From a Sketch drawn by Mr. Hood himself during his last illness.

MY LAST ARRANGEMENTS.

DEVONSHIRE LODGE, NEW FINCHLEY ROAD, ST. JOHN'S WOOD,
February 7, 1845.

IT is my last will and desire that "Nash's Halls" be given, in my name, to my dear William and Georgiana Elliot, in recognition of their brotherly and sisterly affection and kindness.

My "Knight's Shakspere," for a like reason, to dear Robert Elliot.

Chaucer, or Froissart, as he may prefer, to T. Reseigh.

Ward, Harvey, Phillips, and Hardman, to select a book a-piece for remembrance.

"Nimrod's Sporting" to Philip de Franck.

All else that I possess, I give and bequeath to my dear wife, to be used for her benefit and that of our dear children, whom God bless, guide, and preserve.

With my farewell love & blessing
to all friends

Thos. Hood

CHAPTER VIII.

Public Subscription for the erection of a Monument—Inaugurated July, 1854—Oration by Mr. Monckton Milnes.

In the September or October of 1852, what the children of Thomas Hood had long planned to do in a modest and unpretending manner, was undertaken by the public. Some sweet lines, by Miss Eliza Cook, drew attention to the fact that no tombstone marked the Poet's grave. A public subscription was suggested to her in numerous letters, and after a time, a Committee was formed, consisting principally of Members of the Whittington Club. This committee exerted itself strenuously,—Mr. Murdo Young taking a most active part,—and before long the lists began to fill. Noblemen, Members of Parliament, men of letters, old friends and acquaintances, gave their aid; and the people, as has been before mentioned, added their shillings and pence. The Honorary Secretary, Mr. John Watkins (the noted artist and photographer of Parliament Street), to whose energy in the matter very much was due, has kindly afforded me all assistance requisite for this Chapter, in the shape of notices and letters collected by him at the time. I regret much that the length to which the Memorials have extended will not

permit quotations from the letters of the late Lord Macaulay, the late Lady Morgan, Barry Cornwall, Dr. Mackay, Mr. Macready, and other distinguished names. The late Mr. Thomas De Quincey, and the late Miss Mitford, old friends of my father's, wrote most touching notes, and the late Duke of Devonshire enclosed a donation worthy of his generosity, in a letter marked with the greatest feeling and kindness.

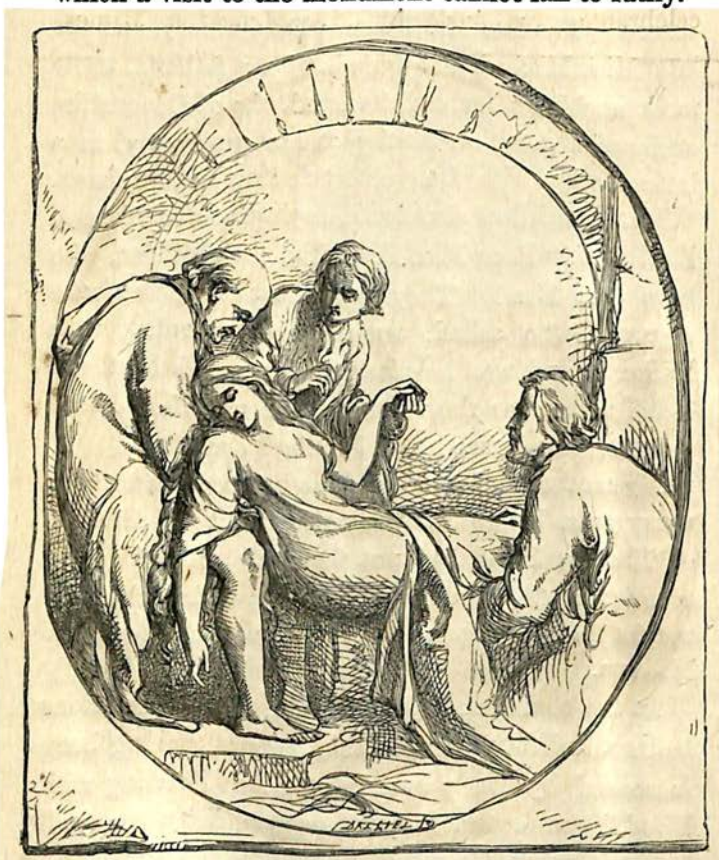
Mr. Longfellow also wrote, saying at the close of his letter: "Poor Mrs. Hood and the children, who have lost him! They will have forgotten the stranger, who called, one October morning, with Dickens, and was hospitably entertained by them. But I remember the visit, and the pale face of the poet, and the house in St. John's Wood."

My mother had been dead, as has been described, many years before this was written, but the children of Thomas Hood had not forgotten, nor will they ever forget, the visit of one, in whom their father had taught them to admire a poet of sympathies akin to his own.

At the commencement of 1853, the subscriptions had swelled to a considerable amount, having been increased by the proceeds of "An Evening with Hood," (an entertainment suggested by the well known George Grossmith) and other lectures of a similar description.

It was now determined to apply to the sculptors for a design. On this point no more need be said than that the choice of the Committee fell on Mr. Matthew

Noble,—a decision which the verdict of the country has since endorsed, on more than one occasion, and which a visit to the monument cannot fail to ratify.



Bas-relief, "THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS," from the Monument by M. Noble, in Kensal Green.

On the 18th of July, 1854, the completed monument was unveiled, at Kensal Green, in the presence of a number of friends and admirers of the dead

Poet. An oration, describing the origin of the Memorial, and the history of him whom it celebrated, was made by Mr. Monckton Milnes,



Bas-relief, "THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM," from the Monument by M. Noble, in Kensal Green.

whose kindly offices and sympathy had done much to alleviate the anxieties of the close of my father's life, and who took the greatest interest in every-

thing connected with the monument. Although funeral orations are not usual in England, the management of the ceremony was faultless, and the address in excellent taste, its pathos exciting deep emotion in those who heard it.

Six years have now elapsed since the monument was erected, and from that time it has been frequently visited by the Poet's friends and admirers; and it is a sincere pleasure and high honour to his children to think they are so numerous.

He was, indeed, (to quote the words of a periodical speaking of the inauguration of the monument) one "of gentle heart, and open hand! Foe to none but the bigot, the pedant, and the quack! Friend to the suffering, to the careworn, and the needy; to the victims of a cruel greed, to all that are desolate and oppressed,—Hood, the generous, kind, and true!"

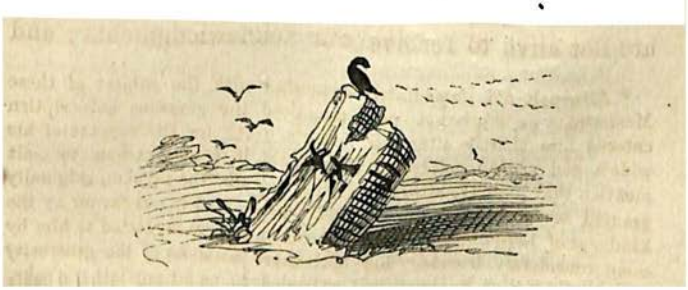
There remains but one more task to perform,*—less a task than a pleasure. It is to thank those who have, in various ways,—either by the loan of letters, the gift of memoranda, or otherwise, assisted in the compilation of these volumes. Many, alas, are not alive to receive our acknowledgments; and

* Although not immediately connected with the subject of these Memorials, we must not pass unnoticed the generous subscription entered into shortly after our father's death for the support of his widow and orphan children. Nor would it seem gracious to omit mention that in 1847, after our mother's death, the pension, originally granted to her by Sir Robert Peel, was revived in our favour by the kindness of Lord John Russell, as soon as it was suggested to him by some considerate friends. For both these instances of the generosity and kindly feeling we have had extended to us for our father's sake, we return our earnest thanks.

indeed it is melancholy to notice how many of them —of my father's friends, and even of those who contributed to his monument—have since died! Some, however, still survive to accept our thanks. Without their help, the children of Thomas Hood would not have been enabled to give to the people these Memorials, for the shortcomings of which they would ask pardon, and gentle consideration, while they claim credit for the best intentions, and the best exertions, which lay in their power.

To His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, the Hon. F. Leveson Gower, to Sir Robert Peel, Lord Stanhope, and the Right Hon. E. Cardwell, to Sir Rowland Hill, Mr. Dickens, Mr. Dilke, Messrs. Taylor and Hessey, Dr. Elliot, Captain De Franck, and Mr. John Watkins, and to others, whose names it were too long to enumerate, the most sincere and grateful thanks are tendered by the children of Thomas Hood,

FRANCES FREELING BRODERIP
and
THOMAS HOOD.



LITERARY REMAINS.

THE following were the papers contributed by my father to "Hood's Magazine"—

The Haunted House.
A Tale of Temper.
Mrs. Burrage; A Temperance Romance.
Review of "Life in a Sick Room."
Review of "A Christmas Carol." By Charles Dickens.
An Irish Rebellion.
Epigram.
A Song for the Million.
The Regular and the Irregular Drama.
Skipping. A Mystery.
A Discovery in Astronomy.
Real Random Records.
A New Berry.
A Dream by the Fire.
The Mary; A Seaside Sketch.
The Lady's Dream.
Nature and Art.
Review of "Fifty Days on board a Slaver."
The House of Mourning.
Magnetic Musings.
The Key. A Moorish Romance.
The Masonic Secret. An Extravaganza.
Epigram.
Anecdote of Her present Majesty.
The Captain's Cow. A Nautical Romance.
The Workhouse Clock.
Review of a "New Spirit of the Age."

The Bridge of Sighs.
The Monster Telescope.*
Anecdote of H.R.H. Prince Albert.
An Explanation. By One of the Livery.
Our Family Chaps. I. to XXIII.
Etched Thoughts. A Review.
Epigram on a certain Equestrian Statue.
Epigram.
The Lay of the Labourer.
Epigram on Her Majesty's Visit to the City.
Sonnet to a Sonnet.
Epigram on the Queen's Visit to the City.
Mrs. Peck's Pudding. A Christmas Romance.
The Lark and the Rook.
Epigram.
The Sausage Maker's Ghost.
Suggestions by Steam.
Anacreontic. By a Footman.
A Letter from the Cape.
Review of "The Chimes." By Charles Dickens.
Domestic Mesmerism.
Stanzas.
The Surplice Question.
A Note from my Note Book.
Epigram.

Besides these, were numerous cuts, and many "Echoes," one of the latter (at the end of the third number) containing a very humorous letter.

* This was a fictitious description of the wonders revealed by Lord Rosse's tube, so *vraisemblable* as to deceive one of my father's friends, who was most wroth when the hoax was revealed to him.—T. H.

COPYRIGHT AND COPYWRONG.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATHENÆUM.

LETTER I.

My dear Sir,

I have read with much satisfaction the occasional exposures in your journal of the glorious uncertainty of the Law of Copyright, and your repeated calls for its revision. It is high time indeed that some better system should be established; and I cannot but regret that the legislature of our own country which patronises the great cause of liberty all over the world, has not taken the lead in protecting the common rights of literature. We have a national interest in each; and their lots ought not to be cast asunder.

The French, Prussian and American governments, however, have already got the start of us, and are concerting measures for suppressing those piracies, which have become, like the influenza, so alarmingly prevalent?

It would appear from the facts established, that an English book merely *transpires* in London; but is *published* in Paris, Brussels, or New York.

> "'Tis but to sail, and with to-morrow's sun,
> The pirates will be *bound*."

Mr. Bulwer tells us of a literary gentleman, who felt himself under the necessity of occasionally

going abroad to preserve his self-respect; and without some change, an author will be equally obliged to repair to another country to enjoy his circulation.

As to the American reprints, I can personally corroborate your assertion, that heretofore a transatlantic bookseller "has taken 500 copies of a single work," whereas he now orders none, or merely a solitary one to set up from. This, I hope, is a matter as important as the little question of etiquette, which, according to Mr. Cooper, the fifty millions will have to adjust.

Before, however, any international arrangements be entered into, it seems only consistent with common sense that we should begin at home, and first establish what copyright *is* in Britain, and provide for its protection from native pirates or *book*-aneers. I have learned therefore with pleasure that the state of the law is to be brought under the notice of Parliament by Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, who from his legal experience and literary tastes is so well qualified for the task. The grievances of authors have neither been loudly nor often urged on Lords or Commons; but their claims have long been lying on the library table, if not on the table of the House, and methinks their wrongs have only to be properly stated to obtain redress. I augur for them, at least, a good hearing, for such seldom and low-toned appeals ought to find their way to organs as "deaf to clamour" as the old citizen of Cheapside, who said that "the more noise there was in the

street, the more he didn't hear it." In the meantime as an author myself, as well as a proprietor of copyrights in "a small way," I make bold to offer my own feelings and opinions on the subject, with some illustrations from what, although not a decidedly serious writer, I will call "my experiences." And here I may appropriately plead an apology for taking on myself the cause of a fraternity of which I am so humble a member; but in truth, this very position, which forbids vanity on my own account, favours my pride on that of others, and thus enables me to speak more becomingly of the deserts of my brethren and the dignity of the craft. Like P. P. the Clerk of the Parish, who, with a proper reverence for his calling, confessed an elevation of mind in only considering himself as "a shred of the linen vestment of Aaron," I own to an inward exultation at being but a Precentor, as it were, in that worship which numbers Shakespeare and Milton among its priests. Moreover now that the rank of authors, and the nature, and value, of literary property are about to be discussed, and I hope established for ever, it becomes the duty of every Literary Man, as much as of a Peer, when his order is in question, to assert his station, and stand up manfully for the rights, honours, and privileges of the profession to which he belongs. The question is not a mere sordid one, it is not a simple inquiry, in what way the emoluments of literature may be best secured to the author or proprietors of a work; on the contrary it involves

a principle of grave importance, not only to literary men, but to those who love-letters, and I will presume to say, to society at large.

It has a moral as well as commercial bearing; for the legislature will not only have to decide *directly* by a formal act, whether the Literary Interest is worthy of a place beside the Shipping Interest, the Landed Interest, the Funded Interest, the Manufacturing, and other public Interests, but also it will have *indirectly* to determine whether literary men belong to the privileged class; the higher, lower, or middle class,—the working class,—productive or unproductive class; or, in short, to any class at all.* "Literary men," says Mr. Bulwer, "have not, with us, any fixed and settled position as men of letters." We have, like Mr. Cooper's American lady, no precedence.

We are, in fact, nobodies. Our place, in turf language, is "nowhere." Like certain birds and beasts of difficult classification,—we go without any at all. We have no more Caste than the Pariahs. We are on a par, according as we are scientific, theologic, imaginative, dramatic, poetic, historic, instructive, or amusing,—with quack doctors, street preachers, strollers, ballad-singers, hawkers of last dying speeches, Punch and Judies, conjurors, tumblers, and other "divarting vagabonds." We are as the Jews in the east, the Africans in the west, or the Gipsies anywhere. We belong to those, to whom

* At a guess, I should say we were classed, in opposition to a certain political sect, as Inutilitarians.

nothing can belong. I have even misgivings,—Heaven help us,—if an author have a Parish!

I have serious doubts if a work be a qualification for the workhouse! The law, apparently, cannot forget, or forgive, that Homer was a vagrant, Shakespeare a deer-stealer, Milton a rebel. Our very 'cracks' tell against us in the statute,—Poor Stone-blind, Bill the Poacher, and Radical Jack have been the ruin of our gang. We have neither character to lose, nor property to protect. We are, by law, outlaws,—undeserving of civil rights. We may be robbed, libelled, outraged with impunity: being at the same time liable for such offences, to all the rigour of the code.

I will not adduce, as I could do, a long catalogue of the victims of this system, which seems to have been drawn up by the "Lord of Misrule," and sanctioned by the "Abbot of Unreason." I will select, as Sterne took his captive, a single author. To add to the parallel, behold him in a prison! He is sentenced to remain there during the monarch's pleasure, to stand three times in the pillory, and to be amerced besides in the heavy sum of two hundred marks. The sufferer of this threefold punishment is one rather deserving of a triple-crown, as a man, as an author, and as an example of that rare commercial integrity which does not feel discharged of its debts, though creditors have accepted a composition, till it has paid them in full. It is a literary offence,—a libel or presumed libel, which

has incurred the severity of the law; but the same power that oppresses him refuses or neglects to support him in the protection of his literary character and his literary rights. His just fame is depreciated by public slanderers, and his honest, honourable earnings are forestalled by pirates.

Of one of his performances no less than twelve surreptitious editions are printed and 80,000 copies are disposed of at a cheap rate in the streets of London. I am writing no fiction, though of one of Fiction's greatest masters. That captive is,—for he can never die,—that captive author is Scott's, Johnson's, Blair's, Marmontel's, Lamb's, Chalmers's, Beattie's,—good witnesses to character these!—every Englishman's, Britain's, America's, Germany's, France's, Spain's, Italy's, Arabia's,—all the world's Daniel De Foe! Since the age of the author of "Robinson Crusoe," the law has doubtless altered in complexion, but not in character, towards his race. It no longer pillories an author who writes to the distaste—or, like poor Daniel, above the comprehension—of the powers that be, because it no longer pillories any one,—but the imprisonment and the fines remain in force. The title of a book is, in legal phrase, the worst title there is.

Literary property is the lowest in the market. It is declared by law worth only so many years' purchase, after which the private right becomes common; and in the meantime the estate, being notoriously infested with poachers, is as remarkably unprotected

by game laws. An author's winged thoughts, though laid, hatched, bred, and fed within his own domain, are less his property, than is the bird of passage that of the lord of the manor, on whose soil it may happen to alight." An author cannot employ an armed keeper to protect his preserves; he cannot apply to a pinder to arrest the animals that trespass on his grounds; nay, he cannot even call in a common constable to protect his purse on the king's highway! I have had thoughts myself of seeking the aid of a policeman, but counsel, learned in the law, have dissuaded me from such a course; there was no way of defending myself from the petty thief but by picking my own pocket! Thus I have been compelled to see my own name attached to catch-penny works, none of mine, hawked about by placard-men in the street—I, who detest the puffing system, have apparently been guilty of the gross forwardness of walking the pavement by proxy for admirers, like the dog Bashaw! I have been made, nominally, to ply at stage-coach windows with my wares, like Isaac Jacobs with his cheap pencils, and Jacob Isaacs with his cheap pen-knives to cut them with:—and without redress. For whether I had placed myself in the hands of the law, or taken the law in my own hands,—as any bumpkin in a barn knows—there is nothing to be thrashed out of a man of straw. Now, with all humility, if my poor name be any recommendation of a book, I conceive I am entitled to reserve it for my own benefit.

What says the proverb? "When your name is up, you may lie a-bed." But what says the law?—at least if the owner of the name be an author. Why, that anyone may steal his bed from under him, and sell it; that is to say, his reputation, and the revenue which it may bring.

In the meantime, for other street frauds there is a summary process: the vendor of a flash watch, or a razor made to sell, though he appropriates no maker's name, is seized without ceremony by A 1, carried before B 2, and committed to C 3, as regularly as a child goes through its alphabet and numeration. They have defrauded the public, forsooth, and the public has its prompt remedy; but for the literary man, thus doubly robbed of his money and his reputation, what is his redress but by injunction, or action, against walking shadows?—a truly homœopathic remedy, which pretends to cure by aggravating the disease.

I have thus shown how an author may be robbed; for if the works thus offered at an unusually low price be genuine, they must have been dishonestly obtained,—the brooms were stolen ready-made; if, on the contrary, they be counterfeit, I apprehend there will be little difficulty in showing how an author may be practically libelled with equal impunity. For anything I know, the peripatetic philosophy, ascribed to me by the above itinerants, might be heretical, damnable, libellous, vicious, or obscene; whilst for anything they know to the contrary, the

purchasers must have held me responsible for the contents of the volumes, which went abroad so very publicly under my name. I know, indeed, that parties, thus deceived, have expressed their regret and astonishment, that I could be guilty of such prose, verse, and worse, as they have met with under my signature. I believe I may cite the well-known Mr. George Robins, as a purchaser of one of the counterfeits; and if he, perhaps, eventually knocked me down as a street-preacher of infidelity, sedition, or immorality, it was neither his fault nor mine.

I may here refer, *en passant*,—for illustrations are plenty as blackberries,—to a former correspondence in the "Athenæum," in which I had, in common with Mr. Poole and the late Mr. Colman, to disclaim any connection with a periodical in which I was advertised as a contributor. There was more recently, and probably still is, one Marshall, of Holborn-bars, who publicly claims me as a writer in his pay, with as much right to the imprint of my name, as a print-collector has to the engravings in another man's portfolio: but against this man I have taken no rash steps, otherwise called legal, knowing that I might as well appeal to Martial law, *versus* Marshall, as to any other.

As a somewhat whimsical case, I may add the following. Mr. Chappell, the music-seller, agreed to give me a liberal sum for the use of any ballad I might publish: and another party, well known in the same line, applied to me for a formal permission to

publish a little song of mine which a lady had done me the honour of setting to an original melody. Here seemed to be a natural recognition of copyright, and the moral sense of justice standing instead of law. But in the meantime, a foreign composer—I forget his name, but it was set in G—took a fancy to some of my verses, and without the semiquaver of a right, or the demi-semiquaver of an apology, converted them to his own use. I remonstrated of course; and the reply, based on the assurance of impunity, not only admitted the fact, but informed me that Monsieur, not finding my lines agree with his score, had taken the liberty of altering them at my risk. Now I would confidently appeal to the highest poets in the land, whether they do not feel it quite responsibility enough to be accountable for their own lays in the mother tongue; but to be answerable also for the attempts in English verse by a foreigner—and, above all, a Frenchman—is really too much of a bad thing!

Would it be too much to request of the learned Serjeant, who has undertaken our cause, that he would lay these cases before Parliament? Noble Lords and Honourable Gentlemen come down to their respective Houses, in a fever of nervous excitement, and shout of "Privilege! Breach of Privilege!" because their speeches have been erroneously reported, or their meaning garbled in perhaps a single sentence; but how would they relish to see whole speeches—nay pamphlets—they

had never uttered or written, paraded, with their names, styles, and titles at full length, by those placarding walkers, who like fathers of lies, or rather mothers of them, carry one staring falsehood pick-a-back, and another at the bosom? How would those gentlemen like to see extempore versions of their orations done into English by a native of Paris, and published, as the pig ran, "down all sorts of streets?" Yet to similar nuisances are authors exposed without adequate means of abating them. It is often better, I have been told, to abandon one's rights than to defend them at law—a sentence that will bear a particular application to literary grievances. For instance, the law would have something to say to a man who claimed his neighbour's umbrella as his own parasol, because he had cut off a bit round the rim; yet by something of a similar process, the better part of a book may be appropriated; and this is so *civil* an offence, that any satisfaction at law is only to be obtained by a very costly and doubtful course. There was even a piratical work which—to adopt Burke's paradoxical style—disingenuously ingenuous and dishonestly honest, assumed the plain title of "The Thief," professing with the connivance of the law, to steal all its materials. How this Thief died, I know not; but as it was a literary thief, I would lay long odds that the law was not its finisher. These piracies are naturally most injurious to those authors whose works are of a fugitive nature, or on topics of

temporary interest; but there are writers of a more solid stamp, of a higher order of mind, or nobler ambition, who devote themselves to the production of works of permanent value and utility. Such works often creep but slowly into circulation and repute, but then become classics for ever. And what encouragement and reward does the law hold forth to such contributors to our standard national literature? Why that after a certain lapse of years, coinciding probably with the term requisite to establish the sterling character of the work, or at least to procure its general recognition; then—aye, just then, when the literary property is realised, when it becomes exchangeable against the precious metals, which are considered by some political, and more practical economists as the standard of value —the law decrees that then all right or interest in the book shall expire in the author, and by some strange process, akin to the Hindoo transmigrations, revive in the great body of the booksellers. And here arises a curious question. After the copyright has so lapsed, suppose that some speculative publisher, himself an amateur writer, should think fit to abridge or expand the author's matter, extenuate or aggravate his arguments—French-polish his style —Johnsonise his phraseology—or even like Winifred Jenkins, wrap his own "bit of nonsense under his honour's kiver;" is there any legal provision extant to which the injured party could appeal for redress of such an outrage on all that is left to him,

his reputation? I suspect there is none whatever. There is yet another singular result from this state of the law, which I beg leave to illustrate by my own case.

If I may modestly appropriate a merit, it is that, whatever my faults, I have, at least, been a decent writer. In a species of composition, where, like the *ignis fatuus* that guides into a bog, a glimmer of the ludicrous is apt to lead the fancy into an indelicacy, I feel some honest pride in remembering that the reproach of impurity has never been cast upon me by my judges. It has not been my delight to exhibit the Muse, as it has tenderly been called "high kilted" —I have had the gratification therefore of seeing my little volumes placed in the hands of boys and girls, and as I have children of my own to, I hope, survive me, I have the inexpressible comfort of thinking that hereafter they will be able to cast their eyes over the pages inscribed with my name, without a burning blush on their young cheeks to reflect that the author was their father. So whispers Hope, with the dulcet voice and the golden hair; but what thunders Law, of the iron tone and the frizzled wig? "Decent as thy Muse may be now—a *delicate* Ariel —she shall be indecent and indelicate hereafter! She shall class with the bats and the fowls obscene! The slow reward of thy virtue shall be the same as the prompt punishment of vice. Thy copyright shall depart from thee, it shall be everybody's, and anybody's, and 'no man shall call it his own!'"

Verily if such be the proper rule of copyright, for the sake of consistency two very old copywriters should be altered to match, and run thus:—

"Virtue is its own *punishment.*"
"Age commands *disrespect.*"

To return to the author whose fame is slow and sure to be—its own reward; should he be dependent, as is often the case, on the black and white bread of literature—should it be the profession by which he lives, it is evident that under such a system he must beg, run into debt, or starve. And many have been beggars—many have got into debt; it is hardly possible to call up the ghost of a literary hero, without the apparition of a catchpole at his elbow, for like Jack the Giant-killer, our elder worthies, who had the Cap of Knowledge, found it equally convenient to be occasionally invisible, as well as to possess the Shoes of Swiftness,—and some have starved! Could the "Illustrious Dead" arise, after some Anniversary Dinner of the Literary Fund, and walk in procession round the table, like the resuscitated objects of the Royal Humane Society, what a melancholy exhibition they would make! I will not marshal them forth in order, but leave the show to the imagination of the reader. I doubt whether the Illustrious Living would make a much brighter muster. Supposing a general summons, how many day-rules—how many incognitos from abroad—how many visits to Mon-

mouth Street would be necessary to enable the Members to put in an appearance! I fear, Heaven forgive me! some of our nobles even would show only Three Golden Balls in their coronets! If we do not actually starve or die by poison in this century, it is, perhaps, owing partly to the foundation of the Literary Fund, and partly to the invention of the stomach-pump. But the true abject state of literature may be gathered from the fact, that with a more accurate sense of the destitution of the Professors, than of the dignity of the Profession, a proposal has lately been brought forward for the erection of almshouses for paupers of "learning and genius" who have fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, under the specious name of Literary *Retreats;* or as a military man would technically and justly read such a record of our failures, Literary *Defeats.* Nor is this the climax: the proposal names half-a-dozen of these humble abodes to "make a beginning" with—a mere brick of the building—as if the projector, in his mind's eye, saw a whole Mile-End Road of one-storied tenements in the shell, stretching from number six, and "to be continued."

> Visions of paupers, spare my aching sight,
> Ye unbuilt houses, crowd not on my soul!

I do hope, before we are put into yellow leather very 'small clothes,' muffin caps, green baize coats, and badges, and made St. Minerva charity-boys at once—for *that* must be the first step—that the legis-

lature will interfere, and endeavour to provide better for our sere and yellow leaves, by protecting our black and white ones. Let the law secure to us a fair chance of getting our own, and perhaps, with proper industry, we may be able—who knows?—to build little snuggeries for ourselves. Under the present system the chances are decidedly against a literary man's even laying a good foundation of French bricks.

To further illustrate the nature of a copyright, we will suppose that an author retains it, or publishes, as it is called, on his own account. He will then have to divide amongst the trade, in the shape of commission allowances, from 40 to 45 per cent. of the gross proceeds, leaving the stationer, printer, binder, advertising, and all other expenses to be paid out of the remainder. And here arise two important contingencies:—1st. In order that the author may know the true number of the impression, and consequently the correct amount of the sale, it is necessary that his publisher should be honest. 2ndly. For the author to duly receive his profits, his publisher must be solvent. I intend no disrespect to the trade in general by naming these conditions; but I am bound to mention them, as risks adding to the insecurity of the property—as two hurdles which the rider of Pegasus may have to clear in his course to be a winner.

If I felt inclined to reflect on the trade, it would be to censure those dishonest members of it, who

set aside a principle, in which the interests of authors and booksellers are identical—the inviolability of copyright. I need not point out the notorious examples of direct piracy at home, which have made the foreign offences comparatively venial; nor yet those more oblique plagiarisms, and close parodies, which are alike hurtful in their degree. Of the evil of these latter practices I fear our bibliopoles are not sufficiently aware; but that man deserves to have his head published in foolscap, who does not see that, whatever temporary advantages a system of piracy may hold out, the consequent swamping of literature will be ruinous to the trade, till eventually it may dwindle down to Four-and-Twenty Booksellers all in a Row, and all in "the *old* book line," pushing off back stock and bartering remainders.

But my letter is exceeding all reasonable length, and I will reserve what else I have to say till next post.

THOMAS HOOD.

LETTER II.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have perhaps sufficiently illustrated the state of copyright, bad as it is without the help of foreign intervention: not however, without misgivings that I shall be suspected of quoting from some burlesque code, drawn up by a Rabelais in

ridicule of the legislative efforts of a community of ouran-outangs—or a sample by Swift, of the Constitution of the sages of Laputa—I have proved that literary property might almost be defined, reversing the common advertisement, as something 'of use to everybody but the owner.' To guard this precarious possession I have shown how the law provides: 1st. That if a work be of temporary interest it shall virtually be free for any *book*aneer to avail himself of its pages and its popularity with impunity. 2ndly. That when time has stamped a work as of permanent value, the copyright shall belong to anybody or nobody. I may now add—as if to "huddle jest upon jest,"—that the mere registry of a work, to entitle it to this precious protection, incurs a fee of eleven copies—in value, it might happen, some hundreds of pounds! Then to protect the author—"aye, such protection as vultures give to lambs"—I have instanced how he is responsible for all he writes—and subject for libel and so forth, to fines and imprisonment—how he may libel by proxy, and how he may practically be libelled himself without redress. I have evidenced how the law, that protects his brass-plate on the door, will wink at the stealing of his name by a brazen pirate—howbeit the author, for only accommodating himself by a forgery, might be transported beyond seas. I have set forth how, though he may not commit any breach of privilege, he may have his own words garbled, Frenchified, transmogrified, garnished,

taken in or let out, like old clothes, turned, dyed, and altered. I have proved in short, according to my first position, that in the evil eye of the law, "we have neither character to lose nor property to protect;" that there is "one law for the rich and another for the poor" (*alias* authors); and that the weights and scales which Justice uses in literary matters ought to be broken before her face by the petty jury. And now let me ask, is this forlorn state—its professors thus degradingly appreciated, its products thus shabbily appraised—the proper condition of literature? The liberty of the press is boasted of as a part of the British Constitution; but might it not be supposed, that in default of a Censorship, some cunning Machiavel had devised a sly underplot for the discouragement of letters—an occult conspiracy to present "men of learning and genius" to the world's eye, in the pitiful plight of poor devils, starvelings, mumpers, paupers, vagrants, loose-fish, jobbers, needy and seedy ones, nobodies, ne'er-do-weels, shy coves, strollers, creatures, wretches, objects, small debtors, borrowers, dependents, lackpennies, half-sirs, clapper-dudgeons, scamps, insolvents, maunderers, blue-gowns, bedesmen, scare-crows, fellows about town, sneaks, scrubs, shabbies, rascal deer of the herd, animals "wi' lettered braw brass collars," but poor dogs for all that? Our family tree is ancient enough, for it is coeval with knowledge; and mythology, the old original Herald's College, has assigned us a glorious

blazonry. But would not one believe that some sneering Mephistopheles willing to pull down "God Almighty's gentlemen," had sought to supply the images of their heraldry with a scurvier gloss, *e.g.*, a lady patroness with an ægis, that gives more stones than bread—a patron who dispenses sunshine in lieu of coal and candle—nine elderly spinsters, who have never married for want of fortune—a horse with wings, that failing oats, he may fly after the chaff that is driven before the wind—a forked mount, and no knife to it—a lot of bay-trees, and no custards—a spring of Adam's ale! In fact all the standing jests and taunts at authors and authorship have their point in poverty: such as Grub Street first-floors down the chimney—sixpenny ordinaries — second-hand suits — shabby blacks, holes at the elbow—and, true as epaulette to the shoulder, the hand of the bum-bailiff!

Unfortunately, as if to countenance such a plot as I have hypothetically assumed above, there is a marked disproportion, as compared with other professions, in the number of literary men, who are selected for public honours and employments.

So far indeed from their having, as a body, any voice in the senate, they have scarcely a vote at the hustings; for the system under which they suffer is hardly adapted to make them forty shilling freeholders, much less to enable them to qualify for seats in the House. A jealous-minded person might take occasion to say, that this was but a covert mode

of effecting the exclusion of men whom the gods have made poetical, and whose voices might sound more melodious and quite as pregnant with meaning as many a *vox et præterea nihil*, that is lifted up to Mr. Speaker. A literary man, indeed,—Sheridan—is affirmed by Lord Byron to have delivered the best speech that was ever listened to in Parliament, and it would even add force to the insinuation, that the rotten boroughs, averred to be the only gaps by which men merely rich in learning and genius could creep into the Commons, have been recently stopped up. Of course such a plot cannot be entertained; but in the meantime the effect is the same, and whilst an apparent slight is cast upon literature, the senate has probably been deprived of the musical wisdom of many wonderful Talking Birds through the want of the Golden Waters. For instance, it might not only be profitable to hear such a man as Southey, who has both read history and written history, speak to the matter in hand, when the affairs of nations are discussed, and the beacon-lights of the past may be made to reflect a guiding ray into the London-like fogs of the future. I am quite aware that literary genius *per se* is not reckoned a sufficient qualification for a legislator,—perhaps not —but why is not a poet as competent to discuss questions concerning the public welfare, the national honour, the maintenance of morals and religion, or the education of the people, as a gentleman, without a touch of poetry about him, who had been schooling

his intellects for the evening's debate by a course of morning whist? Into some of these honorary memberships, so to speak, a few distinguished men of letters might be safely franked, and if they did not exactly turn up trumps—I mean as statesmen—they would serve to do away with an awkward impression that literature, which as a sort of natural religion is the best ally of a revealed one, has been unkindly denied any share in that affectionate relationship which obtains between church and state. As for the Upper House, I will not presume to say, whether the dignity of that illustrious assembly would have been impaired or otherwise by the presence of a baron with the motto, of *Poeta nascitur, non fit;* supposing literature to have taken a seat in the person of Sir Walter Scott beside the lords of law and war. It is not for me to decide whether the brain-bewitching art be worthy of such high distinction as the brain-bewildering art, or that other one described by a bard, himself a peer, as the "brain-spattering art;" but in the absence of such creations it seems a peculiar hardship that men of letters should not have been selected for distinctions; the "Blue Ribbon of Literature" for instance, most legitimately their due. Finally, as if to aggravate these neglects, literary men have not been consoled as is usual, for the loss of more airy gratifications by a share in what Justice Greedy would call "the substantials, Sir Giles, the substantials." They have been treated

as if they were unworthy of public employments, at least with two exceptions. Burns, who held a post very much under government, and Wordsworth, who shares the reproach of "the loaves and fishes" for penny rolls and sprats. The want of business-like habits, it is true, has been alleged against the fraternity; but even granting such deficiency, might not the most practical idlers, loungers and ramblers of them all fill their posts quite as efficiently as those personages, who are paid for having nothing to do, and never neglect their duty? Not that I am an admirer of sinecures except in the Irishman's acceptation of the word;* but may not such bonuses to gentlemen, who write as little as they well can, viz., their names to the receipts, appear a little like a wish to discountenance those other gentlemen, who write as much as they well can, and are at the expense of printing it besides.

I had better here enter a little protest against these remarks being mistaken for the splenetic and wrathful ebullitions of a morbid or addled egotism. I have not "deviated into the gloomy vanity of drawing from self." I charge the state, it is true, with backing literature as the Champion backed Cato—that is to say tail foremost—but I am far

* One Patrick Maguire. He had been appointed to a situation the reverse of a place of all work, and his friends who called to congratulate him, were very much astonished to see his face lengthen on the receipt of the news. "A sinecure is it!" exclaimed Pat. "The devil thank them for that same. Sure I know what a sinecure is: it's a place where there's nothing to do, and they pay you by the piece."

from therefore considering myself as an overlooked, under-kept, wet-blanketed, hid-under-a-bushel, or lapped-in-a-napkin individual. I have never, to my knowledge, displayed any remarkable aptitude for business, any decided predilection for politics, or unusual mastery in political economy—any striking talent at "a multiplicity of talk"—and withal I am a very indifferent hand at a rubber. I have never like Bubb Doddington, expressed a determined ambition "to make a public figure, I had not decided what, but a public figure I was resolved to make."

Nay more, in a general view, I am not anxious to see literary men "giving up to a party what was meant for mankind," or hanging like sloths on the "branches of the revenue," or even engrossing working-situations, such as gauger-ships, to the exclusion of humbler individuals, who like Dogberry, have the natural gifts of reading and writing, and nothing else, neither am I eager to claim for them those other distinctions, titles, and decorations, the dignity of which requires a certain affluence of income for its support. A few orders indeed, domestic or foreign, conferred through a bookseller hang not ungracefully on an author, at the same time that they help to support his slender revenue; but there would be something too ludicrous even for my humour in a star and no coat, a garter and no stocking, a coronet and no night-cap, a collar and no shirt! Besides the creatures have like the glow-worm and the fire-fly (but at the head

instead of the tail) a sort of splendour of their own, which makes them less in need of any adventitious lustre. If I have dwelt on the dearth of State Patronage, public employments, honours and emoluments, it was principally to correct a vulgar error, not noticed by Sir Thomas Browne; namely that poets and their kind are "marygolds in the sun's eye," the world's favourite and pet children; whereas they are in reality its snubbed ones. It was to show that Literature, neglected by the government, and unprotected by the law, was placed in a false position; whereby its professors present such anomalous phenomena as high priests of knowledge without a surplus; enlarged minds in the King's Bench, school-masters obliged to be abroad, great scholars without a knife and fork and spoon, master minds at journey-work, moral magistrates greatly under-paid; immortals without a living, menders of the human heart breaking their own, mighty intellects begrudged their mite, great wits jumping into nothing good, ornaments to their country put on the shelf; constellations of genius under a cloud, eminent pens quite stumped up, great lights of the age with a thief in them, prophets to book-sellers; my ink almost blushes from black to red whilst marking such associations of the divine ore with the earthly—but methinks 'tis the metal of one of their scales in which we are weighed and found wanting. Poverty is the badge of all our tribe, and its reproach.

There is for instance, a well-known taunt against a humble class of men, who live by their pens, which girding not at the quality of their work, but the rate of its remuneration, twits them as penny-a-liners! Can the world be aware of the range of the shaft? What, pray, was glorious John Milton, upon whom rested an after-glow of the Holy Inspiration of the sacred writers, like the twilight bequeathed by a midsummer sun? Why, he was, as you may reckon any time in his divine "Paradise Lost," not even a ha'penny-a-liner; we have no proof that Shakespeare, the high-priest of humanity, was even a farthing-a-liner; and we know that Homer not only sold his lines "gratis for nothing," but gave credit to all eternity! If I wrong the world, I beg pardon; but I really believe it invented the phrase of the *republic* of letters to insinuate that taking the whole lot of authors together, they have not got a *sovereign* amongst them!

I have now reduced Literature, as an arithmetician would say, to its lowest terms. I have shown her like misery,—

> "For misery is trodden on by many,
> And, being low, never relieved by any,"

fairly ragged, beggared, and down in the dust, having been robbed of her last farthing by a pickpocket (that's a pirate). There she sits, like Diggon Davie, —"Her was her while it was daylight, but now her is a most wretched wight,"—or rather like crazy Kate;

a laughing-stock for the mob (that's the world), unprotected by the constable (that's the law), threatened by the beadle (that's the law, too), repulsed from the workhouse by the overseer (that's the government), and denied any claim on the parish funds. Agricultural distress is a fool to it! one of those counterfeit cranks, to quote from "The English Rogue,"—"Such as pretend to have the falling sickness, and by putting a piece of white soap into the corner of their mouths will make the froth come boiling forth, to cause pity in the beholders." If we inquire into the causes of this depression, some must undoubtedly be laid at the doors of literary men themselves; but perhaps the greater proportion may be traced to the want of any definite ideas, amongst people in general, on the following particulars:—1st. How an author writes, 2nd. Why an author writes, 3rd. What an author writes. And 1stly, as to how he writes, upon which head there is a wonderful diversity of opinions; one thinks that writing is "as easy as lying," and pictures the author sitting carefully at his desk "with his glove on," like Sir Roger De Coverley's poetical ancestor. A second holds that "the easiest reading is d——d hard writing," and imagines Time himself beating his brains over an extempore. A third believes in inspirations, *i.e.*, that metaphors, quotations, classical allusions, historical illustrations, and even dramatic plots,—all come to the waking author by intuition; whilst ready-made poems, like Cole-

ridge's "Kubla Khan," are dictated to him in his sleep. Of course the estimate of his desert will rise or fall according to the degree of learned labour attributed to the composition; he who sees in his mind's eye, a genius of the lamp, consuming gallons on gallons of midnight oil, will assign a rate of reward, regulated probably by the success of the Hull whalers, whilst the believer in inspiration will doubtless conceive that the author ought to be fed, as well as prompted, by miracle,—and accordingly bid him look up, like the Apostle on the old Dutch tiles, for a bullock coming down from heaven in a bundle. 2ndly, *Why* an author writes; and there is as wide a patchwork of opinions on this head as on the former. Some think that he writes for the present,—others, that he writes for posterity, and a few that he writes for antiquity. One believes that he writes for the benefit of the world in general, his own excepted,—which is the opinion of the law. A second conceives that he writes for the benefit of booksellers in particular, and this is the trade's opinion. A third takes it for granted that he writes for nobody's benefit but his own, which is the opinion of the green-room. He is supposed to write for fame, for money, for amusement, for political *ends*, and, by certain schoolmasters, "to improve his mind."

Need it be wondered at, that in this uncertainty as to his motives, the world sometimes perversely gives him anything but the thing he wants. Thus

the rich author, who yearns for fame, gets a pension, —the poor one, who hungers for bread, receives a diploma from Aberdeen,—the writer for amusement has the pleasure of a Mohawking review in a periodical; and the gentleman in search of a place has an offer from a sentimental milliner! 3rdly. *What* an author writes. The world is so much of a Champollion that it can understand hieroglyphics, if nothing else; it can comprehend outward visible signs, and grapple with a tangible emblem. It knows that a man on a table stands for patriotism, a man in a pulpit for religion, and so on, but it is a little obtuse as to what it reads in king Cadmus's types. A book hangs out no sign. Thus persons will go through a chapter, enforcing some principal duty of man towards his Maker, or his neighbour, without discovering that in all but the name they have been reading a sermon. A solid mahogany pulpit is wanting to such a perception. They will con over an essay, glowing with the most ardent love of liberty, instinct with the noblest patriotism, and replete with the soundest maxims of polity without the remotest notion that, except its being delivered upon paper, instead of *vivâ voce*, they have been attending to a speech,—as for dreaming of the author as a being, who could sit in Parliament, and uphold the same sentiments, they would as soon think of chairing an abstract idea. They must see a *bonâ fide* waggon with its true blue, orange, or green flag to arrive at such a conclusion.

The material keeps the upper-hand. Hence the sight of a substantial Vicar may suggest the necessity of a parsonage and a glebe, but the author is, according to the proverb, "out of sight, out of mind;" a spirituality not to be associated with such tangible temporalities as bread and cheese. He is condemned *par contumace* to dine *tête-à-tête* with the Barmecide or Duke Humphrey, whilst for want of a visible hustings or velvet cushion, the small still voice of his pages is never conceived of as coming from a patriot, a statesman, a priest, or a prophet: as a case in point—there is a short poem by Southey called the "Battle of Blenheim" which, from the text of some poor fellow's skull, who fell in the great victory,

> For many a thousand bodies there
> Lay rotting in the sun,

takes occasion to ask, what they killed each other for? and what good came of it in the end? These few quaint verses contain the very essence of a primary Quaker doctrine, yet lacking the tangible sign—a drab coat or a broad-brimmed hat—no member of the sect ever yet discovered that, in all but the garb, the peace-loving author was a Friend, moved by the spirit, and holding forth in verse in a strain worthy of the great Fox himself! Is such poetry, then, a *vanity*, or something worthy of all Quakerly patronage? Verily if the copyright had been valued at a thousand pounds the Society ought

to have purchased it,—printed the poem as a tract—and distributed it by tens of thousands, yea, hundreds of thousands, till every fighting man in the army and navy had a copy, including the marines. The Society, however, has done nothing of the kind; and it has only acted like Society in general towards literature, by regarding it as a vanity or a luxury, rather than as a grand moral engine, capable of advancing the spiritual, as well as the temporal, interests of mankind. It has looked upon poets and their kind as common men, and not as spirits that, like the ascending and descending angels in Jacob's vision, hold commerce with the sky itself, and help to maintain the intercourse between earth and heaven.

I have yet a few comments to offer on the charges usually preferred against literary men, but shall reserve them for another and concluding letter.

THOMAS HOOD.

LETTER III.

MY DEAR SIR,

Now to the sins which have been laid at the doors, or tied to the knockers, of literary men: those offences which are to palliate or excuse such public slights and neglects as I have set forth; or, may be, such private ones, as selling a presentation copy, perhaps a dedicatory one, as a bookseller

would sell the "Keepsake" with the author's autograph letters—without the *delicacy* of waiting for his death, or the *policy*, for, as Crabbe says, one's writings then fetch a better price, because there can be no more of them—at a sale of Evans's. Literary men, then, have been charged with being eccentric—and so are comets. They were not created to belong to that mob of undistinguishable—call them not stars, but sparks, constituting the Milky Way.

It is a taunt as old as Chesterfield's Letters, that they are not polished: no more was that Chesterfield's son.

They do not dress fashionably; for if they could afford it, they know better, in a race for immortal fame, than to be *outsiders*. Some, it has been alleged, have run through their estates, which might have been easily traversed at a walk; and one and all have neglected to save half-a-crown out of sixpence a day.

Their disinterestedness has been called imprudence, and their generosity extravagance, by parties, who bestow their charity like miser Mould.*

The only charge not a blank charge—that has been discharged against them—their poverty, has been made a crime, and, what is worse, a crime of their own seeking.

* An illiterate personage, who always volunteered to go round with the hat, but was suspected of sparing his own pocket. Overhearing one day a hint to that effect, he made the following speech:

"Other gentlemen puts down what they thinks proper, and so do I. Charity 's a private concern, and what I gives is *nothing to nobody*."

They have not, it is true, been notorious for hoarding or funding; the last would, in fact, require the creation of a stock on purpose for them—the Short Annuities. They have never any weight in the city, or anywhere else; in cash temperature their pockets are always at zero. They are not the "warm with," but the "cold without:" but it is to their credit—if they have any credit—that they have not worshipped Plutus.

The Muse and Mammon never were in partnership; and it would be a desperate speculation indeed to take to literature as the means of amassing money. He would be a simple Dick Whittington, indeed, who expected to find its ways paved with philosophers' stones: he must have Dantzic water, with its gold leaf in his head, who thinks to find Castaly a Pactolus; ass, indeed, must he be, who dreams of browsing on Parnassus, like those asses which feed on a herb (a sort of mint?) that turns their very teeth to gold. A line-maker, gifted with brains the gods have made poetical, has no chance of making an independence—like Cogia Hassan Alhabbal, the rope-maker, gifted only with a lump of lead. Look into any palm, and if it contain the lines of poetry, the owner's fortune may be foretold at once—viz., a hill very hard to climb, and no prospect in life from the top. It is not always even a Mutton Hill, Garlic Hill, or Cornhill (remember Otway), for meat, vegetable, or bread. Let the would-be Crœsus, then, take up a bank-pen and

address himself to the Old Lady in Threadneedle Street, but not to the Muse: she may give him some "pinch-back," and pinch-front too, but little of the precious metals.

Authorship has been pronounced, by a judge on the bench, as but a hand-to-mouth business; and I believe few have ever set up in it as anything else: in fact, did not Crabbe, though a reverend, throw a series of summersets, at least mentally, on the receipt of a liberal sum from a liberal publisher, as if he had just won the capital prize in the grand lottery? Need it be wondered at, then, if men, who embraced literature more for love than for lucre, should grasp the adventitious coins somewhat loosely; nay purposely scatter abroad like Boaz a liberal portion of their harvest for those gleaners, with whom they have, perhaps, had a hand-and-glove acquaintance—Poverty and Want? If there be the lively sympathy of the brain with the stomach that physiologists have averred, it is more than likely that there is a similar responsive sensibility between the head and the heart; it would be inconsistent, therefore,—it would be unnatural, if the same fingers, that helped to trace the woes of human life, were but as so many feelers of the Polypus Avarice, grasping everything within reach and retaining it when got. We know, on the contrary, that the hand of the author of the "Village Poor House" was "open as day to melting charity;" so was the house of Johnson munificent in proportion to his means; and as for Goldsmith,

he gave more like a rich Citizen of the World than one who had not always his own freedom.

But graver charges than improvidence have been brought against the literary character—want of principle, and offences against morality and religion.

It might be answered, pleading guilty, that in that case authors have only topped the parts allotted to them in the great drama of life—that they have simply acted like vagabonds by law, and scamps by repute, "who have no character to lose, or property to protect;" but I prefer asserting, which I do fearlessly, that literary men, as a body, will bear comparison in point of conduct with any other class. It must not be forgotten that they are subjected to an ordeal quite peculiar, and scarcely milder, than the Inquisition. The lives of literary men are proverbially barren of incident, and consequently, the most trivial particulars, the most private affairs, are unceremoniously worked up, to furnish matter for their bald biographers. Accordingly, as soon as an author is defunct, his character is submitted to a sort of Egyptian post-mortem trial; or rather, a moral inquest with Paul Pry for the coroner, and a judge of assize, a commissioner of bankrupts, a Jew broker, a Methodist parson, a dramatic licenser, a dancing-master, a master of the ceremonies, a rat-catcher, a bone-collector, a parish-clerk, a schoolmaster, and a reviewer, for a jury.

It is the province of these personages to rummage, ransack, scrape together, rake up, ferret out, sniff,

detect, analyse, and appraise, all particulars of the birth, parentage, and education, life, character, and behaviour, breeding, accomplishments, opinions, and literary performances of the departed.

Secret drawers are searched, private and confidential letters published, manuscripts intended for the fire are set up in type, tavern bills and washing bills are compared with their receipts, copies of writs re-copied, inventories taken of effects, wardrobe ticked off by the tailor's accounts; by-gone toys of youth, billet-doux, snuff-boxes, canes exhibited—discarded hobby horses are trotted out—perhaps even a dissecting surgeon is called in to draw up a minute report of the state of the corpse and its viscera; in short nothing is spared that can make an item for the clerk to insert in his memoir.

Outrageous as it may seem, this is scarcely an exaggeration; for example, who will dare to say, that we do not know, at this very hour more of Goldsmith's affairs than he ever did himself?

It is rather wonderful, than otherwise, that the literary character should shine out as it does after such a severe scrutiny. Moreover it remains yet to be proved that the follies and failings attributed to men of learning and genius, are any more their private property, than their copyrights after they have expired.

There are certain well-educated ignorant people, who contend that a little learning is a dangerous thing—for the poor. And as authors are poor, as a

class, these horn-book monopolists may feel bound, in consistency, to see that the common errors of humanity are set down, in the bill, to letters. It is of course these black and white schoolmasters' dogs in a manger, that bark and growl at the slips and backslidings of literary men; but to decant such cant, and see through it clearly, it is only necessary to remember that a fellow will commit half the sins in the Decalogue, and all the crimes in the Calendar —forgery excepted—without ever having composed even a valentine in verse, or the description of a lost gelding in prose. Finally, if the misdeeds of authors are to be pleaded in excuse of the neglect of literature and literary men, it would be natural to expect to see these practical slights and snubbings falling heaviest on those who have made themselves most obnoxious to rebuke. But the contrary is the case. I will not invidiously point out examples, but let the reader search the record, and he will find, that the lines which have fallen in pleasant places, have belonged to men distinguished for anything rather than morality or piety. The idea, then, of merit having anything to do with the medals, must be abandoned, or we must be prepared to admit a very extraordinary result. It is notorious, that a foreign bird, for a night's warbling, will obtain as much, as a native bard—not a second-rate one either—can realise in a whole year; an actor will be paid a sum per night equal to the annual stipend of many a curate; and the twelvemonth's income of an opera-

dancer will exceed the revenue of a dignitary of the church.

But will anyone be bold enough to say, except satirically, that these disproportionate emoluments are due to the superior morality and piety of the concert-room, the opera, and the theatre? They are in a great measure, the acknowledgments of physical gifts—a well-tuned larynx—a well-turned figure, or light fantastic toes, not at all discountenanced in their vocation for being associated with light fantastic behaviour.

Saving, then, an imputed infirmity of temper,—and has it not peculiar trials?—the only well-grounded failing the world has to resent, as a characteristic of literary men, is their poverty, whether the necessary result of their position or of a wilful neglect of their present interests, and improvidence for the future. But what is an author's future, as regards his worldly prosperity? The law, as if judging him incapable of having heirs, absolutely prevents his creating a property, in copyrights, that might be valuable to his descendants. It declares that the interest of the literary man and literature are not identical, and commends him to the composition of catchpenny works, things of the day and hour; or, so to speak, encourages him to discount his fame. Should he, letting the present shift for itself, and contemning personal privations, devote himself, heart and soul, to some great work or series of works, he may live to see his right and temporal interest in his books pass away

from himself to strangers, and his children deprived of what, as well as his fame, is their just inheritance.

At the best, he must forego the superintendence of the publication, and any foretaste of his success, and, like Cumberland when he contemplated a legacy "for the eventual use and advantage of a beloved daughter," defer the printing of his MSS. till after his decease.

As for the present tense of his prosperity, I have shown that his possession is as open to inroad as any estate on the Border Lands in days of yore; such is the legal providence that watches over his imputed improvidence! The law which takes upon itself to guard the interests of lunatics, idiots, minors, and other parties incapable of managing their own affairs, not merely neglects to commonly protect, but connives at the dilapidation of the property of a class, popularly supposed to have a touch of that same incompetence.

It is, perhaps, rather the indifference of a generous spirit, which remembers to forget its own profit: but even in that case, if the author, like the girl in the fairy tale, drops diamonds and pearls from his lips, without stooping to pick up any for himself, the world he enriches is bound to see that he does not suffer from such a noble disinterestedness. Suppose, even, that he be a man wide awake to the value of money, the power it confers, the luxuries it may purchase, the consideration it commands—that he is anxious to make the utmost of

his literary industry—and literary labour is as worthy of its hire as any other—there is no just principle on which he can be denied the same protection as any other trader.

It may happen also that his "poverty, and not his will," consents to such a course.

In this imperfect world there is nothing without its earthly alloy; and whilst the mind of a poet is married to a body, he must perform the divine service of the Muses, without banishing his dinner service to the roof of the house, as in that Brazilian Cathedral which, for want of lead, is tiled with plates and dishes from the Staffordshire potteries. He cannot dwell even in the temple of Parnassus, but must lodge sometimes in a humbler abode, like the old Scotch songsters, with bread and cheese for its door-cheeks, and pancakes the rigging o't. Moreover as authors, Protestant ones at least, are not vowed to celibacy, however devoted to poverty, fasting, and mortification, there may chance to exist other little corporealities, sprouts, offsets, or suckers, which the nature of the law, as well as the law of nature, refers for sustenance to the parent trunk. Should our bards, jealous of these evidences of their mortality, offer to make a present of them to the parish, under the plea of the *mens divinior*, would not the overseer, or may be the Poor Law Commissioner, shut the workhouse wicket in their faces, and tell them that the "mens divinior must provide for the men's wives and children?" Pure fame is a glorious

draught enough, and the striving for it is a noble ambition; but alas! few can afford to drink it *neat*. Across the loftiest visions of the poet earthly faces will flit; and even whilst he is gazing on Castaly, little familiar voices will murmur in his ear, inquiring if there are no fishes, that can be eaten, to be caught in its waters!

It has happened, according to some inscrutable dispensation, that the mantle of inspiration has commonly descended on shoulders clad in cloth of the humblest textures. Our poets have been Scotch ploughmen, farmers' boys, Northamptonshire peasants, shoemakers, old servants, milk-women, basket-makers, steel-workers, charity-boys, and the like. Pope's *protégé*, Dodsley, was a footman, and wrote "The Muse in Livery." You may trace a hint of the double vocation in his "Economy of Human Life."*

Our men of learning and genius have generally been born, not with silver spoons in their mouths, but wooden ladles. Poetry, Goldsmith says, not only found him poor, but kept him so; but has not the law been hitherto lending a hand in the same uncharitable task? Has it not favoured the "Cormorant by the Tree of Knowledge," the native Bookaneer? and "a plague the Devil hath added," as Sir J. Overbury calls the foreign pirate.

* "THE MAN OF EMULATION WHO PANTETH AFTER FAME. The examples of eminent men are in his visions by night—and his delight is to follow them (query, with a gold-headed cane) all the day long."

To give a final illustration of the working of the law of copyright, Sir Walter Scott, besides being a mighty master of fiction, resembled Defoe in holding himself bound to pay in full all the liabilities he had incurred. But the amount was immense, and he died no doubt prematurely, from the magnitude of the effort.

A genius so illustrious, united with so noble a spirit of integrity, doubly deserved a national monument, and a subscription was opened, for the purpose of preserving Abbotsford to his posterity, instead of a public grant to make it a literary Blenheim. I will not stop to inquire whether there was more joy in France when Malbrook was dead than sorrow in Britain, or rather throughout the world, when Scott was no more; but I must point out the striking contrast between two advertisements in a periodical paper, which courted my notice on the same page. One was a statement of the amount of the Abbotsford subscription, the other an announcement of a rival edition of one of Sir Walter's works, the copyright of which had expired. Every one may not feel with me the force of this juxta-position, but I could not help thinking that the interest of any of his immortal productions ought to have belonged either to the creditors or to the heritage.

Can there be heir-looms, I ask myself, and not head-looms? and looms too, that have woven such rich tissues of Romance? Why is a mental estate, any more than a landed one, made subject to such

an Agrarian law? In spite of all my knowledge of ethics, and all my ignorance of law, I have never yet been able to answer these questions to my own satisfaction. Perchance Mr. Serjeant Talfourd will be prepared with a solution; but if not, I trust he will give us "the benefit of the doubt," and make an author's copyright heritable property, only subject to alienation by his own act, or in satisfaction of the claims of creditors. Such a measure will tend to retrieve our worldly respectability; instead of being nobodies with nothing, we shall be, if not freeholders, a sort of copyholders, with something between the sky and the centre, that we can call our own. It may be but a nominal possession, but if it were of any value, why should it be made common for the benefit of the Company of Stationers. They drink enough out of our living heads, without quaffing out of our skulls, like the kings of Dahomey. As to the probability of their revivals of authors, who were adored, but have fallen into neglect and oblivion—remembering how the trade boggled at "Robinson Crusoe," and the "Vicar of Wakefield," there would be as much chance of a speculative lawyer reviving such dormant titles! For my own part, I am far from expecting, personally, any pecuniary advantage from such an arrangement; but I have some regard for the abstract right. There is always a certain sense of humiliation attendant on finding that we are made exceptions, as if incapable or undeserving of

the enjoyment of equal justice. And can there be a more glaring anomaly than that, whilst our private property is thrown open and made common, we daily see other commons enclosed, and made private property? One thing is certain, that, by taking this high ground at once, and making copyright analogous in tenure to the soil itself—and it pays its land tax in the shape of a tax upon paper—its defence may be undertaken with a better grace against trespass at home or invasion from abroad. For after all, what does the pirate or Bookaneer commit at present but a sort of piratical anachronism, by anticipating a period when the right of printing will belong to everybody in the world, including the man in the moon!

Such it appears to me is the grand principle, upon which the future law of copyright ought to be based. I am aware that I have treated the matter somewhat commercially; but I have done so, partly because in that light principally the legislature will have to deal with it; and still more because it is desirable, for the sake of literature and literary men, that they should have every chance of independence, rather than be compelled to look to extraneous sources for their support.

Learning and genius, worthily directed, and united to common industry, surely deserve, at least, a competence; and that their possessor should be something better than a Jarkman; that is to say "one who can read and write, yea some of them

have a smattering in the Latin tongue, which learning of theirs advances them in office *amongst the beggars.*" The more moderate in proportion the rate of their usual reward, the more scrupulously ought every particle of their interests to be promoted and protected, so as to spare, if possible, the necessity of private benefactions or public collections for the present distress, and "Literary Retreats" for the future. Let the weight and worth of literature in the state be formally recognised by the legislature; let the property of authors be protected, and the upholding of the literary character will rest on their own *heads*. They will, perhaps, recollect that their highest office is to make the world wiser and better; their lowest to entertain and amuse it, without making it worse.

For the rest, bestow on literary men their fair share of public honours and employments; concede to them, as they deserve, a distinguished rank in the social system, and they will set about effacing such blots as now tarnish their scutcheons. The surest way to make a class indifferent to reputation is to give it a bad name. Hence literature having been publicly underrated, and its professors having been treated as vagabonds, scamps, fellows "without character to lose or property to protect," we have seen conduct to match: reviewers, forgetful of common courtesy, common honesty, and common charity, misquoting, misrepresenting, and indulging in the grossest personalities, even to the extent of

ridiculing bodily defects and infirmities—political partisans bandying scurrilous names, and scolding like Billingsgate mermaids—and authors so far trampling on the laws of morals, and the rights of private life, as to write works capable of being puffed off as club books got up among the Snakes, Sneerwells, Candours, and Backbites, of the School for Scandal.

And now, before I close, I will here place on record my own obligations to literature: a debt so immense, as not to be cancelled, like that of nature, by death itself. I owe to it something more than my earthly welfare. Adrift early in life upon the great waters—as pilotless as Wordsworth's blind boy afloat in the turtle shell—if I did not come to shipwreck, it was, that in default of paternal or fraternal guidance, I was rescued like the Ancient Mariner, by guardian spirits, "each one a lovely light," who stood as beacons to my course. Infirm health, and a natural love of reading, happily threw me, instead of worse society, into the company of poets, philosophers, and sages—to me good angels and ministers of grace. From these silent instructors—who often do more than fathers, and always more than godfathers, for our temporal and spiritual interests—from these mild monitors, no importunate tutors, teasing mentors, moral task-masters, obtrusive advisers, harsh censors, or wearisome lecturers, but delightful associates, I learned something of the divine, and more of the human religion. They were

my interpreters in the House Beautiful of God, and my guides among the Delectable Mountains of Nature. They reformed my prejudices, chastened my passions, tempered my heart, purified my tastes, elevated my mind, and directed my aspirations. I was lost in a chaos of undigested problems, false theories, crude fancies, obscure impulses, and bewildering doubts, when these bright intelligences called my mental world out of darkness like a new Creation, and gave it "two great lights," Hope and Memory, the past for a moon, and the future for a sun.

Hence have I genial seasons—hence have I
Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and joyous thoughts;
And thus from day to day my little boat
Rocks in its harbour, lodging peaceably.
Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares;—
The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!
Oh! might my name be number'd among theirs,
How gladly would I end my mortal days.

THOMAS HOOD.

FRAGMENT.

OF all the occult problems in mental philosophy, there is none so puzzling, next to the question between sanity and insanity, than to show the difference between the brutal reason (commonly confounded with instinct) and the human.

If all the stories told of dogs and cats, &c., be true, the

clever creatures that go on four legs are geniuses compared with many of the animals of our own species who walk upon two. An elephant is as great a Solomon as his keeper, and a hog more of a Lord Bacon than his feeder. Some of the heads of the nation have not as much in them as a beaver: a porcupine looks as sharp, and a goose has as much *nous* as the Lord who is writing with one of her quills. A whale is as deep a thinker as the author, who is consuming midnight oil. And finally the donkeys *on* the Commons are as sagacious as some members *in* them.

FRAGMENT OF A LETTER.

* * * *

THE religious excitement was fostered and encouraged by the example of one, who professedly made the practice of piety a part of his business, and was a saint on trading principles. I have had an extensive experience of such saints; and, as the result, exclaim "Give me rather declared infidels than such professing Christians!" In fact, when a man makes a mockery of his religious duties, how can we expect him to observe his moral ones, or that he will behave better to his wife than to his Maker? It is lamentable that so solemn an interest as the eternal welfare of the soul should have influenced him so much too little, and her so overmuch. It is lamentable indeed that what should have been her blessing became her bane—by excess: for religion is the natural refuge of a woman disappointed in her affections. Surely it was as pardonable for her to repair for comfort from an uncomfortable home to church or chapel, as for him to seek it in a lodge of Druids. If her feelings on spiritual matters became overstrained, it was partly through his own hypocritical conduct, and the canting circle to which it introduced and confined her.

* * * *

As I derived this account of his piety from yourself, you will not of course dispute my position. But you will perhaps recommend me, in your favourite phrase, to hold a candle to the Devil—an act toward the Fiend I do not particularly admire, unless intended to burn him; and for that purpose a torch were preferable. I for one do not recognise the doctrine of Immoral Expediency. The right are not to be sacrificed out of complaisance to the wrong.

STANZAS.

With the good of our country before us,
Why play the mere partisan's game?
Lo! the broad flag of England is o'er us,
And behold on both sides 'tis the same!

Not for this, not for that, not for any,
Not for these, nor for those, but for all,—
To the last drop of blood, the last penny,
Together let's stand, or let's fall!

Tear down the vile signs of a fraction,
Be the national banner unfurled,—
And if we must have any faction,—
Be it "Britain against all the world."

TO HOPE.

Oh! take, young seraph, take thy harp,
And play to me so cheerily;
For grief is dark, and care is sharp,
And life wears on so wearily.
Oh! take thy harp!

Oh ! sing as thou wert wont to do,
When, all youth's sunny seasôn long,
I sat and listen'd to thy song,
And yet 'twas ever, ever new,
With magic in its heaven-tuned string,—
The future bliss thy constant theme.
Oh ! then each little woe took wing
Away, like phantoms of a dream ;
As if each sound
That flutter'd round
Had floated over Lethe's stream !

By all those bright and happy hours
We spent in life's sweet eastern bow'rs,
Where thou wouldst sit and smile, and show,
Ere buds were come, where flowers would grow,
And oft anticipate the rise
Of life's warm sun that scaled the skies ;
By many a story of love and glory,
And friendships promised oft to me ;
By all the faith I lent to thee,—
Oh ! take, young seraph, take thy harp,
And play to me so cheerily ;
For grief is dark, and care is sharp,
And life wears on so wearily.
Oh ! take thy harp !

Perchance the strings will sound less clear,
That long have lain neglected by
In sorrow's misty atmosphere ;
It ne'er may speak as it has spoken
Such joyous notes so brisk and high ;
But are its golden chords all broken ?
Are there not some, though weak and low,
To play a lullaby to woe ?

But thou canst sing of love no more,
For Celia show'd that dream was vain;
And many a fancied bliss is o'er,
That comes not e'en in dreams again.
Alas! alas!
How pleasures pass,
And leave thee now no subject, save
The peace and bliss beyond the grave!
Then be thy flight among the skies:
Take, then, oh! take the skylark's wing,
And leave dull earth, and heavenward rise
O'er all its tearful clouds, and sing
On skylark's wing!

Another life-spring there adorns
Another youth, without the dread
Of cruel care, whose crown of thorns
Is here for manhood's aching head.
Oh! there are realms of welcome day,
A world where tears are wiped away!
Then be thy flight among the skies:
Take, then, oh! take the skylark's wing,
And leave dull earth, and heavenward rise
O'er all its tearful clouds, and sing
On skylark's wing!

July, 1821.

THE FAREWELL.

To a French Air.

FARE thee well,
Gabrielle!
Whilst I join France
With bright cuirass and lance,

Trumpets swell,
Gabrielle!
War horses prance,
And cavaliers advance!

In the night,
Ere the fight,
In the night
I'll think of thee!
And in pray'r,
Lady fair!
In *thy* pray'r
Then think of me!

Death may kne
Gabrielle!
Where my plumes dance,
By arquebus or lance!
Then farewell,
Gabrielle!
Take my last glance!
Fair Miracle of France!

MIDNIGHT.

UNFATHOMABLE Night! how dost thou sweep
Over the flooded earth, and darkly hide
The mighty city under thy full tide;
Making a silent palace for old Sleep,
Like his own temple under the hush'd deep,
Where all the busy day he doth abide,
And forth at the late dark, outspreadeth wide
His dusky wings, whence the cold waters weep!
How peacefully the living millions lie!
Lull'd unto death beneath his poppy spells;

There is no breath—no living stir—no cry—
No tread of foot—no song—no music-call—
Only the sound of melancholy bells—
The voice of Time—survivor of them all!

SONG.

TO MY WIFE.

THOSE eyes that were so bright, love,
Have now a dimmer shine,—
But all they've lost in light, love,
Was what they gave to mine:
But still those orbs reflect, love,
The beams of former hours,—
That ripen'd all my joys, my love,
And tinted all my flowers!

Those locks were brown to see, love,
That now are turned so gray,—
But the years were spent with me, love,
That stole their hue away.
Thy locks no longer share, love,
The golden glow of noon,—
But I've seen the world look fair, my love,
When silver'd by the moon!

That brow was smooth and fair, love,
That looks so shaded now,—
But for me it bore the care, love,
That spoiled a bonny brow.
And though no longer there, love,
The gloss it had of yore,—
Still Memory looks and dotes, my love,
Where Hope admired before!

A TOAST.

Come! a health! and it's not to be slighted with sips,
A cold pulse, or a spirit supine—
All the blood in my heart seems to rush to my lips
To commingle its flow with the wine!

Bring a cup of the purest and solidest ware,—
But a little antique in its shape;
And the juice,—let it be the most racy and rare,
All the bloom, with the age, of the grape!

Even such is the love I would celebrate now,
At once young, and mature, and in prime,—
Like the tree of the orange, that shows on its bough
The bud, blossom, and fruit, at one time!

Then with three, as is due, let the honours be paid,
Whilst I give with my hand, heart, and head,
"Here's to her, the fond mother, dear partner, kind maid,
Who first taught me to love, woo, and wed!"

November 6th, 1836.

BALLAD.*

It was not in the Winter
Our loving lot was cast;
It was the Time of Roses,—
We pluck'd them as we pass'd!

* We have inserted this poem, although it appears in the published collection, because two stanzas are there omitted, which we do not consider should be lost.

That churlish season never frown'd
On early lovers yet :—
Oh, no—the world was newly crown'd*
With flowers when first we met!

'Twas twilight, and I bade you go,
But still you held me fast;
It was the Time of Roses,—
We pluck'd them as we pass'd.—

What else could peer thy glowing cheek,
That tears began to stud?
And when I asked the like of love,
You snatched a damask bud;

And oped it to the dainty core,
Still glowing to the last.—
It was the Time of Roses,
We pluck'd them as we pass'd!

SONG.*

There is dew for the flow'ret,
And honey for the bee,
And bowers for the wild bird,
And love for you and me.

There are tears for the many,
And pleasure for the few;
But let the world pass on, dear,
There's love for me and you.

* The first two verses of this poem were written by my father, the two last were added by Barry Cornwall, at my mother's request, with a view to its being published with music.

There is care that will not leave us,
And pain that will not flee;
But on our hearth, unalter'd,
Sits Love—'tween you and me.

Our love, it ne'er was reckoned,
Yet good it is and true—
It's *half* the world to me, dear,
It's *all* the world to you.

BIRTHDAY VERSES.

Good morrow to the golden morning,
Good morrow to the world's delight—
I've come to bless thy life's beginning,
Since it makes my own so bright!

I have brought no roses, sweetest,
I could find no flowers, dear,—
It was when all sweets were over
Thou wert born to bless the year.

But I've brought thee jewels, dearest,
In thy bonny locks to shine,—
And if love shows in their glances,
They have learn'd that look of mine!

STANZAS.

Is there a bitter pang for love removed?
Oh God! the dead love doth not cost more tears
Than the alive, the loving, the beloved—
Not yet, not yet beyond all hopes and fears!

Would I were laid
Under the shade
Of the calm grave, and the long grass of years—

That love might die with sorrow :—I am Sorrow;
And she, that loves me tenderest, doth press
Most poison from my cruel lips, and borrow
Only new anguish from the old caress.
Oh, this world's grief
Hath no relief,
In being wrung from a great happiness!

Would I had never filled thine eyes with love,
For love is only tears : would I had never
Breathed such a curse-like blessing as we prove :
Now, if "Farewell" *could* bless thee, I would sever!
Would I were laid
Under the shade
Of the cold tomb, and the long grass for ever!

THE LAY OF THE LARK.

[It has been no easy task to arrange the following fragmentary verses, as they were very roughly written in the original MS. The last four lines are given as they afford some hint as to the probable intention of the poem.]

With dew upon its breast
And sunshine on its wing,
The lark uprose from its happy nest,
And thus it seemed to sing :—
"Sweet, sweet! from the middle of the wheat
To meet the morning gray,
To leave the corn on a very merry morn,
Nor have to curse the day."

* * * *

With the dew upon their breast,
And the sunlight on their wing,
Toward the skies from the furrows rise
The larks, and thus they sing :—
"If you would know the cause
That makes us sing so gay,
It is because we hail and bless,
And never curse the day.
Sweet, sweet! from the middle of the wheat,
(*Where lurk our callow brood*),
Where we were hatched, and fed,
Amidst the corn on a very merry morn,
(*We never starve for food*)
We never starve for bread!"

* * * *

Those flowers so very blue,
Those poppies flaming red,—

* * *

His heavy eye was glazed and dull,
He only murmured "bread!"

TO MINERVA.

FROM THE GREEK.

My temples throb, my pulses boil,
I'm sick of Song, and Ode, and Ballad—
So, Thyrsis, take the Midnight Oil
And pour it on a lobster salad.

My brain is dull, my sight is foul,
I cannot write a verse, or read—
Then, Pallas, take away thine Owl,
And let us have a Lark instead.

FRAGMENT.

PROBABLY WRITTEN DURING ILLNESS.

I'M sick of gruel, and the dietetics,
I'm sick of pills, and sicker of emetics,
I'm sick of pulses' tardiness or quickness,
I'm sick of blood, its thinness or its thickness,—
In short, within a word, I'm sick of sickness!

[The following is a fragment found among our father's papers.]

To note the symptoms of the times,
Its cruel and cold-blooded crimes,
One sure result we win·
(Tho' rude and rougher modes no doubt
Of murther are not going out)
That poison's coming in.

* * * *

The powder that the doomed devour
And drink,—for sugar,—meal—or flour,—
Narcotics for the young—
And worst of all, that subtle juice,
That can a sudden death produce,
Whilst yet upon the tongue.

So swift in its destructive pace,
Easy to give, and hard to trace,
So potable—so clear!
So small the needful dose—to slip
Between the fatal cup and lip
In Epsom salts or beer.

* * *

Arrest the Plague with Cannabis—
And * * * publish this
To quench the felon's hope :—
Twelve drops of Prussic acid still
Are not more prompt and sure to kill,
Than one good Drop of Rope.

THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

[We have extracted the following scraps, which appear to be hints adapted for insertion in any article they might suit.]

Some men pretend to *pene*tration, who have not even *halfpenny*-tration.

"*Worming* out secrets." After a shower the worms come forth : so—wet a man's clay, and you will soon see his secrets.

The French always put the cart before the horse : Père la Chaise, for a chaise and pair.

Mutes at a door hint at Life's Mutability.

A Quaker makes a pleasure of his business, and then for relaxation, makes a business of his pleasure.

A Quaker loves the Ocean for its broad brim.

A parish clerk's amen-ity of disposition.

A cold friend is but a mulled ice, as uncomfortable as a day just too warm for a fire—a plum in marble.

A man, that took perpetual physic to improve the expression of his face.

Puny draughts can hardly be called drinking—*Pints* cannot be deemed *Pot*-ations.

January is cold—but Febber-*very !*

Straight hair is of a Methodistical *turn*.

Two young Irishmen, for cheapness, and to divide their expenses, agree the one to "board," and the other to "lodge."

A good Church minister described as Piety Parsonified.

Her face was so sunburnt, she need only have buttered it to become a "toast."

"And he's as drunk as a hog, I suppose?" "No—he spent *two shillings* in liquor, and so is as drunk as two *hogs*."

Loves of the Plants: Tatoes have eyes, and Cabbages have hearts.

How many kinds of Currents are there? Three—red, white, and black—a black currant in the Black Sea, a white currant in the White Sea, and a red currant in the Red Sea.

If three barleycorns go to an inch, how many corns go to a foot? Uncertain. Bunyan says thirty-six.

Who have the tenderest feet? Cornish men.

Who make surest of going to Heaven? Descenters.

Why did the two lovers of St. Pierre end happily? Because when she died it was still Pall and Virginia.

Ackermann's garden. The German taste for horrors. His summer house, in his *pleasure* garden, hung round with casts of murderers, &c., who had been hung. Perhaps, though, he liked the impression of the 'Forget-me-*knot*' behind the ear.

After two or three miss-fires, M—— exclaimed, "I can't think why my gun won't go off." "Perhaps," said N——, "you haven't paid your shot."

JOVE'S EAGLE ASLEEP.

I saw, through his eyelids, the might of his eyes.

RIVER OF LIFE.

Those waters you hear,
Yet see not—they flow so invisibly clear.

NIGHT.

Shedder of secret tears
Felt upon unseen pillows—shade of Death!

THE SUN AND MOON.

Father of light—and she, its mother mild.

THE MOON.

Sometimes she riseth from her shroud
Like the pale apparition of a sun.

MERCURY.

That bantam Mercury, with feathered heels.

A LADY.

She sighed
And paleness came, like moonlight, o'er her face.

She was like an angel in mosaic,
Made up of many-coloured virtues.

A friendless heart is like a hollow shell,
That sighs o'er its own emptiness.

He lay with a dead passion on his face,
Like a storm stiffen'd in ice.

Sometimes Hope
Singeth so plaintively, 'tis like Despair.
Her smile can make dull Melancholy grow
Transparent to the secret hope below.

MORNING.

Surely this is the birthday of no grief,
That dawns so pleasantly along the skies!

The lusty Morn
Cometh, all flushed, and singing, from a feast
Of wine and music in the odorous East.

The sun unglues
The crimson leaves of Morning, that doth lie,
Like a streaked rosebud in the orient sky.

EPIGRAM.

My heart's wound up just like a watch,
As far as springs will take—
It wants but one more evil turn,
And then the cords will break!

MEMORANDA FROM POCKET-BOOK.

"I 'VE lost the best of men,—and got a better."

—— put up his hay wet, for fear of incendiarism.

A capital pony: only give him beans enough, and he 'll go out of the yard *like a man!*

The Germans would have made Adam of *pipe*-clay.

A ghost, full of the Esprit de Corpse.

As superior in strength as A-bility to D-bility.

If seeing is believing, Milton was a sceptic.

A surgeon who courted a lady, and, when rejected, charged for his visits.

My Father (a character in "Our Family") gives a large donation to a blind man, because he himself is enjoying a fine prospect.

Dragon-flies, all head and tail, like glorified tadpoles on gauzy wings.

"What a little child!"—Ah, his parents never made much of him.

Applied a stethoscope to his stomach, and distinctly heard it say, "Pit full!"

Epigram.

The Superiority of Machinery.

A mechanic his labour will often discard,
If the rate of his pay he dislikes;
But a clock—and its *case* is uncommonly hard—
Will continue to work, tho' it *strikes!*

Epigram.

As human fashions change about,
The reign of Fools should now begin;
For when the *Wigs* are going out,
The *Naturals* are coming in!

LINES

in answer to a poem entitled "spring," signed "pauper," in the athenæum.

Don't tell *me* of buds and blossoms,
Or with rose and vi'let wheedle;
Nosegays grow for other bosoms—
Churchwarden and Beadle.
What have you to do with streams?
What with sunny skies, or garish
Cuckoo-song, or pensive dreams?—
Nature 's not your Parish!

What right have such as you to dun
For sun or moon-beams, warm or bright?
Before you talk about the sun,
Pay for window-light!

Talk of passions—amorous fancies !—
While your betters' flames miscarry—
If *you* love your Dolls and Nancys,
Don't we *make* you marry ?

Talk of wintry chill and storm,—
Fragrant winds, that blanch your bones !
You poor can always keep you warm—
An't there breaking stones ?
Suppose you don't enjoy the Spring,
Roses fair and vi'lets meek,
You cannot look for everything
On eighteen-pence a week !

With seasons what have you to do ?
If corn doth thrive, or wheat is harm'd ?
What 's weather to the cropless ? You
Don't farm—but you are farm'd !
Why everlasting murmurs hurl'd
With hardship for the text ?—
If such as you don't like this world,
We 'll pass you to the next.

OVERSEER.

JARVIS AND MRS. COPE.

A DECIDEDLY SERIOUS BALLAD.

IN Bunhill Row, some years ago,
There lived one Mrs. Cope,
A pious woman she was call'd,
As Pius as a Pope.

Not pious in its proper sense,
But chatt'ring like a bird
Of sin and grace—in such a case
Mag-piety 's the word.

Cries she, "the Reverend Mr. Trigg
This day a text will broach,
And much I long to hear him preach,
So, Betty, call a coach."

A bargain tho' she wish'd to make,
Ere they began to jog—
Now, Coachman, what d'ye take me for?"
Says Coachman, "for a hog."

But Jarvis, when he set her down,
A second *hog* did lack—
Whereas she only offered him
One shilling and "a track."

Said he "There ain't no tracks in Quaife,
You and your tracks be both—"
And, affidavit-like, he clench'd
Her shilling with an oath.

Said she "I 'll have you fined for this,
And soon it shall be done,
I 'll have you up at Worship Street,
You wicked one, naught, one!"

And sure enough at Worship Street
That Friday week they stood;
She said *bad* language he had used,
And thus she "*made it good.*"

'He said two shilling was his fare,
And wouldn't take no less—
I said one shilling was enough,—
And he said C—U—S!

"And when I raised my eyes at that,
He swore again at them,
I said he was a wicked man,
And he said D—A—M."

Now Jarvy's turn was come to speak,
So he stroked down his hair,
"All what she says is false—cause why?
I 'll swear I never swear!

'There's old Joe Hatch, the waterman,
Can tell you what I am;
I 'm one of seven children, all
Brought up without a Dam!

'He 'll say from two year old and less
Since ever I were nust,
If ever I said C—U—S,
I wish I may be cust!

"At Sion Cottage I takes up,
And raining all the while,
To go to New Jerusalem,
A wery long two mile.

"Well, when I axes for my fare,
She rows me in the street,
And uses words as is not fit
For coachmen to repeat!

"Says she, I know where you will go,
You sinner! I know well,—
Your worship, it 's the P—I—T
Of E and double L!"

Now here his worship stopp'd the case—
Said he—"I fine you both!
And of the two—why Mrs. Cope's
I think the biggest oath!"

My father was frequently requested to send autographs to various people, who applied for them in as many various manners. Among other letters of this description we have discovered one thoroughly American one, written on a sheet of paper, adorned, in lieu of a view, with a *map* of Cincinnati, reminding one painfully of Little Eden in Martin Chuzzlewit. A table of references occupies the corner, in which it is shown that a cross means a church, a sort of comet a market, a circle a theatre, and lastly a congeries of tiny dots "Improvements." Nearly the whole of the map being covered with dots proves that Cincinnati, like Little Eden, was decidedly a spot susceptible of immense improvements.

We have quoted one letter from a "Lady Friend," as worthy of insertion for its quaintness.

ESTEEMED FRIEND, THOMAS HOOD,

The recollection of a stroll, taken some time since along a beautiful beach, and of picking up every pebble, that attracted my attention by its beauty, came across my mind, and took an ideal form, the other day, on perusal of the celebrated

"Song of the Shirt," thus: the authors were unseen spirits wandering o'er the sand, the pebbles lying along it, their works; the sea was the tide of genius which rolled anon over them, and often, on its ebb, left behind it some jewels of value, so polished by the motion of its waves that one, in admiration of a brilliancy which shone alike for all the public, longed, —ah, how much—for one little plain pebblet, composed or made solely for yourself by the author. Thy autograph, should thou be so very kind as to give it me, is the pebble I so much wish to receive from thee, and a carefully stored and a prized one it should be.

By the candle of hope I shall sign myself thy very affectionate

And very respectful friend,

M. H.

The following letter was printed in a Magazine in answer to a letter requesting an autograph.

TO D. A. A., ESQ., EDINBURGH.

AN AUTOGRAPH.

SIR,

I am much flattered by your request, and am quite willing to accede to it; but, unluckily, you have omitted to inform me of the sort of thing you want. Autographs are of many kinds. Some persons chalk them on walls; others inscribe what may be called auto-lithographs, in sundry colours,

on the flag stones. Gentlemen in love delight in carving their autographs on the bark of trees; as other idle fellows are apt to hack and hew them on tavern benches and rustic seats. Amongst various modes, I have seen a shop-boy dribble his autograph from a tin of water on a dry pavement. The autographs of charity boys are written on large sheets of paper, illuminated with engravings, and are technically called "pieces." The celebrated Miss Biffin used to distribute autographs among her visitors, which she wrote with a pen grasped between her teeth. Another, a German phenomenon, held the implement with his toes. The Man in the Iron Mask scratched an autograph with his fork on a silver plate, and threw it out of the window. Baron Trenck smudged one with a charred stick; and Silvio Pellico with his fore-finger dipped in a mixture of soot-and-water.

Lord Chesterfield wrote autographs on windows with a diamond pencil; so did Sir Walter Raleigh and Queen Elizabeth. Draco, when Themis requested a few *sentences* for her album, dipped his stylus in human blood. Faust used the same fluid in the autograph he bartered with Mephistopheles. The Hebrews write their Shpargotua* backwards; and some of the Orientals used to clothe them in Hieroglyphics. An ancient Egyptian, if asked for his autograph, would probably have sent to the collector

* As the Hebrews write, so must those read, who wish to understand this word.—T. H.

a picture of what Mrs. Malaprop calls "An Allegory on the banks of the Nile." Aster, the archer, volunteered an autograph, and sent it bang into Philip's right eye. Some individuals are so chary of their handwriting, as to bestow, when requested, only a mark or cross; others more liberally adorn a specimen of their penmanship with such extraneous flourishes as a corkscrew, a serpent, or a circumbendibus, not to mention such caligraphic fancies as eagles, ships, and swans. Then, again, there are what may be called Mosaic autographs, *i.e.* inlaid with cockle-shells, blue and white pebbles, and the like, in a little gravel walk.

Our grandmothers worked their autographs in canvas samplers; and I have seen one wrought out with pins' heads on a huge white pincushion, as thus,

WELCOME SWEAT BABBY,
MARY JONES.

When the sweetheart of Mr. John Junk requested his autograph, and explained what it was, namely, "a couple of lines or so, with his name to it," he replied that he would leave it to her in his will, "seeing as how it was done with gunpowder on his left arm."

There have even been autographs written by proxy. For example, Dr. Dodd penned one for Lord Chesterfield; but to oblige a stranger in this way is very dangerous, considering how easily a few lines may be twisted into a rope. According to

Lord Byron, the Greek girls compound autographs as apothecaries make up prescriptions; with such materials as flowers, herbs, ashes, pebbles and bits of coal; Lord Byron, himself, if asked for a specimen of his hand, would probably have sent a plaster cast of it. King George the Fourth and the Duke of York, when their autographs were requested for a keep-sake, royally favoured the applicant with some of their old Latin-English exercises. With regard to my own particular practice, I have often traced an autograph with my walking-stick on the sea-sand. I also seem to remember writing one with my forefinger on a dusty table, and am pretty sure I could do it with the smoke of a candle on the ceiling.* I have seen something like a badly scribbled autograph made by children with a thread of treacle on a slice of suet dumpling. Then it may be done with vegetables. My little girl grew her autograph, the other day, in mustard and cress. Domestic servants, I have observed, are fond of scrawling autographs on a tea-board with the slopped milk; also of scratching them on a soft deal dresser, the lead of the sink, and above all, the quicksilver side of a looking-glass, a surface, by the bye, quite irresistible to any one who *can* write, and does not bite his nails. A friend of mine possesses an autograph

* As a boy, my father smoked a demon on the staircase ceiling, near his bedroom door, to frighten his brother. Unfortunately, he forgot that he had done so, and, when he went to bed, succeeded in terrifying himself into fits almost—while his brother had not observed the picture.—T. H.

"Remember Jim Hoskins," done with a red hot poker on the back-kitchen door. This, however, is awkward to bind up.

Another,—but a young lady,—possesses a book of autographs, filled just like a tailor's pattern book—with samples of stuff and fustian. The foregoing, sir, are but a few of the varieties; and the questions that have occurred to me in consequence of your only naming the genus, and not the species, have been innumerable. Would the gentleman like it short or long? for Doppeldickius, the learned Dutchman, wrote an autograph for a friend, which the latter published in a quarto volume. Would he prefer it in red ink or black—or suppose he had it in Sympathetic, so that he could draw me out when he liked? Would he choose it on white paper, or tinted, or embossed, or on common brown paper, like Maroncelli's? Would he like it without my name to it, as somebody favoured me lately with his autograph in an anonymous letter? Would he rather it were like Guy Faux's to Lord Monteagle (not Spring Rice) in a feigned hand? Would he relish it in the aristocratic style, *i. e.*; partially or totally illegible? Would he like it (in case he shouldn't like it) on a slate? With such a maze to wander in, if I should not take the exact course you wish, you must blame the short and insufficient clue you have afforded me. In the meantime, as you have not forwarded to me a tree or a table—a paving-stone or a brick-wall—a looking-glass or a window—a tea-

board or a silver plate—a bill-stamp or a back-kitchen door, I presume to conclude that you want only a common pen-ink-and-paper autograph, and in the absence of any particular directions for its transmission, for instance by a carrier pigeon—or in a fire-balloon—or set adrift in a bottle—or per waggon—or favoured by Mr. Waghorn—or by telegraph: I think the best way will be to send it to you in *print*.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient Servant,
THOMAS HOOD.

The following notes were taken from a book, in which my father wrote the title "The Cub's Head," evidently the memoranda for the "Lion's Head" of "The London."

After the names of several MSS., with commentaries on them, comes that of his own Sentimental Journey, under which is added:

"N.B. I cannot roar with my own head in my Mouth!

"SOMERSET HOUSE PICTURES, a critique not professing the *Artist* so much as the past—not to pretend to say that "this is well impasted, that is well scumbled," but this we do pretend to judge, as that upon which every one may naturally sit in judgment, the conception, the composition, and the effect, which is intended; and what is, and what is not, realised: and with this special observance,

rather to praise what is good, than to look out for defects.

"Shakespeare's Ghost correcting the cross-readings of his plays.

"To write a series of papers called 'The Charities of Nature,' of which the spirit shall be Philosophic and Philanthropic. The enthusiasm founded upon General Benevolence and love of one's kind. The life of one turned Timon, a very child in heart, but a man in head: The count of Death,—Streetwalkers,—Poets."

With this extract, written in 1821, I close the Remains; no other could show more clearly how from his earliest connection with literature, my father had laid before himself the mission of real human affection, charity, and pity, which at last found utterance in the "Song of the Shirt," the "Lay of the Labourer," and the "Bridge of Sighs" —a mission that was only ended by the fulfilment of his own prophecy, written in this same year (1821). The cheerful "Hope" he then so touchingly addressed, never deserted him, through many years of bitter toil and suffering: and could fitly close his weary eyes with the promise of—

"The peace and bliss beyond the grave!"

There the Poet, whose faith and love had indeed lent him the "skylark's wing," to soar above his own pain and weakness, and sing of Hope and Consolation to all other human sufferers, rests at length,

—dropping down with feeble quivering wings, but singing to the last, on the lowly green nest of that earth he loved so well. And we may surely humbly believe that—

"Another life-spring there adorns
Another youth, without the dread
Of cruel care, whose crown of thorns
Is here for manhood's aching head.
Oh! there are realms of welcome day,
A world where tears are wiped away!
Then be thy flight among the Skies:
Take, then, oh! take the skylark's wing,
And leave dull earth, and heavenward rise
O'er all its tearful clouds, and sing
On skylark's wing!"

THE END.

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